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THE NEW YORKER

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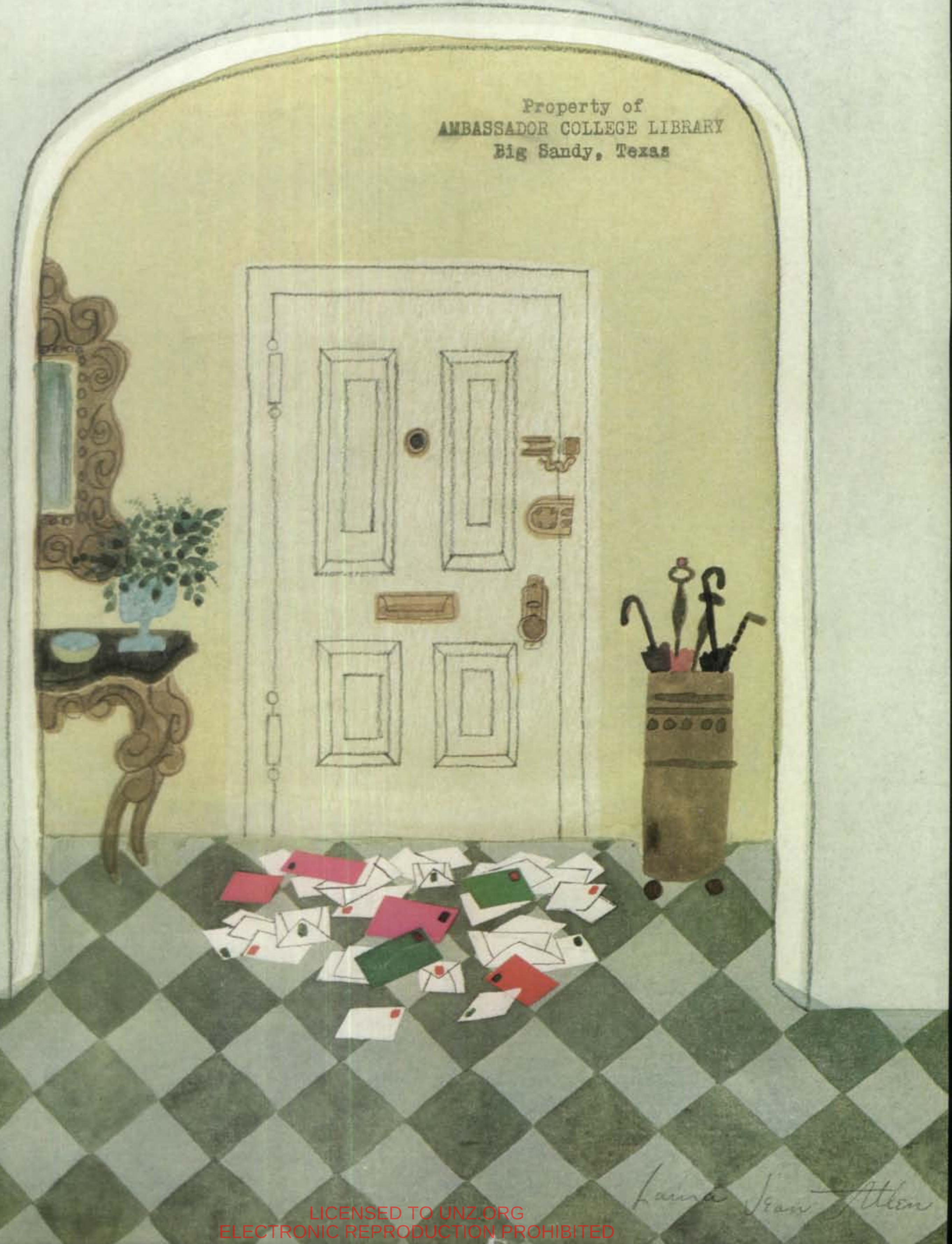
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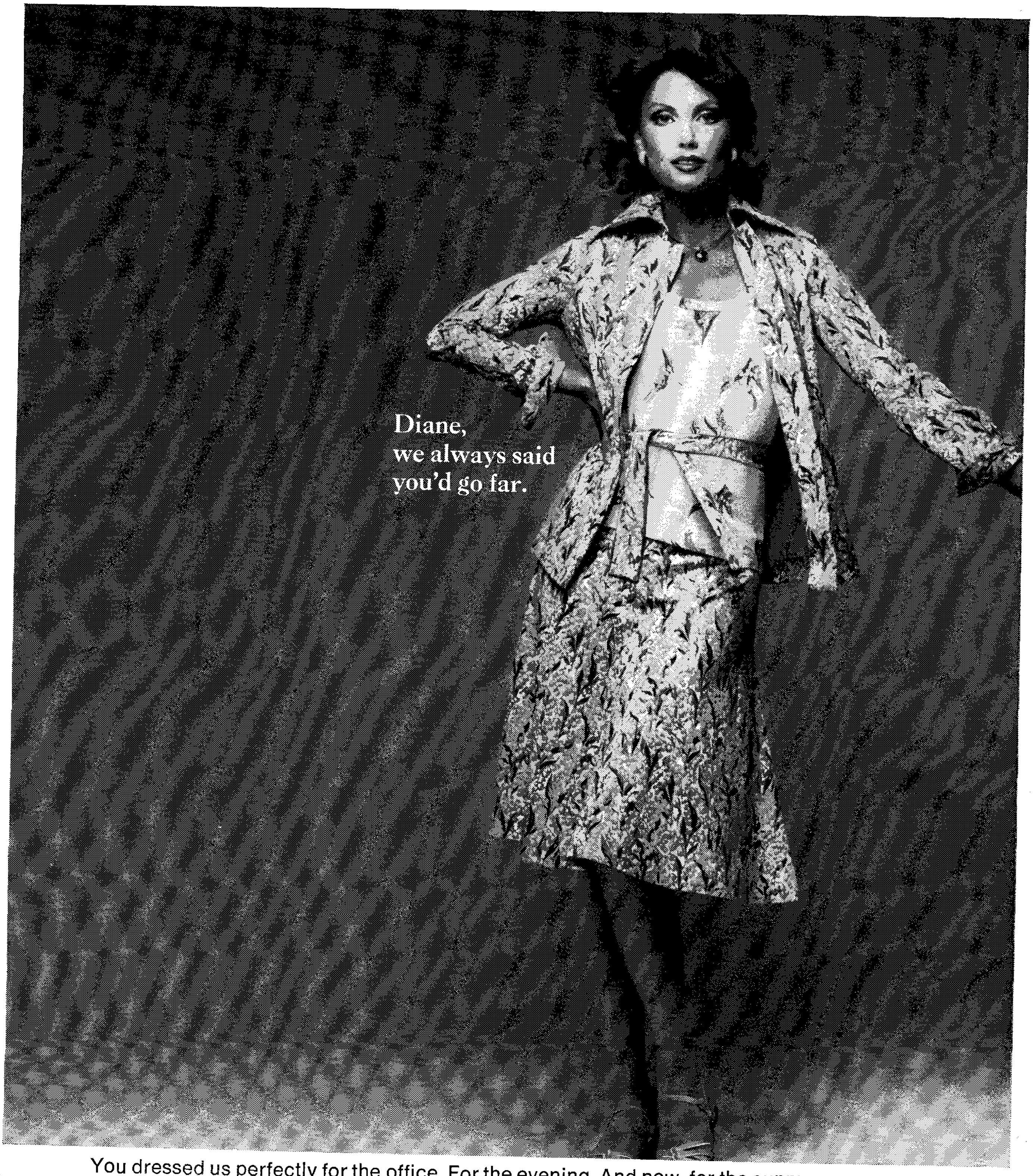

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Brownsville Raid—A play by Charles Fuller. The first in this season's series by the Negro Ensemble Company. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Comedians—A brilliant comedy by the English playwright Trevor Griffiths. With Milo O'Shea and an admirable supporting cast, nimbly directed by Mike Nichols. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Domino Courts and **Comanche Café**—A pair of linked one-acters, by William Hauptman, set in Oklahoma in the nineteen-thirties. "Comanche Café," which serves as a prologue, is just the seemingly desultory conversation of two waitresses, the first of them fat, slow-moving, and contented, and the second pretty, romantic, and restless. In "Domino Courts," a couple of former, small-time bank robbers, who see themselves as legendary desperadoes, get their comeuppance from their respective wives. One of the wives was the pretty waitress four years ago. Mr. Hauptman's themes have seen better days, and he does seem to condescend to his characters. Even so, he is often funny, and his lines ring true. The plays are well performed under Barnet Kellman's direction. Sasha von Scherler, as the fat waitress, is, as usual, splendid. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

The Eccentricities of a Nightingale—Still another glimpse of Tennessee Williams' imaginary South, with its jittery sex-besotted family contrarieties. Well-written and well-acted. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Emlyn Williams as Dylan Thomas Growing Up—A return engagement of Mr. Williams' one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.)

Equity Library Theatre—The Rodgers and Hart musical THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE, with a book by George Abbott, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Guys and Dolls—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lincoln—A play by Saul Levitt, with a single actor, Fritz Weaver, and videotape background. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Moves on Wednesday, Dec. 15. to Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St., 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Dec. 8, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 26.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 8, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Night of the Iguana—A revival of Tennessee Williams' play, with Richard Chamberlain, Dorothy McGuire, and Sylvia Miles. Directed by Joseph Hardy. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 15. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 16, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 20. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No Man's Land—John Gielgud and Ralph Rich-

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COVER: *Laura Jean Allen*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, Boris Drucker, Edward Koren, Lee Lorenz, Frank Modell, James Stevenson, Joseph Mirachi, William Steig, Barney Tobey, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Saxon, Warren Miller, Dana Fradon, Henry Martin, Mischa Richter, William Hamilton, Richard McCallister, Robert Weber, David Christianson, Arnie Levin*

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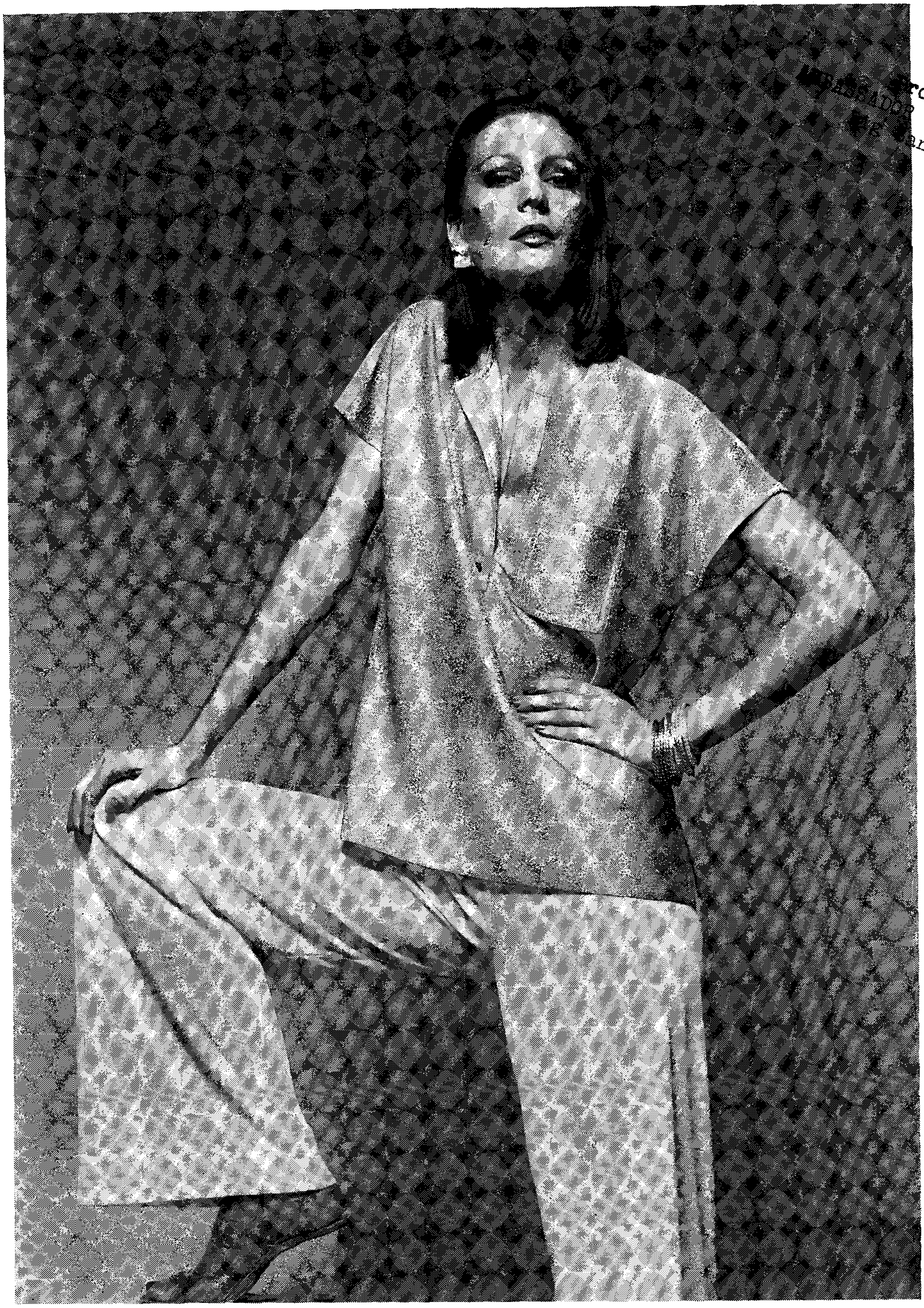

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ardson talking high, bibulous nonsense, furnished to them by the playwright, Harold Pinter. The merriest and most mysterious of occasions, and not to be missed. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 18.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7166. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

POOR MURDERER—A highly intelligent, very entertaining play by a contemporary Czech playwright, Pavel Kohout. With a sensational cast—among others, Laurence Luckinbill, Kevin McCarthy, Maria Schell, Larry Gates, Ruth Ford, Paul Sparer, Julie Garfield, and Felicia Montealegre. Herbert Berghof directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PORGY AND BESS—Gershwin's opera, as close as possible to the form in which he wrote it. A torrent of seductive words and music, elegantly sung. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE REHEARSAL; OR, LOVE'S REWARD—Philip Kerr is very good as an embittered, profligate drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival of Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM—High jinks in a Mississippi barnyard. Pleasant singing and dancing decorate a silly book. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SEXUAL PERVERSITY IN CHICAGO and **DUCK VARIATIONS**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway a year ago. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SLY FOX—A comedy by Larry Gelbart, based on Ben Jonson's "Volpone" and starring George C. Scott, Jack Gilford, and Trish Van Devere. Directed by Arthur Penn. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 12. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 14. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—A superior production of the Brecht-Weill musical, in an accurate translation of the harsh-voiced original. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A TRIBUTE TO LILI LAMONT—An old, down-at-heels movie star meets her fan club. Star and members are all freaks and, what is worse, retreads. In short, rubbish about rubbish. Leueen MacGrath, in the title role, deserves better than this. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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VANITIES—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **CHICAGO:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Marian Seldes. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,921 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!:** This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 2. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 6; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2 and 8; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, Dec. 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Journey," "Hobo Sapien," "Gazelle," "Myth," and "Night Creature." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 9: "Blues Suite," "Blood Memories" (première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 10: "The Lark Ascending," "Facets," "Hobo Sapien" "Gazelle," "Myth," and "Night Creature." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 11: "Blood Memories," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 11: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 12: "Blues Suite," "Hobo Sapien," "Gazelle," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 12: "Blues Suite," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Blood Memories." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 14: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapien," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Caravan." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 15: "Blood Memories," "Missa Brevis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapien," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Blood Memories." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "Gazelle," "Facets," "Missa Brevis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Revelations," and "Songs for Young Lovers" (company première). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapien," "Blood Memories," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

"THE SPIRIT OF DENISHAWN"—The Joyce Trisler Danscompany in an evening-long reconstruction of the exercises and dances of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, staged by Klarna Pinska. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Sun-

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day at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 12)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—Thursday Dec. 9, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2: "Les Biches," "Spring Waters," "The Dying Swan," "Go for Barocco," and "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 16-18, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 2: "Les Sylphides," "Phaedra/Monotonous," Harlequinade Pas de Deux," "Pas de Quatre," and "Ecole de Ballet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Ritha Devi—In a program of the classical dances of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(*A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.*)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The proprietor of this ground-floor loft is **RASHIED ALI**, a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes. **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, who is the founder of the Chicago musicians' coöperative called the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, and who is a satisfying pianist to boot, leads a quintet through Thursday, Dec. 9; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 10-12, Ali's quintet will work out and, in addition, back up bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON**; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 14-16, tenor saxophonist Marvin Blackman will take charge of a combo; and on Friday, Dec. 17, pianist Don Pullen will come in with his quartet. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play*." They play. Music from about ten. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is *the* place to hear outstanding, if not yet famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON'S** quartet occupies the stand through Saturday, Dec. 11; pianist Al Dailey will lead a trio on Sunday, Dec. 12; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 13-15, composer and keyboard whirlwind **LARRY YOUNG** will be here with a trio; and on Thursday, Dec. 16, bassist **CECIL MCBEE** will arrive with his wonderful sextet. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**WENDY WALDMAN**, a talented young southern California singer and songwriter, is here on Wednesday, Dec. 8; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 10-12, granola singer **JOHN HARTFORD** will alternate with Catskill folkie **ARTIE TRAUM**; Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 13-15, rock singer Al Kooper will take over the stage; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 16-18, singer-hipster Tom Waits will hang around. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **BOB DOROUGH** and his bassist, **BILL TAKAS**, compete with the talkers through Saturday, Dec. 11; and starting Monday, Dec. 13, solo pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will try his luck. The Sunday chores are handled by pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. He's supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE**, the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow rustic bar—it has the feel of a small-college-town gathering place—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling and lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hanging around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Heartbreakers, the Dictators, Tuff Darts, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, Suicide Commandos, and Susan, perform nightly. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER**, now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright **HELEN HUMES** does authoritative blues songs and delicate ballads with support from pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Weeknights from eight to one. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). Soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** will sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, Dec. 14. On Sunday, Dec. 12, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** will front a quintet from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER**, eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, sixty-eight, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, Dec. 12, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson will join up with bassist Earl May and pianist Mike Abene from five-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays, from five to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Question: What has one hundred and seventy-six keys and four hands, and flies? Answer: Two pianos manned by **HANK JONES** and **JOHN LEWIS.** Bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** accompanies them Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, has moved in with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights, plus a backup quartet guided by pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS.** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Saxophonist John Payne's band is here Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11; Sunday through Tuesday, Dec. 12-14, R. & B. altoist Dave Sanborn will head up a sextet; and on Thursday, Dec. 16, another R. & B.-based band, the Striders, will take over. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Bob Neuwirth's rock band trades sets with Guy Clark's rock band through Thursday, Dec. 9. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 10-12, **TOM PAXTON**, one of the old reliables of folkdom, will sing opposite the Putnam County Pickers, a bluegrass outfit. On Thursday, Dec. 16, Dan Hill, a folkie from Canada, will begin strumming. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—**LIONEL HAMPTON**, as frisky as ever, darting from vibes to drums to piano, will bring in an orchestra on Monday, Dec. 13. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing. No music Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Cathy Chamberlain, who has an ample, crusty voice, does old songs like "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" and originals written in a similar forty-year-old mode. She's here with her band Tuesdays through Saturdays. Ellen Greene, who is currently appearing in "The Threepenny Opera," will spend two free nights, Sunday and Monday, Dec. 12-13, honing her night-club act. Shows at nine and midnight. Thursdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents concert-style sets, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, delicate, uncomplicated voice. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here proposes different musicians and ensembles each night; some of them are a guitar quartet—**JIMMY RANEY, DOUG RANEY, ATTILA ZOLLER,** and a fourth guitarist—on Wednesday, Dec. 8; trumpeter **BUCK CLAYTON**, along with **EARLE WARREN, HAROLD ASHBY,** and **PANAMA FRANCIS**, Thursday, Dec. 9; **MEL LEWIS, THAD JONES,** and **BUDD JOHNSON**, Friday, Dec. 10; and saxophonist Chris Woods (who's been working with Ted Curson lately) and his own quintet on Saturday, Dec. 11. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through

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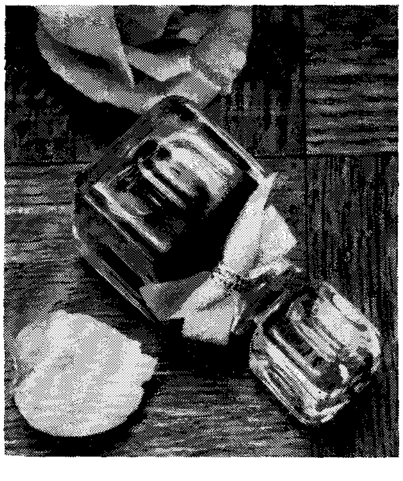

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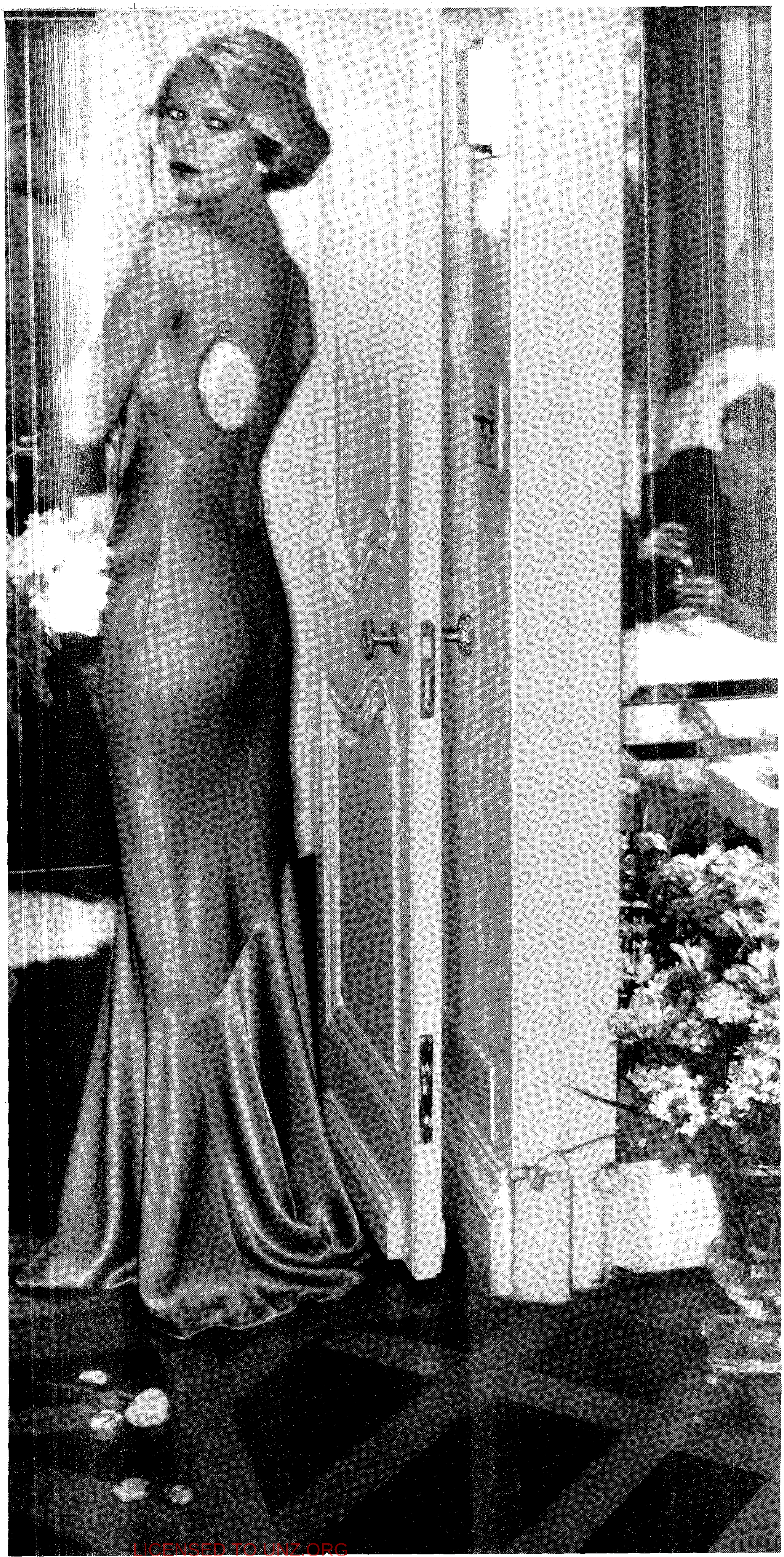

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

some of his charts; on Tuesdays, saxophonist and flutist Eddie Daniels fronts a lively quartet; and on Wednesdays and Thursdays, **LEE KONITZ** directs a nonet. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, Konitz and tenor saxophonist **TED BROWN** co-pilot a quintet; and guitarist **JOE PUMA** will be on hand with singer **TEDDI KING** on Friday, Dec. 17, and with singer Joe Sardaro on Saturday, Dec. 18. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Guitarist Gene Bertoncini, reed player Eddie Daniels, and bassist Michael Moore work together through Saturday, Dec. 11. Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 13-14, pianist Hal Galper will perform with the Brecker brothers, bassist Wayne Dockery, and drummer Billy Hart. On Wednesday, Dec. 15, three-fourths of Oregon—Glen Moore, Paul McCandless, and Steve Haas—a pretentious, very serious, raga-jazz quartet, will settle in for a few nights. Music from nine Mondays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A weekend-music place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 10-11, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** and his band alternate with strenuous, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR.** Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL'S** quartet and the **BILL EVANS** trio will share the facilities Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18. Music from about ten. (Alternate Mondays are occasions for jazz and jazz-rock concerts presented by radio station WRVR-FM.) Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**DEXTER GORDON,** who was once regarded as *the* bop tenor saxophonist, is still in top form. He's here for five full-house nights (through Sunday, Dec. 12) with the fine trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** and Shaw's regular band—drummer **LOUIS HAYES,** pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS,** and bassist **STAFFORD JAMES.** On Tuesday, Dec. 14, impressively hard-edged and driving alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** will bring in his quintet. On Mondays the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** brigade dominates the room. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to a bop-oriented quintet; Saturdays and Sundays are usually session days for swing musicians like Earle Warren, Bennie Morton, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 5:45: **LOS INDIOS TABAJARAS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 5:45: **IBRAHIM FARRAH NEAR EAST DANCE GROUP.**

BING CROSBY—Eleven benefit performances, with Rosemary Clooney, Joe Bushkin and his quartet, and Kathryn, Harry III, Mary-Frances, and Nathaniel Crosby. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Monday, at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 19.)

LINDA RONSTADT and **ANDREW GOLD**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR and **DAVE SANBORN BAND**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8.

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JERRY AMES TAP DANCE COMPANY—Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 737-9611. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 9-11, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 8.

ROBERT PALMER, SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES and **GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR**—Palladium. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.

FOGHAT, RUSH, and **MOTHER'S FINEST**—Palladium. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.

MACHITO, JOHNNY HARTMAN, and **SONNY STITT**—Town Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.

MELBA MOORE—Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8.

EUMIR DEODATO—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.

SALUTE TO MILT HINTON—Cab Calloway, Ron Carter, Richard Davis, Hank Jones, Al Cohn, Budd Johnson, Jon Faddis, Chet Amsterdam, Panama Francis, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

AEROSMITH and **DERRINGER**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 8.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 8.

DAVE MASON—Palladium. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HORST ANTES—Craggy, earthy figures that might be blood brothers to those Easter Island sculptures, by a German artist who works in acrylics, charcoal, and chalk. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANNE BLODGETT—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes. Through Dec. 23. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ARIK BRAUER—Richly colored gouaches, teeming with surrealist figures in surrealist settings. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BERNARD CATHELIN—Greatly simplified forms—Japanese and Mexican women, a vase of flowers, a colonnade in a garden—by this French artist who paints in soft, warm colors, thickly applied in large, flat areas. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HOWARD COOK—A retrospective of his graphic works, along with examples of his drawings and watercolors. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Figures, groups of figures, and other compositions painted in his characteristic colorful, free-form semi-abstract style. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors. Through Jan. 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LEONEL GÓNGORA—Strange, Expressionist paintings, done in a satiric vein and mostly involving nudes in abandoned attitudes; one exception, called "The Triumph of Icara," was inspired when the painter, a teacher at the University of Massachusetts, was picnicking on a mountaintop with his wife and a hang-glider swept past them, right out of the blue. Through Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

NANCY GROSSMAN—Collages made of a tough paper stained with paint or colored with pastel and cut into shapes that the artist assembles into a male head or figure whose features are mysteriously hidden under several layers of mummifying tape. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ADDIE HERDER—Collage constructions set in boxes, usually, and made up of postage stamps, playing cards, cigar bands, ticket stubs, and the like. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—Flowing masses of rich color, sometimes evoking the sea, sometimes a sunset sky, and sometimes a strangely lighted landscape, mostly done with acrylics that have dried to a sort of crackled, reticulated surface. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

REUBEN KADISH—Figurative bronzes that are almost amorphous in their gnarled and contorted surfaces; a series of four terra-cotta works, called "Earth Mother," has a considerable primitive force. Through Friday, Dec. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HARRIET KORMAN—Crayons and acrylics are used on these canvases, in which vertical stripes of varying thicknesses wander up and down a soft-colored, neutral field. Through Dec. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—A new crop of the miniature paintings of pears, apples, flowers, and dollar bills that this artist is celebrated for. It is possible that this year's brushwork seems a bit more practiced than last year's. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

ERNEST LAWSON (1873-1939)—A retrospective of landscapes and cityscapes, many of them focussed on the Harlem River and Highbridge, by this member of the Eight. One painting, dated 1902-3, shows the just-completed transept arch of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Through Dec. 24. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

JOAN MITCHELL—The white canvas that once figured prominently in the backgrounds of this artist's abstract landscapes has now disappeared under a deluge of color—a veritable storm of pigment that takes up practically every inch of her huge compositions, one of them nine feet two inches high and twenty-four feet four inches long. Through Dec. 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT NICKLE—Collages of found paper; first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 8. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

JUDITH ROTHSCHILD—Abstract figures, suggestive of Matisse's dancers in spirit, outlined in black and cut out of sheets of a thick, white material called Foam Board, which is then affixed to a bright-colored background. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

THOMAS SHANNON—Did you know that the globe we live on is wrapped around a forty-five-hundred-mile metal cube, and that one gold-tipped corner of that cube is protruding from the earth in a tiny garden behind the gallery where this artist's work is showing? (The opposite corner sticks out near Perth, Australia.) The gold-tipped corner reflects rays straight back to the sun, and a captured ray, looking very much like a stainless-steel wand about ten feet long, hangs as a trophy on a gallery wall. These and other wonders, plus drawings and diagrams, make up this exhibit. Through Jan. 8. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

CHARLES SHAW (1892-1974)—Montages incorporating antique playing cards and gaming counters. Through Dec. 24. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PAUL SMITH / JOANNA KRASNER—Hand-painted porcelain vases, jugs, bowls, and plates. / Representational paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HOWARD WARSHAW—Recent paintings, mostly of horses rolling over, by a California painter who plays polo and is thus able to study them in such a situation. Accompanying these are numerous anatomical drawings, both equine and human. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

HARVEY WEISS—Welded-brass abstract sculpture, some of it related to marine subjects like anchors and mooring posts, and some of it concerned with metal forms under severe

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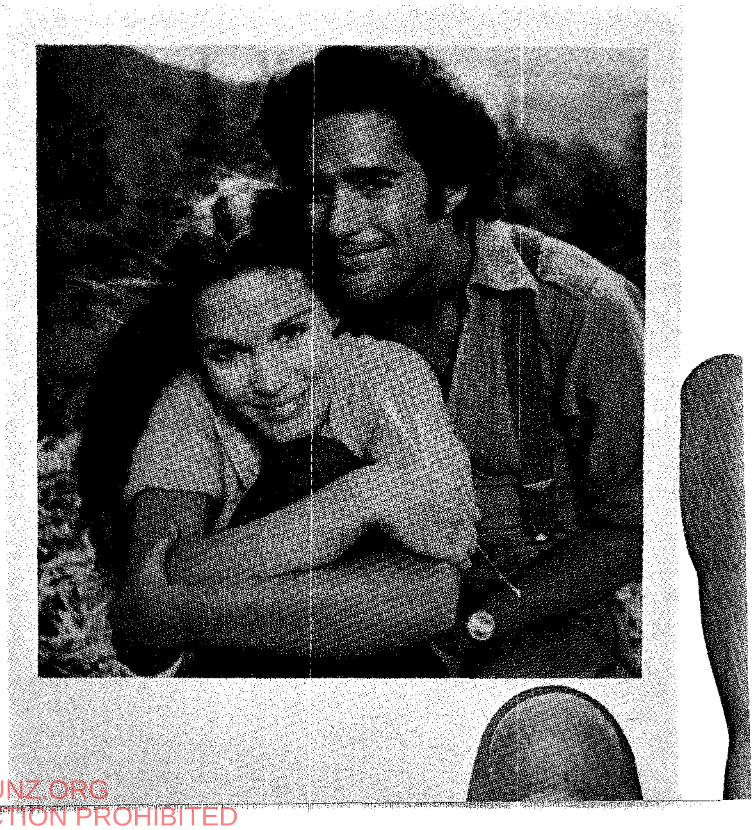

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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stress and depicted just at the breaking point. Through Dec. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: A loan show (admission $1) of stone sculptures relating to Aztec religious rituals. Through Jan. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **fair**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A couple of pencil abstracts by William Baziotes; the germ, in ink, of an architectural enterprise by Le Corbusier; and a number of remarkable pencil drawings in a surrealist vein by a young woman named Janet Fanto are included in this show of twenty-one American and European artists. Through Dec. 23. . . . **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: On the third floor, exceptionally polished pencil drawings of nudes, by Robert Crowl; pen-and-ink book illustrations by Edward Sorel; and small chips of porcelain inset with tiny sculptured figures and landscapes, by Alexa Grace. On the second floor, three miniaturists—Victoria Fairbanks, who does English country scenes; Pamela Bianco, who does imaginative drawings; and Anthea Lewis, who does jungle cats and house cats with equal facility. Through Dec. 24. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: American drawings and watercolors spanning a two-hundred-year period, by a hundred artists including George Bellows, Mary Cassatt, and Winslow Homer. Through Dec. 30. . . . **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, Ronald Searle, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Jan. 29. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Dufy, Modigliani, and Braque. Through Dec. 23. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Recent paintings by William Beckman, along with a show of paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, Franz Kline, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints, drawings, watercolors, and small sculptures by Louis Lozowick, Maillol, Picasso, and others. Through Dec. 31.

Sculpture—Works by Arp, Ernst, and Giacometti make up this show of bronze sculptures; Arp's are highly polished, and the others have a rich dark patina. Of especial interest is an early (1926) Giacometti, entitled "Couple," done before the process of attenuation set in. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Karel Appel—Paintings from the sixties, when he was still using a slashing attack on his subjects with raw color but moving away from the more primitive, abandoned draftsmanship of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—Large, autobiographical paintings done in a no-nonsense, almost Egyptian flat pattern, showing a single female figure—seated, standing, waiting for a date, or brooding over the San Francisco-Alcatraz swim, in which the artist has taken part several times. The Rock itself is seen in the backgrounds of several of the works, which are done in bright, outdoor Sherwin-Williams enamel on canvas sized with rabbit-skin glue. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Francesca Chandon—Wall hangings comprised of painted-canvas strips arranged horizontally. Also collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Ralston Crawford—Hooded, cross-bearing figures in a Spanish religious procession emerge, after a moment's study, from several paintings that at first seem to be total abstractions by this veteran New York artist, who was noted for renditions of barns and factories thirty or forty years ago. Nautical subjects are similarly discerned in other almost abstract works. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Carlos Cruz-Diez—Large Op Art pieces in which Mondrianlike patterns seem to shift around as the viewer walks past, an illusion created by a screen of fixed vertical louvers on the front of each composition; the principle is the same as the one behind those signs that wink at passersby. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Nassos Daphnis—White-on-white paintings of arcs in various lengths and arrangements, brightened occasionally by bits of primary yellow or red. Through Dec. 23. (Zarre, in a new location, at 41 E. 57th St.)

Lionel Gilbert / Legh Myers—Still-lifes and interiors in semi-abstract and occasionally not at all abstract patterns by this veteran New York painter. / Abstract polished-marble sculptures. Through Dec. 24. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hawmi—Abstract drawings done in the thinnest and sharpest colored-pencil lines imaginable; in most of them, strips are cut out of one drawing and interwoven, on another sheet, with strips cut out of others. The effect often evokes Persian decorations. Through Dec. 22. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Manuel Hughes / Bruce Monteith—Small monochromatic paintings and drawings of arches casting shadows. / Meticulous box constructions whose subjects are derived from architectural details. Through Jan. 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Eighty-three prints and original drawings devoted to her powerful and unremitting graphic protests against the lot of the poor and downtrodden, relieved occasionally by a cathartic work showing the destitute storming the gates of the privileged. Through Dec. 30. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Acrylic paintings of an imaginary country and its inhabitants, plus drawings and wall objects. Through Dec. 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Large sunbursts of color done in aquatint by this playful master of abstract wit. Through Thursday, Dec. 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

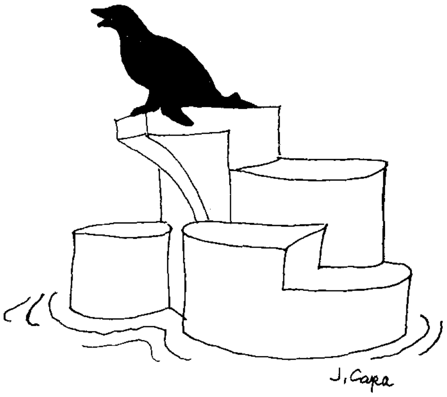
Henry Moore—Small sculptures and a series of lithographs, plus an original colored drawing, make up this pleasant exhibit. Through Friday, Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Josef Nobauer—The latter-day satyrs depicted by this Austrian artist, who works with colored pencils and sometimes with watercolor, combine men and automobiles in surprising mergers. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Christopher Pratt—Realist paintings, drawings, and prints of empty rooms, figures, and other subjects. Through Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Eric Sloane—Landscapes of New England in all seasons. Through Jan. 8. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Saul Steinberg—A selection of cartoons dating back as far as 1943 and offering prime examples of his prestidigitation with ideas as well as with pen-and-ink. Also works in other mediums which have appeared on the cover of *The New Yorker*. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



Michael Steiner—Small abstract bronzes made from wax models. Through Jan. 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Vickrey—Another series of this artist's sunlit egg-tempera paintings of such subjects as children at play with balloons or soap bubbles, sometimes on pavements decorated with their drawings and sometimes on windswept Cape Cod rocks. Through Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **de nagy**, 29 W. 57th St.: The end of the gallery's twenty-fifth year is being observed with a showing of some of the realist artists who have been associated with the gallery all along, among them Grace Hartigan, Jane Wilson, and Fairfield Porter. Through Dec. 31. . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Recent works by ten gallery artists include a bowl filled to bursting with fruit that itself is bursting with ripeness, by Botero; an almost photographic portrait of Barnett Newman, by Larry Rivers; and a massive collage of Abe Lincoln in a red-white-and-blue plaster frame, by Red Grooms. Through Dec. 31. . . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of paintings by gallery artists Power Boothe, John Ferren, Alice Baber, and others. Through Dec. 30. . . . **truman**, 38 E. 57th St.: Mr. Truman's second "This Doesn't Look Like a Work of Art" show, in which thirteen artists display things they couldn't *not* make—among them a sixty-five-foot stretch of what might be a special roadbed for a toy railroad, by Joe Neill; what looks like a hundred and fifty loaves of bread made of raw wood and clustered around a huge rawwood breadboard, by Ursula von Rydingsvard; and three slender eight-foot sticks made of reed, bound with copper and brass wire, and painted with casein, and stood in corners, where they cast odd shadows, by Tom Nozkowski. Through Dec. 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci—What one sees upon leaving the elevator to this third-floor gallery is a long, narrow wooden table that projects eight feet out the window, and sixteen raw-wood stools set up along its indoor length. What one hears, via a speaker hanging above the table, is something like "Where are we going?," over and over again. Occasionally, vague crowd noises erupt from behind a black wall to one side. The stools are fairly comfortable. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ansell Bray / Neal Gibralter—Large and accomplished pencil portraits, mostly of friends, who are usually shown in settings appropriate to their ways of life. / Precisionist renditions of spheres, great piles of them so arranged that they seem to rise and fall in orderly peaks and craters. Through Dec. 31. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Still another outlet for the creative fountainhead so recently stilled—inviting-looking hammocks and huge straw mats woven to his designs by Indian craftsmen in Nicaragua and Guatemala. Through Jan. 5. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Donna Dennis—The entrances to two bleak tourist cabins and two equally unappealing subway entrances, all about three-quarters life size and made of authentic materials, as cold and impersonal as the originals they satirize; maquettes preparatory to these works are also shown. Through Tuesday, Dec. 14. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Eunice Golden—Erotic films and photographic works. Through Jan. 5. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Bright-colored, thickly painted works that merge geometrical shapes into patterns. Through Jan. 5. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Caspar Henselmann and Tom Doyle—Two immense, rough-hewn wooden sculptures, the one by Henselmann resembling a disengaged section of an old railroad trestle, and the one by Doyle resembling an attic that has taken leave of its house; the wonder is that such heavy, cumbersome creations could have been hauled up the precipitous stairs that lead to

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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this gallery. Through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Richard Long—Rocks. Through Dec. 23. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Malcolm Morley—Expressionistic watercolors. Through Dec. 30. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

John Walker—Outsize collages, ten feet tall and eight feet wide, made of heavy canvas cut in geometric shapes and cemented to the background. The component sections are painted in heavy-duty colors, and the result is a collage that seems to have been made of structural-steel plates. The artist, an Englishman, teaches at Yale. Through Dec. 23. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Robert Wilson—Graphite-on-paper abstractions that bear some visual relationship to the settings for his avant-garde opera "Einstein on the Beach." Through Dec. 23. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Artist's Choice: Figurative Art in New York—Five galleries are participating in a four-week exhibition (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6, starting Saturday, Dec. 11) of paintings and sculptures by nearly two hundred contemporary artists who work in the realist tradition. The five are the **BOWERY** and **GREEN MOUNTAIN**, 135 Greene St. . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St. . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 114 Prince St. . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 118 Prince St.

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Abstract color films by the Wurmfeld Brothers, paintings by Sanford Wurmfeld, and prints by contemporary artists. Through Dec. 24. . . . **FRIEDRICH**, 141 Wooster St.: John Chamberlain, Dan Flavin, and Fred Sandback are participants in a show of sculptures, primarily, and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Opens at noon.) . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by ten artists include a plasticized robe draped around the figure of a woman who isn't there, by Muriel Castanis; a painting of an enormously enlarged budding plant, by Buffie Johnson; and a large canvas depicting two hefty nudes, by Nora Speyer. Through Thursday, Dec. 16. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **THORP**, 139 Spring St.: Sculptures by Ira Joel Haber and Robert Witz, and paintings by Bill Jensen. Through Dec. 31. . . . **WEBER**, 420 West Broadway: Alice Aycock, William Childress, and six other artists who have been invited to show their paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through Wednesday, Dec. 15.

OTHER GALLERIES

Andy Warhol—A series of twenty-three charcoal drawings of a hammer and sickle casting red shadows. The sickle is a Champion No. 15, by True Temper, the hammer is anonymous, and the drawings are unmistakably Warhol's. Through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Erika Weihs / Jan Wunderman—Figurative paintings. / Abstract paintings done in earth colors and based on landscapes—specifically the rock walls of canyons. Through Dec. 29. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

New York's Stepchildren—An exhibit of photographs of architectural details on civic buildings, some of which are earmarked for destruction. Through Dec. 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Anemones: An Air Aquarium—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Piene and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and which occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.). Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Shows—At the **CATHEDRAL MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS ART**, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.: Paintings and sculptures by American and European artists Rothko, Soutine, Flack, and others, on loan from private collections and museums. Through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **GLASS**, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St.: Works on paper by Benny Andrews, Max Weber, and others. Through Dec. 31. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lucien Aigner—A group of prints, all of them taken in France before the Second World War, by a photojournalist who used to work under the name of Aral. Through Dec. 30. (French Institute/Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ Portraits of, among others, Albert Einstein, Fiorello LaGuardia, and Haile Selassie. Through Wednesday, Dec. 15. (Sindin, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Sundays, noon to 5.)

Harry Callahan / Aaron Siskind—Recent photographs of beach scenes, along with 8 x 10 snapshots of his family, in a show that is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. / Eighty prints made from 1966 to 1975. Through Jan. 8. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Demachy (1859-1936)—Fifty vintage prints by a French Pictorialist. Complementing the exhibit are works by Stieglitz, Käsebier, and Steichen. Through Friday, Dec. 17. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ A smaller selection of works by Demachy. Also photographs by Pepe Diniz. Through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Janie Eisenberg—Forty photographs, half of them devoted to New York City bigwigs—Felix Rohatyn, Patrick Cunningham, Mayor Beame—and the other half to non-bigwigs. Through Jan. 15. (Crossroads at Chess City, 2639 Broadway, at 100th St. Daily, noon to midnight.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) / **Baron De Meyer** (1869-1946)—More than two hundred small-scale prints documenting child-labor conditions in this country at the turn of the century. / A selection that includes twenty portraits and costume studies of Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Through Jan. 29. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

David Hockney—Color photographs by a leading British artist who is known for his elegant draftsmanship. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Marvin Lazarus—Portraits of Duchamp, Giacometti, Rothko, and others by an attorney who took several years off from his practice to photograph leading artists. Through Dec. 23. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Small-scale works that the artist calls "photo-transformations" (manipulated color Polaroid prints). Through Jan. 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Eve Sonneman—Thirty pairs of color photographs (each taken in sequence) on top of the World Trade Center. Through Dec. 24. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Bert Stern—Photographs of, among others, Marilyn Monroe, Louis Armstrong, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Frank M. Sutcliffe (1853-1941)—Landscapes shrouded in fog, harbor scenes, and farmers tilling the soil in Whitby, England, figure in these naturalistic photographs (close to a hundred and all of them vintage) by a photographer who was influenced by the works of Millet and Corot. Through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Karin Székessy—Photographs of still-lifes, cityscapes, and nudes; first solo show in New York. Through Jan. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—More than fifty candid flash-pictures from the forties taken in, among other places, jail cells and night clubs and on the Bowery. Through Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Cole Weston / Ilse Bing—Black-and-white prints from the forties and fifties, plus recent color photographs, by the youngest son of Edward Weston. / Photographs of Paris in the thirties and other works by a German-born photographer. Through Jan. 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Silver-emulsion prints on handmade paper. Through Dec. 30. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs, with examples by W. H. Jackson, Steichen, and Weston, among others. Through Jan. 5. . . . **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Photographs of dancers, most of them taken in the early years of this century, by Charles Schenk, Emil Otto Hoppe, Arnold Genthe, and others. Through Dec. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Walker Evans, Irving Penn, and William Eggleston are three of the photographers in a show that traces the development of both commercial and non-commercial photography since the late eighteen hundreds. Also, in a separate exhibit, portraits of Pablo Casals by Yousuf Karsh, Fritz Henle, Elliott Erwitt, and others. Through Jan. 2. (Open Sundays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that centers on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Starts Thursday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16. . . . ¶ A show of the works (chiefly models and statuettes for public monuments) of American sculptor Daniel Chester French (1850-1931). Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints and a few illustrated books selected from among acquisitions made during the last three years. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty prints make up a retrospective of the works of Harry Callahan. Through Feb. 3. A complementary show is at the Light Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. . . . ¶ Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is on view. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Jan. 16.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th

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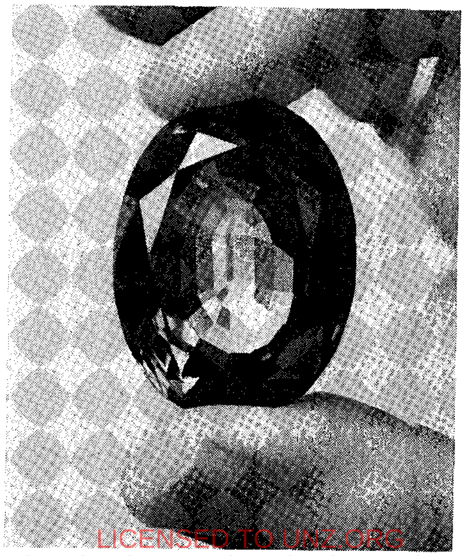

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition paying homage to one of our major national resources, has now unexpectedly become a memorial tribute to the artist whose recent death cut short the abundant flow of blessings from his hand. Included in the show are samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A historical survey of watercolors and drawings by American artists includes pen-and-ink drawings by Audubon, pastels by Arthur Dove, and watercolors by Mark Rothko. Through Jan. 23. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—One work from the sixties plus a recent work by each of six artists (Held, Kelly, Martin, Noland, Poons, and Stella) who are closely identified with hard-edge abstraction. Through Jan. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Through Jan. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A new, permanent Hall of the Sun has opened in the Planetarium. Divided into three sections, the exhibit includes an eight-foot globe of the sun and films made of the sun both from earth and from outer space. This exhibit is open Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Exhibition, this year numbering seventy-one entries (of which about twenty will be bought for distribution to American museums) by contemporary painters, among them Nancy Hagin, Benny Andrews, and Hans Moller. . . . ¶ Works from the academy's collection, the earliest dated 1883. John Sloan, Saul Steinberg, and Elihu Vedder are a few of the artists included. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Jan. 2.

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An immense showing—more than nine hundred items in all—entitled "Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" and incorporating original works from every celebrated illustrator you've ever heard of—Pyle, Wyeth, Christy, Flagg, Gibson, Dunn, plus a few specials like Audubon, John Hill, Jr., and James Thurber. Through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Posters, letters, photographs, and other memorabilia tracing the careers of Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya both here and abroad. Through March 12. (Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Handel's "Messiah"—At Carnegie Hall—**boston symphony:** Colin Davis directing, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Neil Rosenshein, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 7.) . . . **masterwork chorus and orchestra:** David Randolph directing the first three in a series of six performances, with Sandra Darling, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Michael May, harpsichord; and others. (Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 6:30.) . . . **oratorio society of new york:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Emily Derr, soprano; Rose Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Mount Holyoke Choruses—Timothy Mount directing. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of music from medieval and Renaissance times. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Mannes Chorus and Orchestra—Richard Westenburg directing. (St. Ignatius Loyola Church, 980 Park Ave. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Rockefeller Center Concerts—The first two in a series of ten, in the plaza beneath the Christmas tree—Monday, Dec. 13, at 12:30: The Brooklyn Boys' Chorus, directed by James McCarthy. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 5:30: The Singing Boys of Long Island, directed by Gerald Barker.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Tatiana Troyanos, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; conducted by Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 9: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 10: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Paul Plishka; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 11: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 11: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 13: "Faust," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith Forst, Stuart Burrows, Lenus Carlson, and Paul Plishka; Georges Prêtre. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 14: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 15: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Tatiana Troyanos, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita Shane, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, John Macurdy, Morley Meredith, and Ragnar Ulfung; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Jerome Hines, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday

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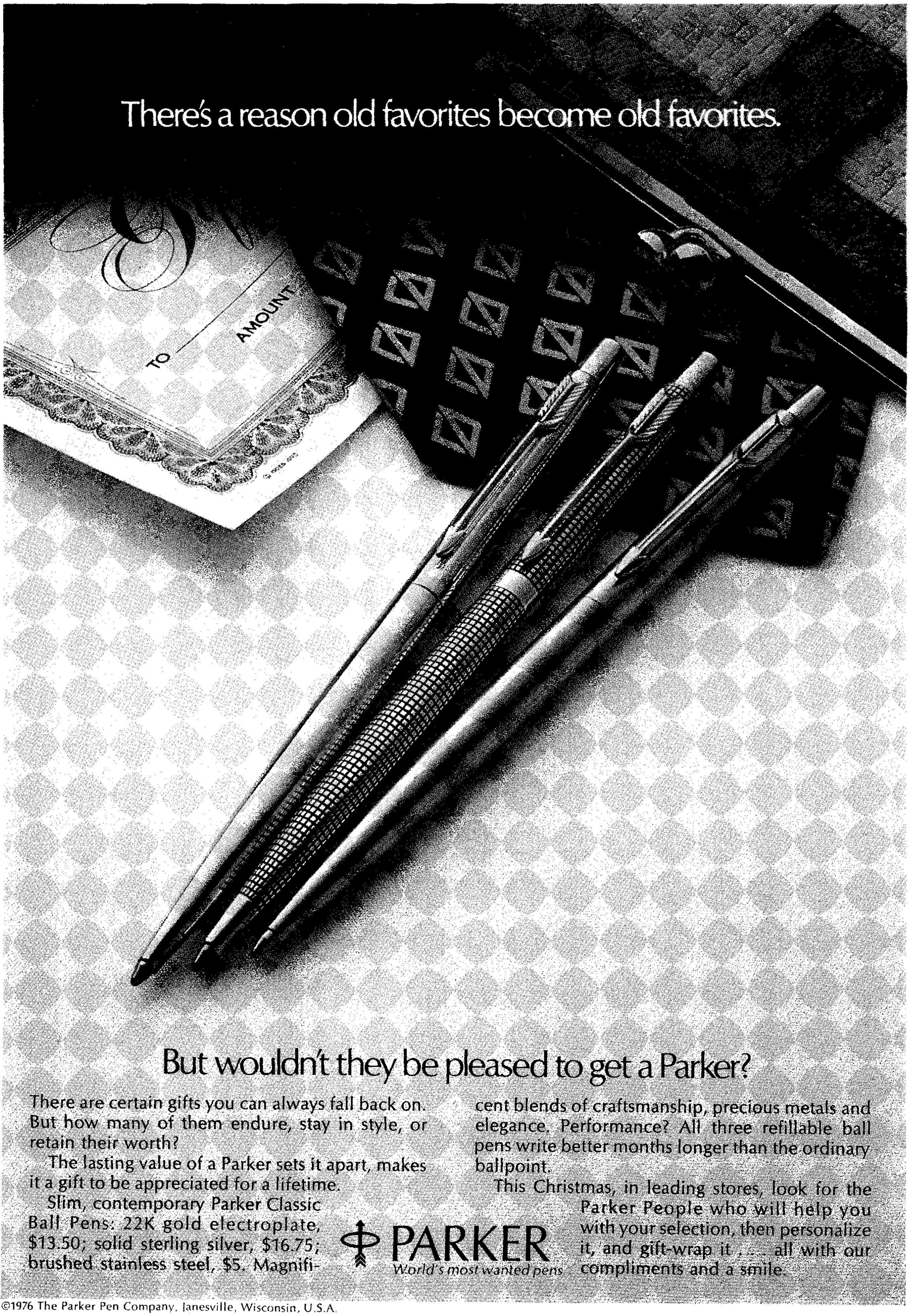

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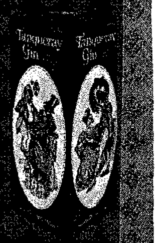

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

matinée, Dec. 18: "Die Meistersinger," with Ellen Shade, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Karl Ridderbusch; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "Tosca," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, and Renato Capecchi; Nello Santi. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 7. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 10, at 2 (both with Teresa Kubiak, soprano; Isser Bushkin, bass; and Leonard Raver, organ). . . . ¶ David Gilbert conducting on Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing on Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 17, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30 (all with Judith Blegen, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Gerald Tarack conducting the second in a series of four concerts presenting the cycle of Handel's Concerti Grossi. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 5:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 691-4756.)

Sacred Music Society of America—Angelo Campori directing an orchestra and a chorus in the American première of Licinio Refice's sacred opera "Cecilia" in concert form, with Renata Scotto and Clamma Dale, sopranos; Harry Theyard, tenor; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Orpheus—A chamber orchestra of twenty-five players who perform without a conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—The last in a series of all-Mozart programs, this one called "The Salzburg Mozart," with Morris Newman, bassoon. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Brian Priestman directing, with Benita Valente, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8.)

New York University Choral Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing a performance of Brahms' "A German Requiem," with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano, and Alan Baker, baritone. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing an all-Gershwin concert, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Music Masterpieces of Old Russia—Igor Buketoff directing the Russian Choral Society and the American Symphony Orchestra, with Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Jerome Hines, bass; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet and Friends—The first in a series of four programs, this one with Julius Levine, double bass; Harold Wright, clarinet; Kendall Betts, horn; and Loren Glickman, bassoon. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 8.)

Ronald Turini—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Walter Trampler, Leslie Parnas, and Stephanie Brown—Violin, viola, cello, and piano, in three performances of the same program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 9, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ New School, 66 W. 12th St. 581-5197. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 11 A.M.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 10, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Coffee Concert—Masuko Ushioda, violin, and Minoru Nojima, piano, will play the second in a series of five hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 4.)

Misha Alexandrovich—Tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "Music at the Court of Maximilian I." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Baroque Chamber Music—Paula Robison, flute; Ani Kavafian, violin; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and William Tim Read, harpsichord and clavichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 12, at 2.)

Martina Arroyo—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals entitled "Sundays in Vienna." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3.)

Arnold Steinhardt and Peter Serkin—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 3.)

Zvi Zeitlin—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Etsuko Tazaki—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Daniel Phillips—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Yuval Waldman—Violin, with Cathy Waldman, piano, and others, in the second of two programs of American music on Jewish themes. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The second in this season's series of six concerts, this one a program of music by Miriam Gideon and George Perle, performed by Patricia Spencer, flute; Janet Steele, soprano; Morey Ritt and Fritz Jahoda, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Yoshiko Nakura, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 19, at 5.)

Festival Winds—The second in a series of four programs presenting the cycle of Mozart's music for winds, this one with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8.)

Peter Rejto—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

Eileen Dickinson—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum,

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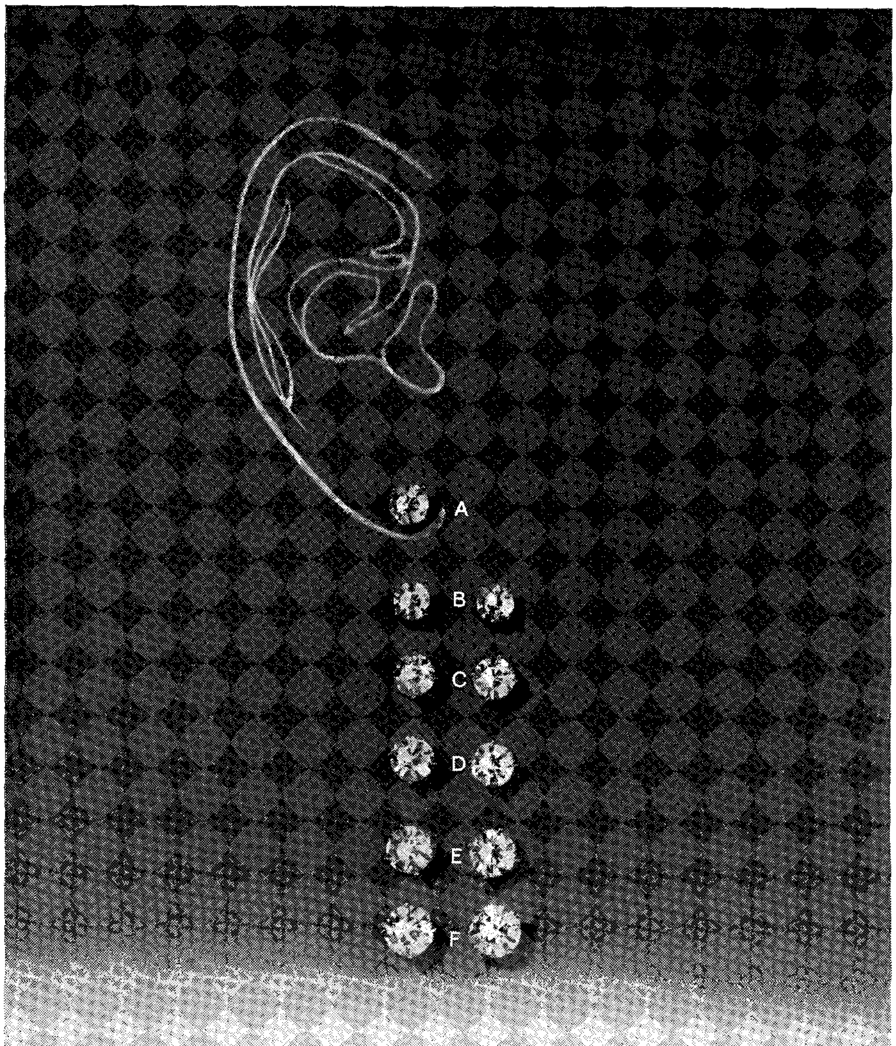

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PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Phoenix, Saturday, Dec. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, Dec. 17.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Dec. 12: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium, Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J., at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Dec. 12, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Dec. 18.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 23. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 11, and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 1.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches and quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 19. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Dec. 13, through Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(*The New York Parks Department number to* call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—At the **92ND STREET Y**: Robert Lowell reading from his own works, Wednesday, Dec. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Norman Mailer reading from his own works, Monday, Dec. 13, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.). . . **ST. MARK'S IN-THE-BOUWERIE**: Michael Brownstein and Harry Mathews reading from their own works. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

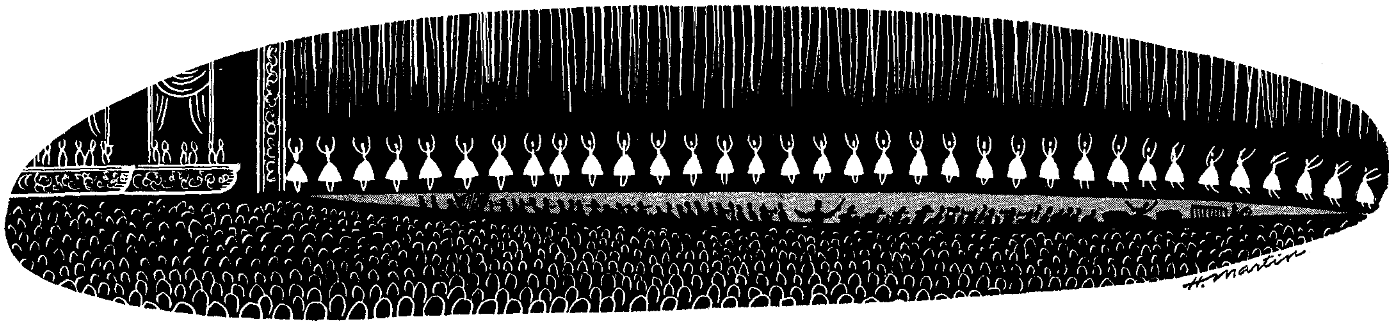
DISCUSSIONS—"Practical Criticism," discussed by Arlene Croce, Elizabeth Hardwick, Stanley Kaufmann, Andrew Porter, and Harold Rosenberg. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Saturday, Dec. 11, at 2:30. Admission is free.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 10-12, noon to 5.

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 8-9, at 2: Jewelry, from the estates of Tilly Losch Carnarvon, Baroness Maisie de Kerchove, and Leah K. Daniell, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, including silver, enamels, porcelains, icons, and objects by Carl Fabergé; from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 14, at 2: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 16, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Dec. 17, at 2: Eighteenth-century English silver and silver-gilt, American and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 11.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—Sundays, from 11 to 3, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall. . . . ¶ A nineteen-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Friday, Dec. 17, from 8 to 9, with a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 14: “Obsession” and “Five Easy Pieces.”
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 14: “Alice in Wonderland” (X-rated) and “Harold and Maude.”
From Dec. 15: “Exhibition” and “All Screwed Up.”

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 14: “Love and Anarchy” and “All Screwed Up.”
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 14: “The Ritz.”
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 9: “Two-Minute Warning.”
From Dec. 10: “Rocky.”

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Alice in Wonderland” (X-rated).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 14: “Carrie.”
From Dec. 15: “The Pink Panther Strikes Again.”

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Network.”

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
“How Funny Can Sex Be?”

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
“Sérail.”

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
“The Seven-Per-Cent Solution.”

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“The Front.”

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Bound for Glory.”

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
“Maîtresse.”

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 14: “The Big Store” and “At the Circus.”
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“The Last Tycoon.”

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Rocky.”

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
“Carrie.”

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
“A Clockwork Orange.”

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
“Lumière.”

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“The Marquise of O . . .”

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“Silver Streak.”

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 14: “The Ritz.”
From Dec. 15: “Face to Face.”

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 9: “Monty Python and the Holy Grail” and “The Groove Tube.”
Dec. 10-14: “Carrie.”
From Dec. 15: “The Pink Panther Strikes Again.”

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“Blazing Saddles” and the Beatles’ “Magical Mystery Tour.”

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
“Two-Minute Warning.”

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“Marathon Man.”

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Dec. 9: “Carrie.”
From Dec. 10: “Rocky.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Dec. 9: “Shout at the Devil” and “Hard Times.”
From Dec. 10: “The Food of the Gods” and “Squirm.”

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
“No Way Back” and “Blood of the Dragon.”

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
“Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000.”

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
“Car Wash.”

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 14: “Carrie.”
From Dec. 15: “The Pink Panther Strikes Again.”

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 11: “Sylvia Scarlett” and “Quality Street.” Dec. 12-14: “Mary of Scotland” and “A Bill of Divorcement.” From Dec. 15: “The African Queen” and “Long Day’s Journey Into Night.”
Theatre 2: “The Ritz” and “Day for Night.”
Theatre 3: “The Memory of Justice.”
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 14: “Bim.” From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
“Silent Movie.”

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
“The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella.”

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
“Dream City.”

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 13: “Gator” and “White Lightning.”
From Dec. 14: Theatre temporarily closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
“Small Change.”

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“Cousin, Cousine.”

Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Network.”

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 14: “That’s Entertainment, Part 2” and “Logan’s Run.”
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B’way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 14: “Blazing Saddles” and “For Pete’s Sake.”
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Loews 83rd Triplex, B’way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 14: “Carrie.” From Dec. 15: “The Pink Panther Strikes Again.”
Theatre 3: “No Way Back” and “Blood of the Dragon.”

Olympia, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 14: “The Ritz” and “The Prisoner of Second Avenue.”
From Dec. 15: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our “In Brief” section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 8: “The Barefoot Contessa” (1954), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O’Brien, and Rossano Brazzi; and “The Bad and the Beautiful” (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame.
Dec. 9: “India Song” (1975), in French, directed by Marguerite Duras, with Delphine Seyrig and Michel Lonsdale; and “Papa les Petits Bateaux” (1971), in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan.
Dec. 10: “Sunset Boulevard” (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and “The Legend of Lylah Clare.” (†)
Dec. 11: “Brewster McCloud” (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and “Little Murders” (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould.
Dec. 12: “King Lear” (†) and “Hamlet.” (†)
Dec. 13: “Los Olvidados” (1952; “The Young and the Damned”), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; and “Un Chien Andalou” (1928), directed by Luis Buñuel, with Pierre Batcheff, Salvador Dali, and Buñuel himself.
Dec. 14: “Mickey One” (†); and “Lenny” (1974), directed by Bob Fosse, with Dustin Hoffman and Valerie Perrine.
Dec. 15: “Pickpocket” (†) and “Une Femme Douce.” (†)
Dec. 16: “Something for Everyone” (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York; and “Entertaining Mr. Sloane.” (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 8: “Gunga Din” (1939), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and “In Name Only” (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, and Kay Francis.
Dec. 9: “Claire’s Knee” (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and “Don’t Cry with Your Mouth Full” (1975), in French, directed by Pascal Thomas, with Annie Colé.
Dec. 10: “Roman Holiday” (†) and “Sabrina.” (†)
Dec. 11: “The Producers” (†) and “The Twelve Chairs.” (†)
Dec. 12: “On the Town” (†) and “Silk Stockings.” (†)
Dec. 13: “The Man Who Had His Hair Cut Short” (1966), in Flemish, directed by André Delvaux; and “Belle” (1973), in French, directed by André Delvaux.
Dec. 14: “To Catch a Thief” (†) and “Arsène Lupin.” (†)
Dec. 15: “The Awful Truth” (†); and

"Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Dec. 16: "Stolen Kisses" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Bed and Board." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Dec. 8: "The Samurai Trilogy, Part III" (1956) and "Kojiro" (1966), both films in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki.

Dec. 9: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Dec. 10: "The Producers" (†); "Inserts" (†); and "Taking Off" (1971), directed by Miloš Forman, with Lynn Carlin and Buck Henry.

Dec. 11: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Night Porter" (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Dec. 12: "The Magic Flute" (1975), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman; and "Tales of Hoffmann." (†)

Dec. 13: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.

Dec. 14: "The Fortune" (1975), directed by Mike Nichols, with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and "Carnal Knowledge" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret.

Dec. 15: "Band of Assassins" (†) and "Sanjuro." (†)

Dec. 16: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973), directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro; and "Drive, He Said." (†)

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Dec. 9: "Westworld" (1973), directed by Michael Crichton, with Yul Brynner, Richard Benjamin, and James Brolin; and "Soylent Green" (1973), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Charlton Heston and Edward G. Robinson.

Dec. 10-11: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks; and "Silent Running." (†)

Dec. 12-14: "The Terminal Man" (†); and "Phase IV" (1974), directed by Saul Bass, with Nigel Davenport and Michael Murphy.

From Dec. 15: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Dec. 11: "Carefree" (1938), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire.

Dec. 12-14: "Roberta" (1935), directed by William Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd; and "A Damsel in Distress" (1937), directed by George Stevens, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen.

From Dec. 15: "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941), directed by Sidney Lanfield, with Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley, and John Hubbard; and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942), directed by William Seiter, with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)

Dec. 8: "Love Comes Quietly" (1976), directed by Nikolai van der Heyde, with Barbara Hershey and Sandy van der Linder.

Dec. 9-11: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970), directed by Russ Meyer; and "Myra Breckinridge" (1970), directed by Michael Sarne, with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch.

Dec. 12-13: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), directed by Arthur Penn, with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway; and "Night Moves" (1975), directed by Arthur Penn, with Gene Hackman.

Dec. 14-15: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Music Lovers." (†)

From Dec. 16: "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (†) and "The Twelve Chairs." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Dec. 8: "Terror by Night" (1946), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

Dec. 9-10: "Wives Under Suspicion" (1938), directed by James Whale, with Gail Patrick and Warren William; and "One More River" (1934), directed by James Whale, with Colin Clive and Diana Wynyard.

Dec. 11-13: "Broadway Melody" (†) and "Broadway Melody of 1936." (†)

Dec. 14-15: "I Love You Again" (†) and "Double Wedding." (†)

From Dec. 16: "The Saga of Göste Berling" (†); and "Two-Faced Woman" (1941), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 8 at 8: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau, with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston. The cinematographer, Karl Struss, now eighty-five, will be present. Tickets on a first-come, first-served basis.... ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), directed by Alfred Werker, with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Ida Lupino.... ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: A program of avant-garde films; recommended for adults only. ... ¶ Dec. 9 at 8:30: "Pink Flamingos" (1973), directed by John Waters, with Divine; recommended for adults only.... ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro, Holly Woodlawn, and Jane Forth; recommended for adults only.... ¶ Dec. 10 at 6: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."... ¶ Dec. 11 at noon: "Cold Turkey" (1971), directed by Norman Lear, with Dick Van Dyke and Pippa Scott.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Brewster McCloud" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 5: "There Was a Crooked Man" (1970), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Kirk Douglas and Henry Fonda.... ¶ Dec. 12 at noon: "Claudine" (1974), directed by John Berry, with Diahann Carroll and James Earl Jones.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Get to Know Your Rabbit" (1972), directed by Brian De Palma, with Tom Smothers and John Astin.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 5: "Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep" (1922), a British silent film, directed by George Pearson, with Betty Balfour.... ¶ Dec. 13 at noon: "Get to Know Your Rabbit."... ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "The Projectionist" (1971), directed by Harry Hurwitz, with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 6: "Mozart in Love" (1975), directed by Mark Rappaport, with Rich LaBonte, Margot Breier, and Sasha Nanus.... ¶ Dec. 14 at noon: "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971), directed by Emile de Antonio.... ¶ Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Cold Turkey."... ¶ Dec. 16 at 2:30: "Aerogad" (1935), in Russian, directed by Alexander Dovzhenko; no English titles.... ¶ Dec. 16 at 6: "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn, James Callahan, Ellen Burstyn, and David Bauer; recommended for adults only.... ¶ Dec. 16 at 8:30: "Beyond the Law, Blue" (1968), directed by Norman Mailer, with Mr. Mailer and Rip Torn; recommended for adults only. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 12: "La Lucha Final" (1976), directed by Brian Connell; "Talk Given by Mr. Fred Lux..." (1974), directed by Allan Sekula; and "Image's Identity" (1974), directed by Francesc Torres. ... ¶ Starting Dec. 14: "The Apparition" (1976) and "Triptych in Four Parts" (1958), both directed by Larry Jordan. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Bresson, Kostelanetz, Cohen, Cocteau, and others. Showings Dec. 8-9 at 7 and 9; Dec. 10 at 8; Dec. 11 at 2:30 and 8; Dec. 12 and 14 at 8; Dec. 15 at 7 and 9; and Dec. 16 at 8.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of six films by Chick Strand. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

All Screwed Up—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (Cinema Village; through Dec. 14. ... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Arsène Lupin (1932)—John Barrymore as a suave jewel thief who poses as a duke in Paris in order to fleece the rich; his techniques are unconvincingly easy—at one point he saunters out of the Louvre with the Mona Lisa tucked under his arm. Lionel Barrymore plays an agonized, limping detective on the thief's trail. The contrast should be more entertaining than it is; the movie isn't much fun. Directed by Jack Conway. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 14.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to per-

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suade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 15.)

Band of Assassins (1970)—The familiar Mifune in a film by Tadashi Sawashima, pretty distinguished but pretty complicated in its swivels of plot about themes of factionalism and hero worship in 1863. Mifune is the leader of a band of "protectors;" the respect handed out to them lies in terror, but when a kindlier reign comes to power the king of the terrorists is still highly regarded, in a very Japanese fashion, for his loyalty to his beliefs. And then beheaded. The film is violent but also quirkily funny and subtle. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 15.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Claude Jade, as Antoine's bride, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 16.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. But they never quite take over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 14.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—The dialogue has the creaky sound of classy, overcivilized theatre; the film is just barely adapted from Clemence Dane's play about a father and daughter doomed by hereditary insanity—the kind of play in which the daughter is named Sydney Fairchild, her father Hilary Fairchild, and the daughter's boyfriend Kit. But as Sydney, Katharine Hepburn, in her film début, was like nothing that had ever been seen on the screen. It wasn't that she was good, exactly (in fact, her acting was mostly awful), but she was so angular and mannered, with her mouth a scar of suffering, that she was riveting. And John Barrymore, who plays the father, was a fairly riveting performer himself—though his role here is drearily subservient. Young George Cukor directed, in the insulated style all too appropriate to the vehicle. With David Manners (Kit, of course), Billie Burke, Bramwell Fletcher, and Elizabeth Patterson. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 12-14.)

Bim—A story set in Trinidad, directed by Hugh A. Robertson. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Clevon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (U.A. East. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 14.)

Bound for Glory—Woody Guthrie during the thirties. With David Carradine, directed by Hal Ashby. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. (Bessie Love looked much the same, as the telephone-answering-service operator in "Sunday Bloody Sunday.") With Charles King, Jed Prouty, and Mary Doran. Harry Beaumont directed. (Originally in Technicolor, it is now in black-and-white.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11-13.)

Broadway Melody of 1936—An M-G-M musical with Eleanor Powell (a dynamo, all right, but she manages to be wholesome even in glittering top hat and tails), Robert Taylor, Jack Benny, Frances Langford, Una Merkel, and June Knight. A good score by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown includes "I Gotta Feelin' You're Foolin'," "You Are My Lucky Star," and "Broadway Rhythm." Roy Del Ruth directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11-13.)

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Carrie—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, froggy-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Columbia I. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; Dec. 10-14.)

Car Wash—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (8th St. Playhouse.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Columbia II.)

Cousin, Cousine—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Paris.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Double Wedding (1937)—Myrna Loy and William Powell can't redeem the foolishness about a vagabond painter, taken from a Molnár play. Directed by Richard Thorpe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14-15.)

Dream City—With Per Oscarsson and Rosemarie Fendel, directed by Johannes Schaaf. In German. (Festival.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director. This film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (Elgin; Dec. 16.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane (1970)—Joe Orton's clever, funny, professionally outrageous play, filmed by Douglas Hickox, about four English working-class people eking out the appearances of a genteel life. All the while they are speaking their mixture of euphemism, crime-reporter's journalese, and pieties desperately lifted from advice columns, they are in the middle of acts as violent as any in "The Cenci." Wonderfully performed by Alan Webb, Beryl Reid, Harry Andrews, Peter McEnery. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 16.)

Exhibition (1975)—A documentary, by Jean-François Davy, about the public and private life of Claudine Beccarie, the French pornographic-film actress. X-rated. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (72nd Street East; starting Dec. 15.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Robert Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Art; through Dec. 14.)

The Food of the Gods—Directed by Bert I. Gordon. Very largely about rats. Also about very large rats. An essence that issues from the earth has terrible powers of enlarging the size of various creatures, especially the aforesaid rats. Billed as being based on H. G. Wells' novel but lacking an ounce of his intellect or sense of augury. (7/26/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 10.)

For Pete's Sake (1974)—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 14.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Baronet.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Playboy; through Dec. 13.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 9.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Hard Times (1975)—This first feature directed by the young screenwriter Walter Hill is unusually effective pulp—perhaps even great pulp. Looking like an authentic Depression worker, Charles Bronson plays an aging itinerant who hooks up with a gambler (James Coburn) and fights—bare-fisted, no-holds-barred—for gambling stakes. Hill gets our hearts pounding in fear that this loner-hero will be hurt or vanquished; the big fight sequence, with Bronson pitted against a boulder of flesh (Robert Tessier), makes you feel the way you did as a kid at the movies. You don't resent the film's grip on you, because

Hill respects the loner-underdog myth. Shot on locations in and around New Orleans; with Strother Martin as a hophead medic, and Jill Ireland. (10/6/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 9.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 14.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

I Love You Again (1940)—Bum title but surprisingly lively comedy. William Powell is the slick con man who awakes from a nine-year bout of amnesia to discover (with horror) that he has settled down to a job, married Myrna Loy, joined the Elks, and taken to wearing a straw hat. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the writers include Charles Lederer and Maurine Watkins. With Frank McHugh and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14-15.)

Inserts—The script, by the young writer-director John Byrum, is a long one-act play, reminiscent of Michael McClure's "The Beard." The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director, now shoots stag movies. The plot twists are poorly motivated, and the callow dialogue makes the whole thing seem like a kid's show. With Jessica Harper, and, as the stag-movie star, the talented Veronica Cartwright, who flings herself into her role in the dissolute romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. X-rated. (3/15/76) (Elgin; Dec. 10.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. This picture has a miraculous combination of irony and wit, like Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie." With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Waverly.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, has dead eyes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 12.)

The Last Tycoon—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. (11/29/76) (Cinema I.)

The Legend of Lylah Clare (1968)—Heavy-handed camp about Hollywood—an attempt to fuse "Sunset Boulevard," "Vertigo," "The Barefoot Contessa," and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" Peter Finch plays a Svengali-like movie director. His great star, the glamorous foreigner Lylah Clare, died mysteriously a few hours after marrying him, and now he is turning a young American actress (Kim Novak) into Lylah. The stale, gaudy script (adapted from a teleplay by Robert Thom and Edward De Blasio) provides roles for Coral Browne as a bitch columnist, Rossella Falk as a predatory European lesbian, and Valentina Cortese as a designer. Maybe a halfway amusing macabre pastiche could have been made of it if the director, Robert Aldrich, hadn't been so clumsy; it's a static piece of filmmaking. With Michael Murphy, and Ernest Borgnine, who has rarely been worse—he demonstrates his shouting range. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Logan's Run—A sci-fi fable, directed by Michael Anderson, which says that three centuries from now we shall be dwelling under opaque, hermetically sealed domes set down in the midst of devastation. Peter Ustinov plays the only visible outside citizen, an old man living in the Capitol, surrounded by the refuse of the past. (7/5/76) (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 14.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—The best film ever made from an O'Neill play, and it's O'Neill's greatest, most exalted play—one that takes an American family to mythic heights. Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; regrettably, the version now in distribution cuts thirty-four minutes. This seriously damages the play's structure and removes several of Robards' crucial scenes. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 15.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Cinema Village; through Dec. 14.)

Lumière—Directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Beekman.)

Maîtresse—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Ciné.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of the three flops she had that year. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 12-14.)

The Memory of Justice—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Mickey One (1965)—An overfreighted allegory by Arthur Penn, fancily put together and fancily photographed. If "art cinema" means anything, it means something portentous—something that hints at more intellect within the portals than there actually is. "Mickey One" is Arthur Penn's piece of art cinema, though anyone who cares a lot for Penn's work will still find rewarding signals in it of his true talent. The film was mostly overcriticized in its time. Warren Beatty plays a night-club comedian looking for a better way to cope. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 14.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Dec. 9.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Dec. 14-15.)

Network—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and the power-hungry executive at the fictional UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

No Way Back—Directed by, and with, Fred Williamson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Obsession—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the Italian church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (8/2/76) (Art; through Dec. 14.)

On the Town (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley

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Donen directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's celebrated, influential film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 15.)

The Pink Panther Strikes Again—The fourth in the series, with Peter Sellers as Chief Inspector Clouseau (he's had a promotion) and Herbert Lom as Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Blake Edwards directed. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Dec. 15.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sit-com. (3/10/75) (Olympia; through Dec. 14.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Elgin; Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

Quality Street (1937)—It isn't really so long ago—though it seems like another age—that the heroine of an American movie could say, "I could bear all the rest, but I've been unladylike." This film is from the James M. Barrie play about a street where gentlemen are an event, and where a dashing, gallant officer (Franchot Tone) devastates the maiden ladies. As in so much of Barrie, the sensitive, all-knowing woman (Katharine Hepburn) gets the vain, infantile male. Underneath all the proprieties, there's a dismaying and rather grim view of human relations. The director, George Stevens, holds to a quaint style that gets silly, but Hepburn does wonders for the material. With Cora Witherspoon as the belligerent servant, Fay Bainter, Eric Blore, Bonita Granville, and—in a lace cap and tall hat—Estelle Winwood. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

The Ritz—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out. A rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (8/23/76) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Dec. 14.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. He's amazing to watch: there's bull-necked energy in him, smoldering, and in his deep caveman's voice he gives the most surprising, sharp, fresh shadings to his lines. The picture is poorly made, yet its naive, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and 86th St. East; starting Dec. 10.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—Charming. This is the picture that made Audrey Hepburn a movie star. Probably no one could have brought out her skinny, long-necked gamine magic as winningly as the director William Wyler did; his calm, elegant style prepares the scenes and builds the characters until this new, inexperienced actress has the audience by the throat, and when she smiles we're all goners. She plays a central European princess on an official tour of Rome; she flies the royal coop and has her first experiences of freedom with an American reporter (Gregory Peck) and his photographer-sidekick (Eddie Albert). The plot is banal, and the movie is no more than a Cinderella-style romantic comedy, but it is enough. Children adore this movie about a modern fairy-tale princess. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 10.)

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The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 16.)

Sanjuro (1963)—Toshiro Mifune as the fastest sword in the East, in a mocking melodrama directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 15.)

Sérail—With Leslie Caron and Bulle Ogier, directed by Eduardo de Gregorio. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

Shout at the Devil—With Lee Marvin, Roger Moore, and Barbara Parkins; directed by Peter Hunt. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Dec. 9.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild.)

Silent Running (1972)—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (New Yorker; Dec. 10-11.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—Paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical (starring Hildegarde Neff) based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Silver Streak—With Gene Wilder, Jill Clayburgh, and Richard Pryor; directed by Arthur Hiller. (Loews Tower East.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Little Carnegie.)

Squirm—With Don Scardino and Patricia Pearcy, directed by Jeff Lieberman. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Dec. 10.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her con-man father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 11.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Elgin; Dec. 12.)

The Terminal Man (1974)—One of those errors-of-science thrillers; it's an even worse error of moviemaking. Pitifully miscast, George Segal runs around stabbing people uncontrollably. Mike Hodges, who directed, also is guilty of the adaptation of the Michael Crichton novel. Joan Hackett plays a soulful-eyed doctor. (New Yorker; Dec. 12-14.)

That's Entertainment, Part 2—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Cinema Studio; through Dec. 14.)

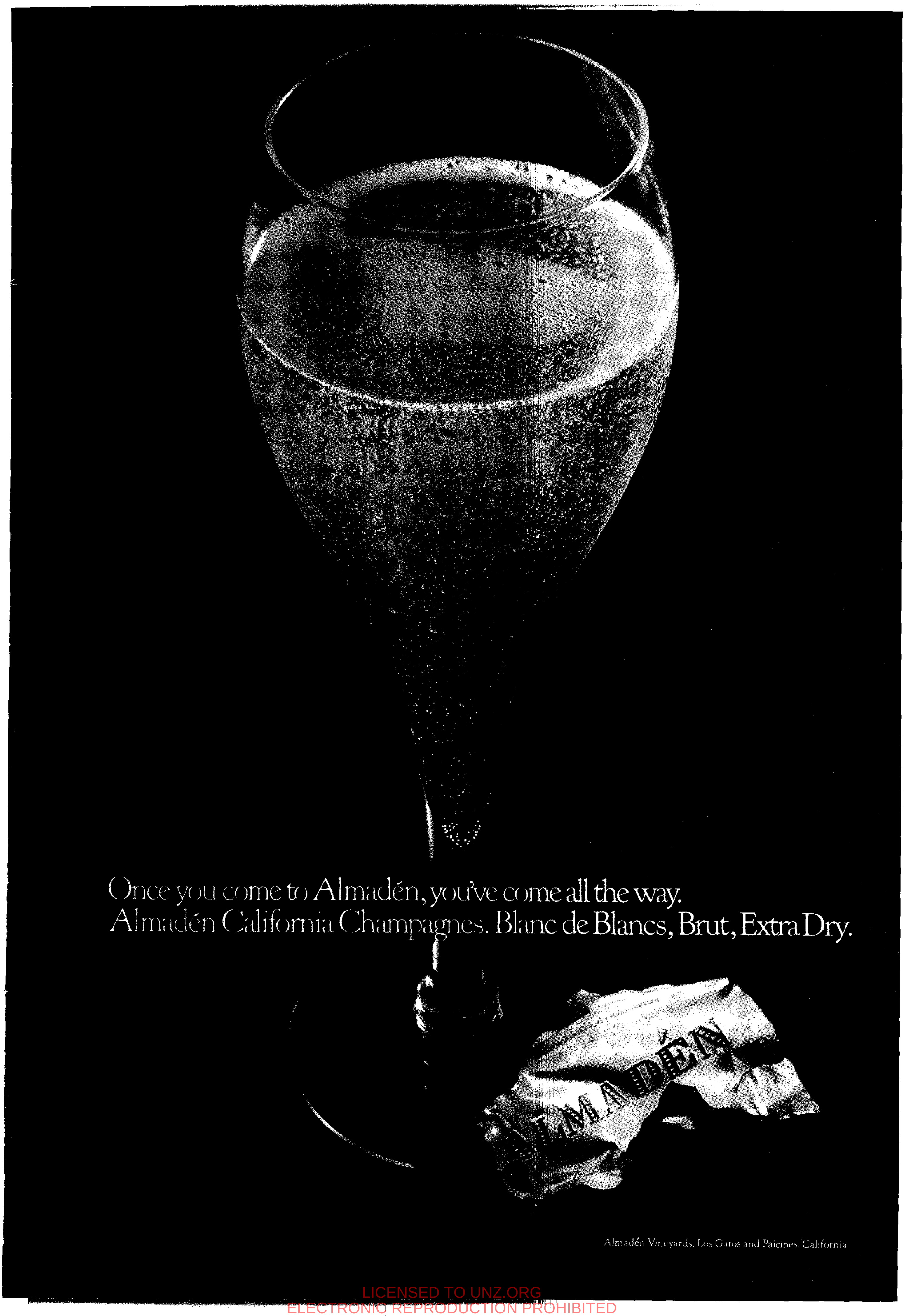
To Catch a Thief (1955)—The suspense plot (reprised in the current "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much, but the Riviera scenery, Cary Grant, and Grace Kelly are at their most luscious. It's a romantic comedy-thriller about a retired jewel thief—a pleasant minor diversion by Alfred Hitchcock. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 16.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Dec. 9.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 16.)

White Lightning (1973)—With Burt Reynolds, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Playboy; through Dec. 13.)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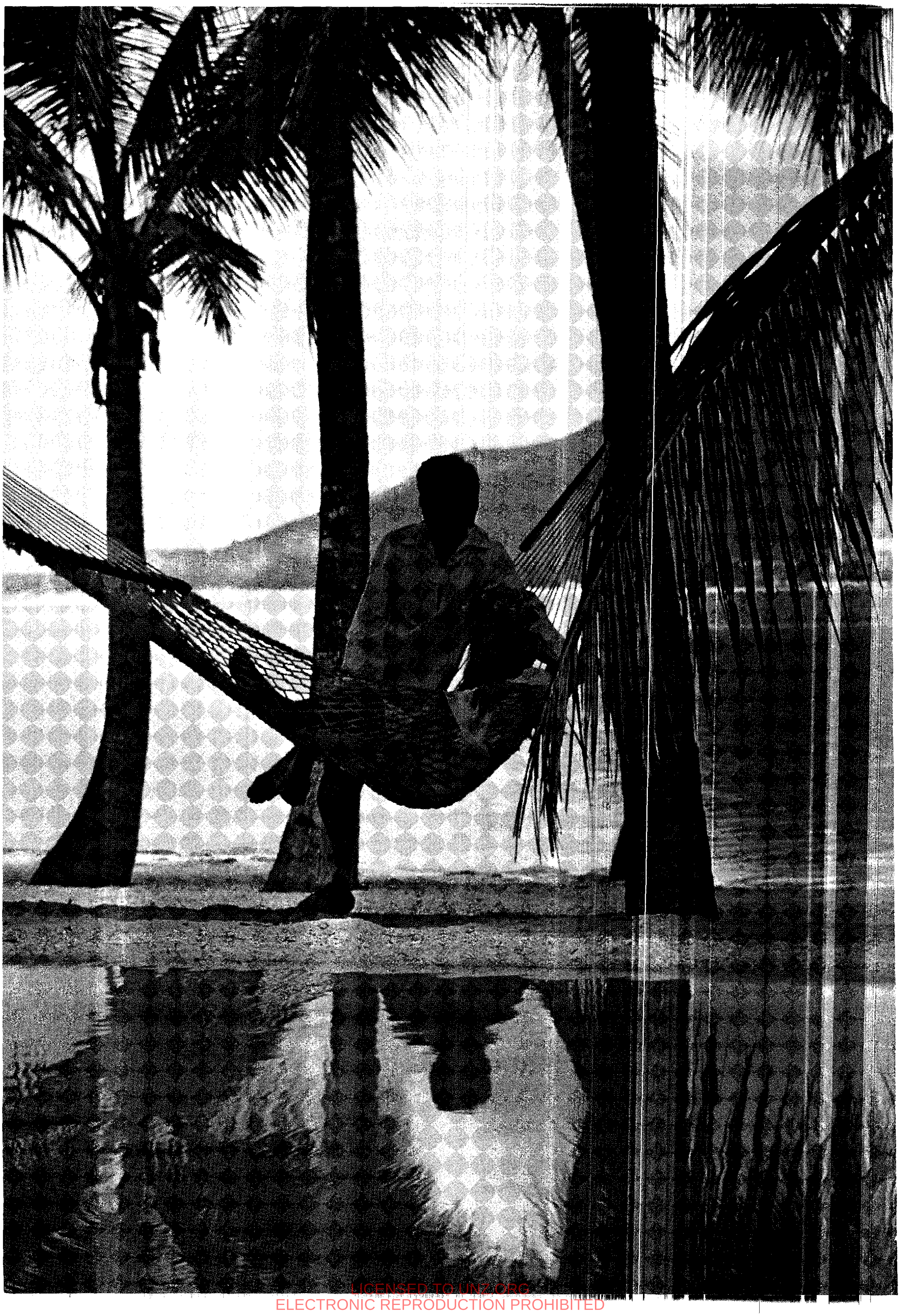


Kia Ora Royale, Tahiti.

You come to escape from life. And leave seeking it.

UTA French Airlines announces the first **all-inclusive tours** *designed to add another dimension to your life. Here's one writer's experience.*

It begins before you get on the plane. There's someone from UTA who'll greet you at the airport. She'll take care of your baggage. And your tickets. And everything else. All you have to do is be there.

The same thing is true when you land in Papeete. She checks you into the exotic Maeva Beach Hotel, while you browse amongst its collection of Polynesian artifacts. And so the tour continues, with you experiencing what you came to experience. And not worrying about logistics.

The unrelenting pursuit of happiness.

Tahitians – and French Polynesians in general – are people who actually believe that the purpose of life is to be happy. And they drive themselves unmercifully in pursuance of that noble aim. Sometimes they don't even bother to show up for work if they're having too much fun doing something else. And everyone – except a few rigid Westerners – finds that perfectly acceptable.

And for a few days, you become Tahitian. You fish with them, sing with them and drink with them. They'll teach you a toast – *manuia* – that means luck, love, life, happiness and all the good things you can think of. They'll tell you stories and you'll never stop telling them what it's like where you come from. No matter how you try to explain, they still find it incredible that somewhere across the sea lives a strange breed of men who devote their lives to never-ending toil.

Rangiroa. A little O lost in an infinite sea.

You first see this little atoll from the air. A little O lost in an infinite sea. A thin strip of land stretching out in both directions to form an almost perfect circle. A life preserver of solid earth in a completely watery world.

Walk in either direction around this ring and always – always – you end right back where you began. Suddenly you become aware of something you always knew – yet didn't know – that you can't ever be anywhere but where you are. And you experience what *here* means.

Here, on Rangiroa, you live in a Kia Ora village. You sleep in a little thatched hut (faré) and see by lantern light. Yet you experience an epicurean phenomenon that no gourmet worth his palate could pass within two hundred miles and not drop by for a bite to eat. Imagine sitting by the sounding sea, under a thatched roof, being served French haute cuisine on linen by beautiful brown-skinned girls in pareus.

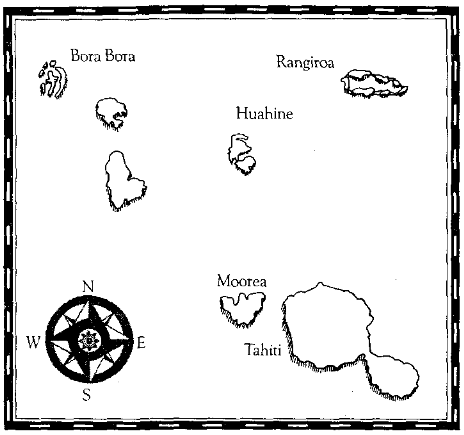
Les belles filles sans merci.

Kia Ora, Rangiroa is a unity of extremes. The civilized and primitive at once. La plus elegante and au naturale. It's fishing from an outrigger canoe while munching on a millefeuille napoleon. It's a shaggy dog named Caesar who wanders in and out of your room at will, a supercilious Maitre d'Hotel named Andre who makes you eat all your haricots verts, and a blonde Tahitian goddess named Elke who drags you out on the reef at night to look for sea shells. It's fresh flowers in your room, a bottle of Romanee-Conti, 1959, les belles filles sans merci lying bare-breasted in the sun and a sign in the lobby that says: "When you go to the village, be sure and cover up. Because the natives are quite modest."

Moorea. A sanctuary for kings.

Moorea – you remember it from the film, *South Pacific* – is as it always was. A place you come to to be rejuvenated. In ancient days vanquished Tahitian warriors came to Moorea to find sanctuary. And it was here that King Pomare came to hide when things got too hot for him on Tahiti.

Like the island itself, the Kia Ora village on Moorea was designed to ease the spirit of its burdens. All you have to do is be there and they begin to disappear. Everything was planned to make that happen. Even the view of Tahiti off on the horizon you get from your faré. Each evening as the sun is setting, a kaleidoscopic Monet appears before your eyes.



No clocks or watches wanted.

Moorea is a timeless place. A place that has no need of maps or clocks. A place where you can't be late because there's nothing to be late to. A place where you do whatever you're doing and are content.

And Kia Ora, Moorea is also timeless. Great care was taken to weave the past into the present. They even pick you up in a horse and carriage. And then there's the famous trading schooner, *Vaitere*, which, under 17 different skippers, made its rounds between the islands carrying copra. Today it's permanently moored off Kia Ora as one of the world's most unique discotheques.

Something happens to you in this magic, timeless spot. A spell is woven. Like the *Vaitere* you become part of where you are now. And like it, you're no longer the same as you once were.

Suddenly your past is gone. Suddenly everything you thought vital to your existence, everything you thought made you you, is gone. Hopes and ambitions, debts and possessions, gone. The noonday brilliance of your life and all its midnight horrors, gone. Everything you left behind, gone. And you're left with only one thing. *Now.*

And when you're riding the surf in an outrigger, you're there with the waves, the wind and a thousand shades of blue. And when you're snorkeling on the reef, you're there playing tag with the fish, darting in and out of castles of coral. And when you're dancing on the *Vaitere*, you're there with the fun and the music.

It doesn't stop when you get back home.

All things that begin must end. And the time comes when you strap your watch back on and fly back home. For the first time in a long time you let your mind slip back into the past. Back to Rangiroa and Moorea. Back still further to other vacations you've experienced. Remember how all those nagging problems you left behind came crashing in on you when you got back?

"This time, whatever you do," you say to yourself as you step off the plane, "you're not going to get caught up in it again." Then that little voice speaks up – you know, that nasty little fellow that keeps chattering at you all the time about all the things you've got to do. "Quit kidding yourself, pal," it says, "you're caught up in it already."

It's been almost a year since I got back. And I know that little voice was lying. I didn't get caught up in it. Not entirely. I know I didn't because every so often I find myself being right where I am, doing whatever I happen to be doing. Like I am *now* as I write of my experiences. Just as I was *then* as I was living them.

I can't prove it but I still believe it's true: Once you experience things as you do on a tour like this, you'll go on experiencing them that way – every once in a while – for the rest of your life. Like it or not.

Manuia,
Jack Raymond.

Here's how you can experience Kia Ora Royale:

UTA introduces four all-inclusive tours.

8 days: Papeete & Kia Ora Village, Moorea.	$ 949
10 days: Papeete & Kia Ora Villages, Moorea & Rangiroa.	1,169
10 days: Papeete, Bora Bora & Kia Ora Village, Moorea.	1,240
2 weeks: Papeete, Bora Bora, Huahine & Kia Ora Villages, Moorea & Rangiroa.	1,444

By all-inclusive we mean everything from French haute cuisine to snorkeling to a floating discotheque to fresh fruit in your room. Contact your travel agent for a complete listing of diversions. All arrangements guaranteed.

Hear the light.

Today, communications may be at the threshold of another revolution in technology.

Someday soon, when you make a phone call, your voice may be carried between telephone offices as pulses of light over a hair-thin glass fiber.

We call this new technology lightwave communications.

Less Cost, Less Space:

Lightwave communications has the potential for carrying enormous quantities of information—from phone calls to business data to TV programs—at low cost. And it can do it in much less space.

Right now, we're testing an experimental system that can carry nearly 50,000 phone calls in a cable of glass fibers not much thicker than a clothesline. It could do the work of several copper cables, each as thick as your arm.

That will allow us to save space in the crowded cable ducts under the streets of many of our cities. Which in turn will lessen the need to add new cable ducts to expand service.

But even carrying that many calls uses only a fraction of a light beam's capacity.

So it will give us plenty of room to grow.

To make lightwave communications possible, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric attacked a number of problems simultaneously.

What Had to be Done:

What kind of problems?

Creating some of the most transparent glass the world has ever known.

Developing techniques to draw the glass into highly precise fibers which, despite their tiny size, have a complex internal structure that keeps the light from leaking out.

Devising ways to protect the delicate fibers from damage, to make them into cables strong enough to pull through underground ducts, and to splice them—a hundred or more at a time.

To generate the light carried by the fibers, they developed a tiny, solid-state laser smaller than a grain of salt. (Today's design is expected to operate continuously for ten years or more.)

To put information onto the light beam, they designed equipment that turns the tiny laser on and off millions of times a second.

And they developed repeaters to regenerate the light signal along its way, as well as photodetectors at the receiving end to convert the light back into an electrical signal that can travel throughout the telephone network.

We think lightwave communications may prove a long step forward in the development of communications.

We may put it to use in the early 1980's to relieve cable congestion between major switching centers. For special applications, we may use it even sooner.

And it may someday carry business data, visual communication services and facsimile transmission into your home and office.

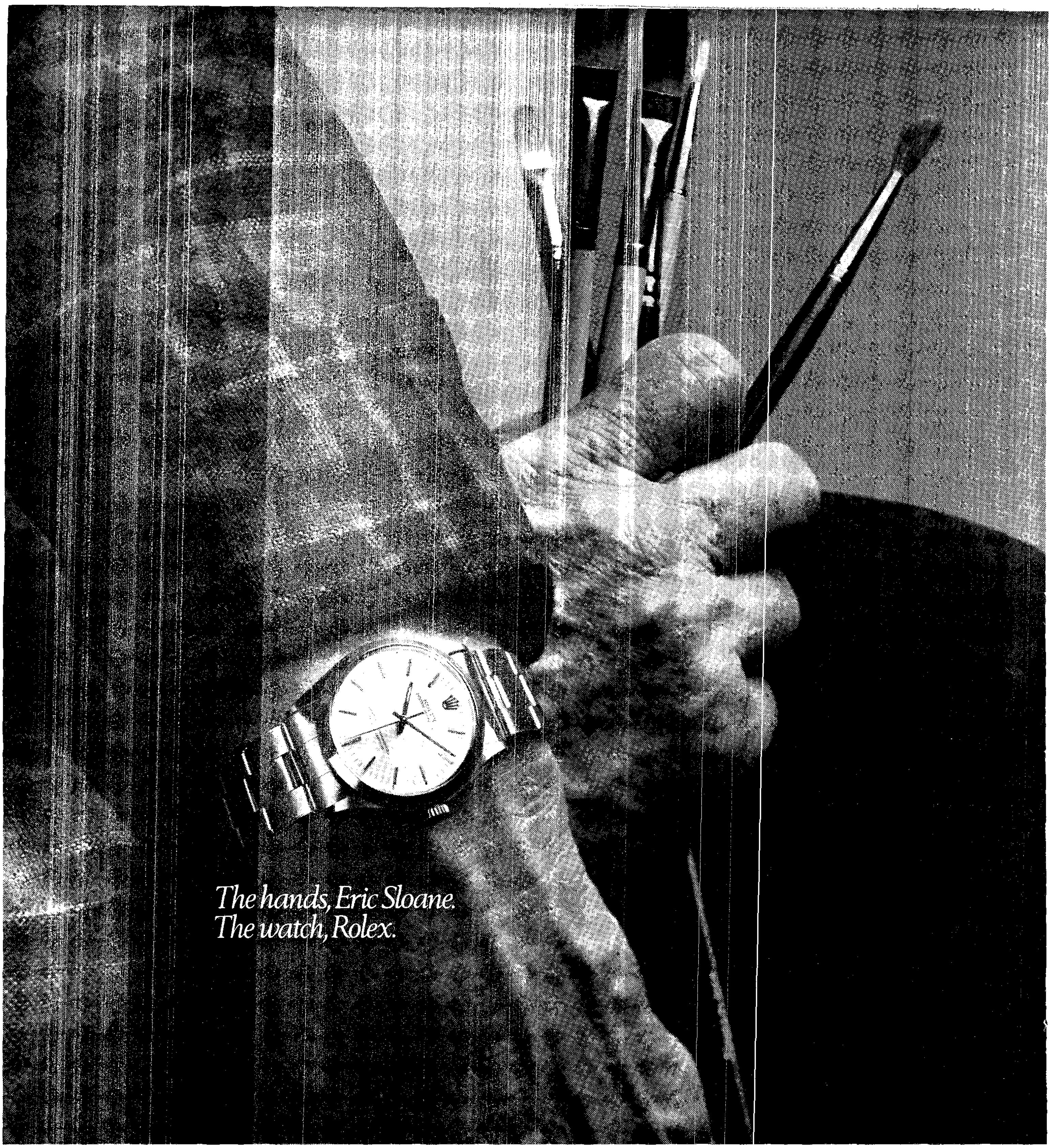
Seeing to It:

Innovations from Bell Labs and Western Electric are put to work by your Bell telephone company. That's another reason you have the most reliable, least expensive telephone service in the world.

To keep it that way, one of the things we're doing is seeing to it that before long you'll be hearing the light.

One of a series of messages to keep you informed of how telecommunications technology is changing our world—and the part Bell Labs, Western Electric and your Bell telephone company are playing in it.

Bell Laboratories/Western Electric



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Eric Sloane; painter, writer, recorder and re-creator of the American past.
Rolex; enduring time teller, exquisite machine, and handcrafted work of art.

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The Rolex Oyster Perpetual Superlative Chronometer (1002/202). In stainless steel with matching bracelet $350. Also in 14kt. gold with matching bracelet (1002/402) $1,465.
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Holland House® makes vodka come alive!

Mari Foster, Hostess
She knows that nothing ruins a party more than serving the same old drinks; tonight, thanks to Holland House, she's delighted many guests with their favorite cocktails, others with exciting new drinks, and still had time to mingle. Her drink? *Amaretto.* Made with Holland House Amaretto mix and Vodka—at about 1/3 the price of the leading imports.

Bill Foster, Town Councilman
An authority on so many subjects, he is called the "Man of Many Mouths." At different times, he has said his favorite cocktail is: (A) *Apricot Sour* (B) *Black Russian* (C) *Grasshopper* (D) *Wallbanger* (E) *All of the above.* He notes that many Holland House mixes have authentic Liqueur flavors so one bottle of Vodka and a few Holland House mixes replace a whole library of expensive Liqueurs.

Alexander Tirado, Attorney
If he had to do it all over again, he would still fall in love with himself. Likes the chocolatey taste of his *Alexander* made with Vodka. Happens to think it's named after himself. Wishes Holland House would come out with a drink called a Vodka Tirado.

VODKA SOUR
COLLINS

Mike Mullen, Bank Teller
The hostess has just introduced him to his blind date, an aspiring actress. With a tall, cool *Tom Collins,* he toasts the coming together of business and the lively arts. Yes, as a banker he is a capitalist, but still considers himself a liberal, since he'll take a Holland House Collins with either Vodka or Gin.

Cindi Hatfield, Aspiring Actress
Taking a long, dramatic sip of her *White Vodka Sour,* she emotes about how different its distinct grapefruit tang is than the usual lemon taste of other sours! Would he like a sip? Would his bank be interested in investing in an avant-garde theater group?

Barbara Hart, Neighbor
She is to the neighborhood what NBC is to the nation. Right now she is broadcasting about her Holland House *Smooth 'n Spicy® Bloody Mary:* "*Spicy* means it has plenty of zip; *Smooth* means not too much zap. Mmmm. Just right!"

Roger Roberts, Insurance Salesman
Why does he drink a *Pink Squirrel?* Because it's rich and creamy and tastes like cherries and almonds. Also, it's a great conversation starter, he says. And now that you've started a conversation, do you really have enough insurance...?

Nothing can do more to make Vodka come alive than delicious Holland House Cocktail Mixes.

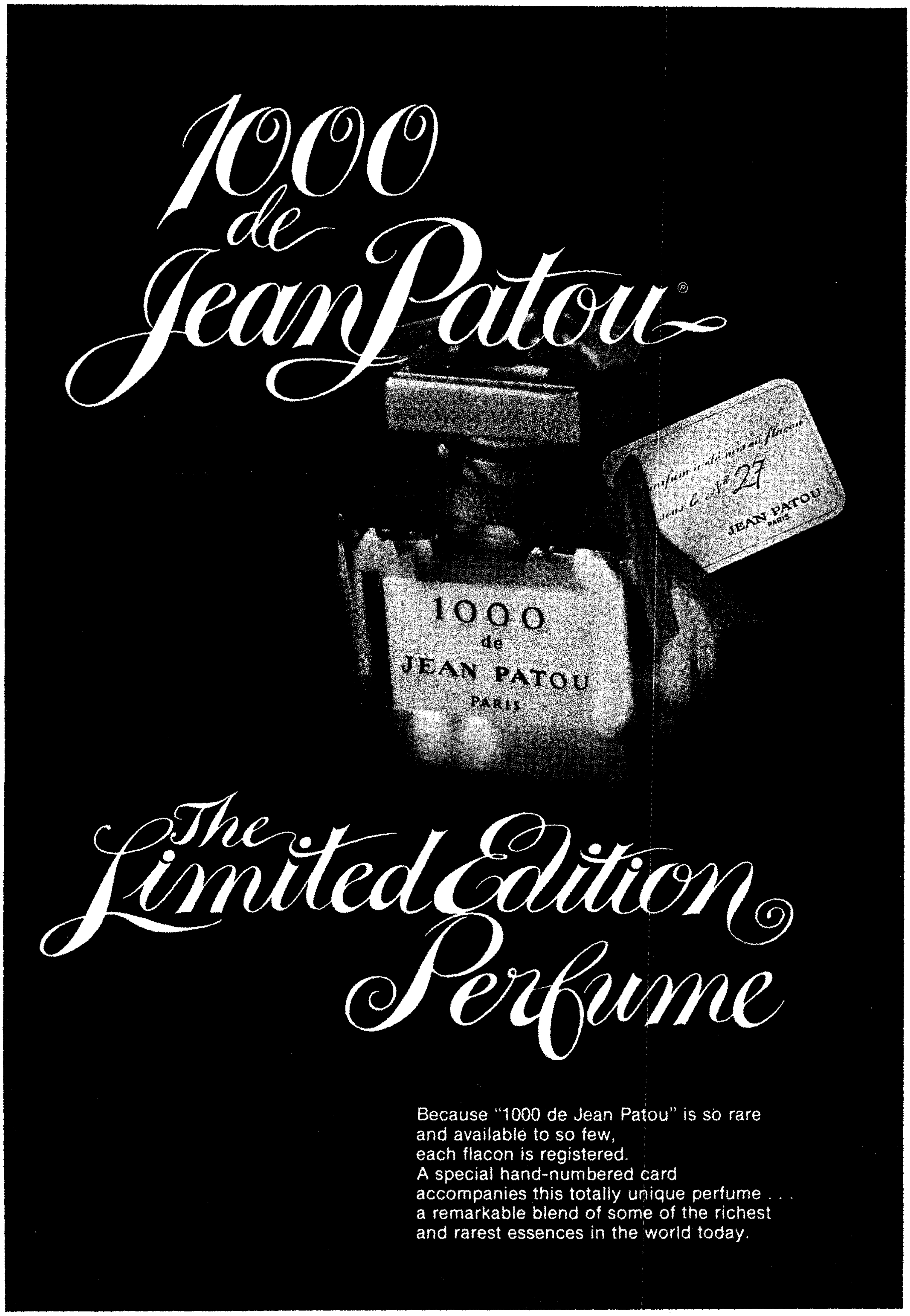
We invented cocktail mixes and make more varieties than our competitors (and a lot of bartenders) have ever dreamed of. And since our mixes are more concentrated, they taste better and go further.

Everything you need to make an authentic, fresh tasting drink is right inside each Holland House bottle or packet. Because you mix it yourself just before serving (using your own liquor), your drink will taste fresh and be the exact strength you like. *Cheers!*

AMARETTO
Holland House
SMOOTH 'N SPICY
BLOODY MARY
Holland House
PINK SQUIRREL
Holland House

Holland House Cocktail Mixes

Makes liquor
come alive.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and rarest essences in the world today.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE are shoeshines that cost more than a pair of shoes; there are pencils that cost more than a typewriter; there are artichokes that cost as much as a tricycle; and now there is a cocktail table that costs more than a mobile home. It is, of course, *more* than a cocktail table. Just as the peppy young people mentioned in liquor ads are ecologists as well as filmmakers, jazz pianists as well as molecular physicists, children's-book authors as well as urban planners, so the cocktail table we are discussing is a piece of sculpture as well as a piece of furniture for domestic entertaining. This cocktail table costs forty thousand dollars (retail). It is a contrivance of a company called Axius Designs, with offices at 160 East Fifty-sixth Street (fifth floor, just over Design Technics Ceramics). It is fairly large, fairly heavy, involves no precious metals and no intricate decoration. It is transparent. Transparent cocktail tables are, of course, always at a premium.

We know what the forty-thousand-dollar cocktail table looks like because we went to the party at which it was unveiled. The party was held at the offices of Axius Designs (just over Design Technics Ceramics). Our invitation promised that "an important turnout of celebrities" could be expected. We didn't recognize one person, but then there are a lot of new celebrities we don't know by sight—from the space program and so forth. There were in attendance, however, four young men in uniform who were guarding the forty-thousand-dollar cocktail table. The bartender told us that they were from the Merchant Marine Academy. The bartender's information turned out to be completely reliable. Less reliable was some information supplied us by a woman in a turban, who told us that Mayor Beame had sent them. What Mayor Beame had sent was a statement that said something about taking "great pride in the creativity of our many ethnic groups," and that seemed to miss the point.

We talked with the designer of the forty-thousand-dollar cocktail table—the president of Axius Designs, who is named Gary Gutterman, who is young, and who was wearing an oatmeal-colored suit. Mr. Gutterman told us that his cocktail table was the first to really bridge the gap between functional and aesthetic things. We lost the drift of what he said after a while, but we are quite sure about the bridging-the-gap part, because it was a theme that surfaced several times. Mr. Gutterman said, "It's floating, it's acrylic, it's serious," and then he said (but not to us), "Mrs. West, you're a sweetheart for coming."

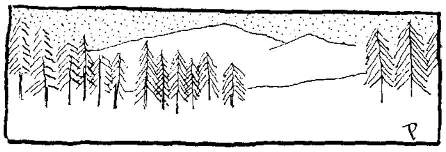
Describing the forty-thousand-dollar cocktail table is not easy. It is, we are almost sure, audacious in its simplicity. What it seems to be is one enormous piece of transparent stuff *springing* (in the architectural sense) from a somewhat smaller piece of transparent stuff. Elsewhere in the room were other pieces of furniture, many transparent but all unguarded. The most interesting man we met was Mr. Michael deSantis, an interior designer who is at present installing a discothèque in a private apartment.

• •

Memoir

OUR friend the old curmudgeon dropped by of a cold afternoon last week to stand in front of our radiator and report as follows:

I get a bit discouraged every now and then about the state of jazz in this country and its fight to survive rock-and-roll and country-and-Western, and I get the feeling that *Götterdämmerung* is on its way when every time I sneak a look at the tube I see Benny Goodman not running a band with his clarinet but telling me to get myself an American Express card. Mumbling to myself about all this, I went to a wake the other day at the club named after Eddie Condon, the great guitar player, on West Fifty-fourth Street. My friend Condon—he always called his guitar "the porkchop"—has been dead for several years, and every so often his wife, Phyllis, holds an "in memoriam" for him. Condon never saw the club, but it looks as Condon as can be, because John De Vries, a lyric writer who has hung faithfully around jazz all these years, has made the walls a photographic panorama of Condon's career against a background of his multitude of friends in the profession. And imprinted in every tabletop is a facsimile of one of the many records he and his merry men cut over the years. Each tabletop is different, and, taken together, the tables represent a just about complete collection of the Condon work. The room is long and low-ceilinged and narrow—exactly the sort of room in which my kind of jazz was beginning in this town when I arrived, never mind how many years ago. Condon was a great companion for anyone who could stay up until half past seven every morning and dine frugally once a day. But we were all like that then—it was Depression time, just before Prohibition ended and just after. You could get a contract to play on Fifty-second Street, which was called The Street, for sixty or eighty dollars a week, and you might work seven nights for that money. The union delegate came around to make sure you had signed a union contract, but he may not have known—and maybe he did not care to know—that you were supposed to kick back as much as twenty-five per cent of that money to the owners. Hard going!



Condon became an organizer on his own, getting together a varying group of musicians to play wherever they could. He and his manager, Ernie Anderson, even talked the studios in Radio City into giving him broadcast time on Saturday afternoons. This bailed out a lot of musicians. It also told a lot of listeners what Condon music was like, and it enabled them to hear that wonderful, ruminative, cloudy voice of Lee Wiley, who to most of us was the queen bee that Mabel Mercer is today. Going on the road with a Condon band when he was barnstorming practically everywhere between Boston and Chicago and was wisecracking with interviewers even more glibly than Jimmy Walker, who was for a while his mayor and mine, was a twenty-four-hour-a-day treat. Soon some of the boys in the Village who were engaged in certain laudable but illegal practices during Prohibition became interested in him, not only as a friend but as a product. And they set him up a few years later in the first place to bear his name, a block south of Washington Square, then moved him up near Sutton Place. His greatest moment, I guess, was the night he brought his bandsmen into Carnegie Hall, then rather stiff-necked about jazz, and was introduced to the audience by Fiorello LaGuardia.

The other afternoon, the first person I encountered after saying hello to Phyllis was Milt Gabler, who between 1926 and 1958 ran the Commodore Music Shop, opposite the Commodore Hotel, on East Forty-second Street. Any jazz record ever made anywhere, it seemed to me, was on his shelves or could be got by him, even if sometimes a trifle pockmarked. I had not seen him in twenty-six years. "Days of the United Hot Clubs of America," I said to Gabler, "and the Sunday-afternoon sessions the local chapter gave on The Street." "Your membership-card number was eighty-eight," said Gabler, "and, even though I was president of the New York chapter, my number was down at one hundred." The reasons for the Hot Clubs, now long disbanded, were the collecting of records, the listening to records, and the organization of jam sessions. The Commodore Music Shop was really a post office. Anyone who wanted to get in touch with a roving musician and didn't have the address sent a letter to Gabler, who either kept it until the musician came to town or sent it forward when he got a new address from the rover. As far as I know, nothing was ever lost in transit.

The present Eddie Condon's is owned by Red Balaban, whose father was the B. of Balaban & Katz, who had a big string of Chicago movie houses. Red came to New York with his jazz band, which he called Balaban & Cats, and has been in business ever since. His band was on and off the platform with agreeable frequency during the wake. And now and again musicians who had stopped by to pay their respects to Phyllis sat in. Marian McPartland, who is now at the Carlyle, and Jimmy McPartland sat in together, though the jazz she plays is hardly Condon—we used to call it progressive jazz. Jimmy's jazz is. At the Condon wakes, you see people you never expect to see. For one, Minerva Pious, whose curious voice adorned the Fred Allen radio show for those many years. She and her voice are unchanged.

Jimmy McPartland came down off the stand and sat beside me. He said, "Well, it's been like this for fifty years. Do you remember when I was in the Ben Pollack band back in 1928, when we were playing downstairs at the Park Central at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street?" "In between shootouts," I said. "That's right," said Jimmy. "That was the year they picked off Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, during the poker game. And that pretty Irish girlfriend of his—what became of her?" "I was out on the town with her two weeks before it happened," I said. "She had permission to run around with us the nights he wasn't seeing her. Next day, no one could remember ever having heard of her." "That was life in those days," Jimmy said. "I think that's life now," I said.

Frisco

HERE in the Bay Area—Frisco to you (wires an easily transplanted New Yorker)—the roses were blooming on Thanksgiving Day and everyone says the weather's cold, meaning it gets up to about sixty degrees. Patty Hearst is back home on Nob Hill, BART is functioning smoothly, the Oakland Raiders have the best record in the National Football League, there is beautiful light in the cloudless skies, and there's a cottage in Berkeley with a Franklin stove and a plentiful supply of eucalyptus logs which I would buy today if I weren't flying back to New York tomorrow. In four days here, I've discovered the best Chinese restaurant in the world, the best store for Christmas shopping, and the most interesting scientific news of the year. See what I mean? You can get out of town, forget about the holidays, find a new town, adopt it, and celebrate it for a few days.

The Ashizawa family's Soko Hardware Store, on the corner of Post and Buchanan, in Japantown, opposite the Japan Center, the only Japanese shopping mall in the country—and not far from two eateries: the Donut Hole ("World Famous Donut Hole") and the Golden Peacock Pizza Place ("Home of Original Big Foot Subs")—looks deceptively Occidental from the street, with Hoyt-heater emblems and Dutch Boy Paints emblems on the redwood panels over the store's plate-glass windows. And inside there's a complete line of American hardware and appliances and gardening tools and teapots and San Francisco posters neatly crammed, in the manner of hardware stores, into a couple of good-sized rooms, which sounds ordinary enough. What makes Soko amazing—and well worth any Christmas shopper's time—is that stashed amidst the indoor-outdoor thermometers, screwdrivers, wallpaper, and toggle bolts is an equally complete line of traditional and quite exquisite Japanese hardware and household utensils, all of which, according to Mrs. Ashizawa (part of the second of three generations that run Soko), are in great demand: both by the Japanese community in San Francisco, which, because it is already American, sees no reason to have to try to be American and holds to nineteenth-century Meiji customs that are hard to come by in up-to-date Tokyo, and still speaks a kind of Dickensian Japanese that doesn't have a lot of modern modish words taken from English and French (in modern Japan *abekku*, from *avec*, means two couples who go around together); and by a lot of young American craftsmen—carpenters, hobbyists, sculptors, street artists—who find, for instance, that they can make a much finer cut through a piece of wood with a traditional Japanese saw than they can with a modern American saw. A Japanese saw—Soko also sells Japanese planes, *nomi* (Japanese chisels), *kebiki* (ancient Japanese gadgets for marking lines parallel to the edge of a piece of wood), and Japanese whetstones—looks like a samurai woodsman's tool; it has a bamboo handle and a thin, delicate-looking blade about a foot long with teeth on both sides. The blade is made of carbon steel, which is a steel that can be ground to an extremely sharp cutting edge; and, unlike all other saws, it cuts on the pull stroke instead of on the push stroke, which gives you a much straighter and more accurate

"Well, you certainly look relaxed. What the hell is that all about?"

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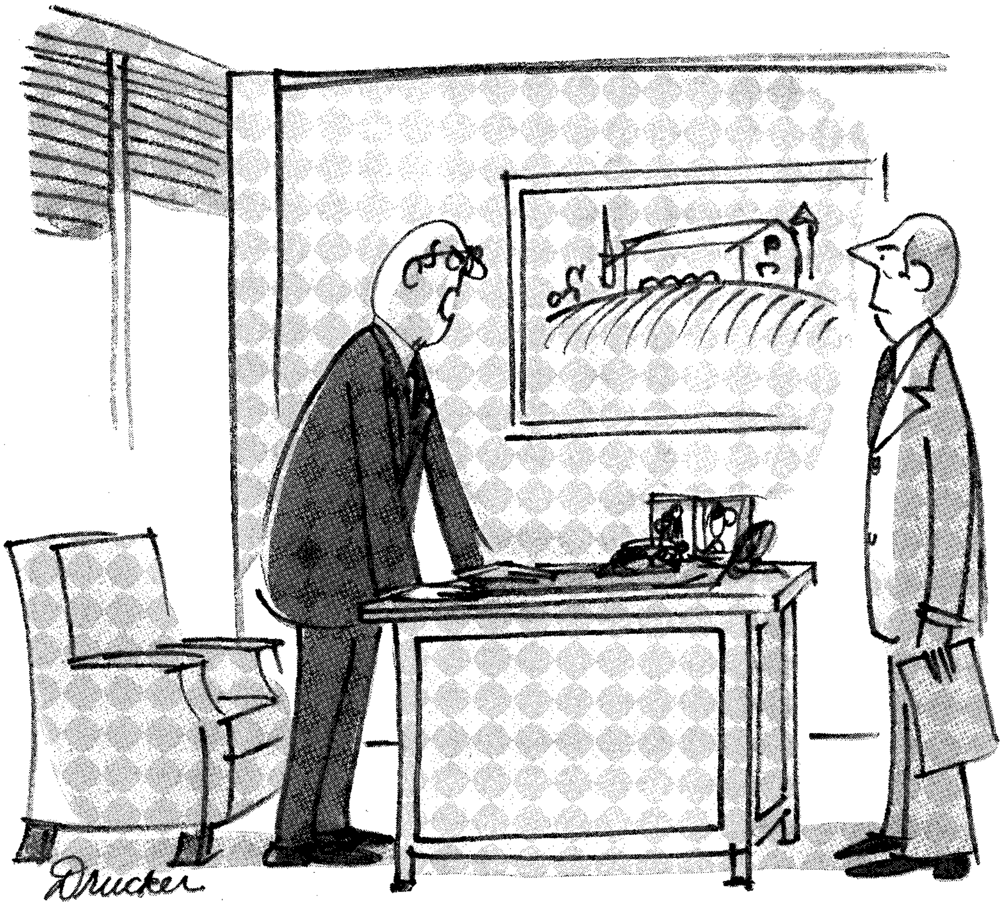
cut, because when you pull on a blade it stays in tension and stays straight, and when you push a saw, it tends to buckle.

What else has Soko got? Japanese and Mainland Chinese kitchen knives, which have finer and thinner blades than the celebrated European Henckels knives (which Soko also stocks) and can be used for *kikukagiri*, a form of Japanese legerdemain: you take a vegetable you want to decorate, hold it between two chopsticks (Soko, of course, stocks chopsticks), and score it with a series of cuts one-eighth of an inch apart; then turn ninety degrees and make another series of parallel one-eighth-inch-apart cuts. One of the Soko knives comes with a printed guarantee that says, "GUARANTEE VOID IF HONED OR GROUND. The only attention 'MAC' knives may need—occasional few strokes at ten degrees angle across unglazed ring on the bottom of a piece of china, or use a fine butcher's steel." Then, there's a Poliflon-coated, no-stick *tamago-yaki nabe*, a rectangular omelette pan; everything you'd need to construct a Japanese room, including tatami mats, decorated *tokonoma* pillars, which stand to one side of the alcove in a room that contains a flower arrangement and a scroll, and *shoji* paper, the traditional rice-paper covering for partitions, though partition coverings are now also available, Mrs. Ashizawa told me, in more practical fibre glass, which is much harder to punch a hole through; twenty-four different ink brushes for drawing and calligraphy; beautiful etched and inlaid finger pulls for sliding doors and closets; Buddhist altars; special hibachis for the tea ceremony; ceramic charcoal stoves with Mongolian cookers, which are little round metal hats with holes in the dome-shaped crown, and a curly brim (the stove sits on the table, and you grill your own meat over the holes and then dip the meat in the juice that has collected on the brim); a Japanese kiddies' carpenter set, which comes with small-sized saw, T square, hammer, file, mallet, and wood plane, and a couple of chisels and screwdrivers; seeds (fifty-nine cents a packet) for growing Chinese okra, Chinese bitter melon, Chinese celery, Chinese spinach, Chinese chives, Chinese kale, and chrysanthemums (they all come either from Taiwan or from the Kitazawa Seed Company, in San Jose, California); and, of course, all kinds of Oriental dishes, such as *sake* cups and pitchers, and donburi, which are big bowls for rice or noodles, and things like planters, teapots, small rice dishes, teriyaki plates, and baskets. And then, most fascinating to me, a complete line of bonsai tools, which look like something found in a hobbit surgery or dentist's office. There are special nippers and shears for cutting buds or leaves or roots or twigs, tourniquets for shaping branches, tiny trowels for repotting, little whiskbrooms for brushing away gravel. I bought myself my first Christmas present: a pair of trimming shears with curved handles—they're smaller than a standard pair of sewing scissors and have a blade a couple of inches



"It just so happens, Perkins, I do believe in Santa Claus. You're fired!"

long—to use on my miniature roses back in N.Y.

Mrs. Ashizawa says her family, who come from Yamanashi, which is slightly to the south of Tokyo, sold their Frisco laundry about fifty years ago and bought Soko, already a going concern. They were interned during the Second World War, and most of their stock was stolen before the government put what was left in a warehouse, but they went right back into business after the war; they've been at their present site since 1950. Soko accepts BankAmericard.

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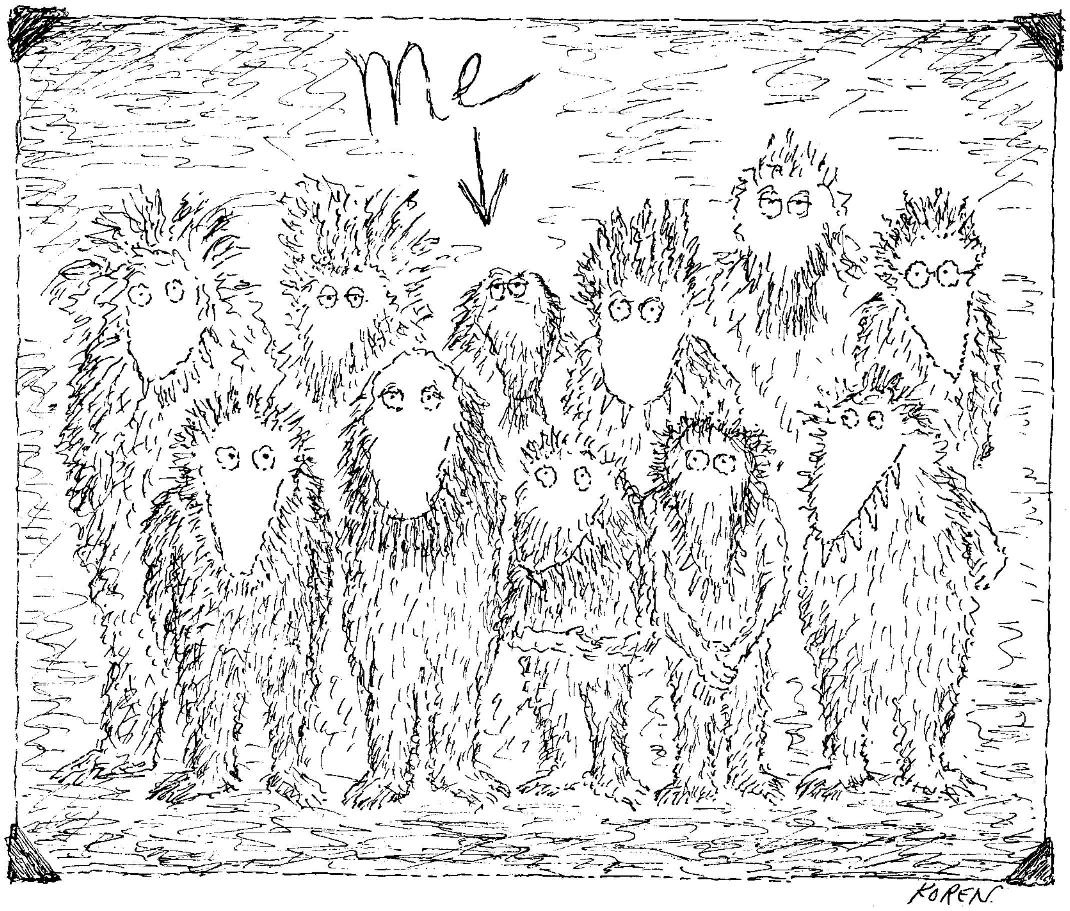
DR. CHARLES T. TART, a professor of psychology at the University of California at Davis, is already well known in his field for three projects: in 1969, when interest in altered states of consciousness was running high, he brought out the first scholarly book on the subject, "Altered States of Consciousness," which has sold about seventy thousand copies and has served as a focus for organizing university courses in the subject (practically every major university in the country now has at least one small course in the field as a result); in 1971 he published "On Being Stoned," a scientific study of marijuana intoxication, which established a general map of the effects of marijuana use in American culture and served as a guide for doing lab studies that were representative of what went on in the real world (Tart discovered that laboratory results at the time often bore little relation to the effects experienced in other settings; nausea, for instance, was common in the lab and rare anywhere else, and this suggested that investigators were routinely overdosing their subjects or doing something wrong); and in 1975 he published a book entitled "States of Consciousness," in which he presented a new theory on the nature of consciousness. Now he has published a study, "Learning to Use Extrasensory Perception," available from the University of Chicago Press, in which he addresses the three main problems encountered in previous serious scientific experiments to detect ESP and describes an experiment of his own that he thinks provides a solution. The three problems have been: a lot of the experiments haven't worked; even those experiments that report what is considered a statistically significant amount of ESP (a subject will, for instance, guess in hundreds and hundreds of trials about which of two colors is on the backs of cards that he can't see at all and be right fifty-one per cent of the time, where chance would predict only fifty-per-cent accuracy) show the presence of what Tart calls "such low level ESP as to be practically trivial;" and experimenters have occasionally reported discovering talented subjects, or percipients, but have invariably found that as they kept working with these percipients the talent declined and eventually disappeared. "That was discouraging," Tart notes.

Tart, who is thirty-nine, unruly-haired, talkative, and friendly, and who drives a motorcycle, told me at lunch at the Hunan Restaurant, the best Chinese restaurant in the world (more about the Hunan in a minute), "We've been at the stage where the science of electricity was during practically all its history. Before the battery was devised, people working with electricity had only two phenomena to consider. One was lightning, which was spectacular but over in an instant—which existed primarily in memory. The other was that if you rubbed a piece of amber with some fur, and if the weather was just right (and they didn't even know at the time that the weather had to be just right), you could pick up a feather with the amber. This was piddling. What was needed was a reliable, steady flow of electricity that was available any day of the week. When that became available—through the battery—we were able in practically no time, considering the length of time that had gone before, to develop electronics. That's what I think I've found—a way of stabilizing ESP performance over a long series of tests on the part of people who have previously demonstrated a certain amount of ESP talent in rigorous shorter tests, and a way of helping percipients with quite a bit of demonstrated ESP talent to increase their performance over a long series of tests. In the standard ESP tests, a percipient was never scored or told how he'd done until he'd completed a run through an entire deck of, generally, twenty-five randomly shuffled cards. In 1966, I published a theory to the effect that the only way an organism—a rat, a pigeon, a person—learns something and gets better at it is by getting immediate feedback about his performance, so that if he's right he can proceed along the same lines and if he's wrong he has a chance to figure out where the error was. In an ESP experiment, you sit down and try to quiet the noise in your head and get an impression of whatever's being sent. With feedback, you can compare the real answer with whatever mental state you were experiencing. But if you're not told until the end of a run that you were right on the seventh, ninth, and nineteenth cards, you can't begin to make the internal discriminations necessary. From this perspective, the common decline of abilities reported by all experimenters is exactly what you'd expect, and amounts to the standard psychological extinction paradigm—when you fail to reward any kind of performance, it tends to disappear.

"Of course, it's a little more complicated than that. Some of the right guesses are bound to be chance-induced, and immediate feedback to a chance-induced hit can't help you learn anything. So in practice immediate feedback doesn't mean that just anybody can learn ESP. We do believe that everyone may well have been born with ESP talent, but, given our cultural conditioning, such talent will have been pretty well repressed. So, by and large, you'd expect feedback to produce no improvement in a person with no discernible talent—just as a blind man can't get better in a color-discrimination test. With some talent—the vast majority of cases—you'd expect feedback to produce a balance between learning and confusion, leading to a steady-state performance—itself a major improvement. And in quite talented and highly motivated percipients the learning process should predominate—the qualification here being that motivation is just as important to learning as natural talent is.

"My 1966 paper was received with ambivalence by parapsychologists—I've always suspected that a lot of parapsychologists may be scared of ESP. If an experiment produces results of statistical but no practical significance, then the subject remains one of intellectual interest. Accepting the possibility that ESP may be a talent that could be developed in a real way means accepting the possibility that you may be projecting a lot more information about yourself than you care to; that maybe we're not just encapsulated in our own nervous systems. I got involved in other projects I'm interested in—like the altered-states-of-consciousness study and the marijuana study—and I didn't have time to do the empirical research that would demonstrate whether or not my theory had any validity. No one else was performing the experiments I suggested in my original paper, and I finally decided that since my colleagues didn't see the beauty of my formulation I would carry out the experiments as a project in an advanced undergraduate course in experimental psychology I was giving at Davis. Reading books on experimental psychology is of limited value, I think—you've got to get your hands dirty. Figure out what to do, for instance, when a subject doesn't show up or fails to complete a series of experiments."

Tart's students—there were seventeen of them—helped him devise a series of three procedures. As a first step, they gave whirlwind card-guessing tests to about two thousand Davis students. The subjects who seemed to show talent were invited into Tart's lab for a second screening procedure, to weed out any people who had scored high by chance alone. The people left after this screening worked either with a commercial machine called the Aquarius Model 100A ESP Teaching Machine, which has four lights with buttons beside them, or with a machine, made at the lab, that presents ten lights, displayed in a circle. The "right" light for the subject to try to turn on in each trial is chosen at random, and that light goes on as soon as the percipient presses any button, whether right or wrong. There was a TV camera over the ten-choice machine, so that the experimenter, sitting in another room, who knew what the "right" light was and was trying to transmit this information mentally, could see the percipient's hand as it hovered over either a "right" or a "wrong" button. Twenty-five percipients went through this formal training procedure—fifteen of them on the Aquarius machine, and ten on the other one—each making twenty runs of twenty-five trials apiece. They were for the most part Davis undergrads, aged eighteen to twenty-one, but one subject was a reporter for the Sacramento *Union*, who took the tests in order to write a story and scored so high that Tart asked her to stick around. The results of the training study seem to confirm Tart's theory. Of the fifteen people who worked with the Aquarius machine, the average performance was high enough so that it would occur by chance only four out of every ten thousand times, and the best performer was able to get two more hits on each run than chance would have explained. The results of the ten people working with the ten-



"I'll level with you, Fred. I was nobody till somebody loved me."

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choice machine were more dramatic. Not one performance declined, and eight of the ten percipients did better in the second half of the runs than they had in the first. The best performer averaged 6.2 hits a run (chance would predict an average of 2.5) and twice scored ten hits—an overall performance that would occur by chance only eight times out of every million attempts. This percipient did two runs each session and almost always improved her performance between Run 1 and Run 2.

"I have essentially five superstars now," Tart said, polishing off a bowl of smoked Hunan ham. "These are the parapsychological batteries we need; they're able to provide a strong, steady flow of ESP. I'm not trying to prove the existence of ESP—as far as I'm concerned, the people who don't believe or won't believe in it are the people who just haven't really read the old evidence. My experiment cost only a couple of thousand dollars, but now, I think, if the right kind of money comes through, we're ready to start devising experiments to be run on parapsychological batteries—experiments that will start telling us, for the first time, *what* ESP is, not *that* it is; how it works; and how it affects the mind."

THE Hunan Restaurant, at 853 Kearny Street, in Chinatown, the best Chinese restaurant in the world, has counter space for ten people, tables for twenty, and a tiny semiprivate room for six more. So the Hunan is not exactly a hole in the wall, but it's certainly not much bigger than a niche. Henry and Diana Chung, a husband-and-wife team who left Hunan Province in 1948, opened Hunan three years ago; it's already well enough established to have lines around the block every lunchtime. The back of the Xeroxed menu reproduces a fascinating four-page essay by the Chungs titled "My Country & My People: Introducing Hunan, China," and describing beautiful hilly farming land in south-central China along the mighty Yangtze, which reads, in part, "Please note: The sun-kist orange, an important source of Vitamin-C for your daily consumption, was transplanted from a county by the name of Sun Ki in the western part of Hunan. The people of Hunan originate from North China. Therefore, they possess the distinctive characteristics of both the North and the South. The girls are very warm-hearted and extremely affectionate, whereas the boys are considered self-reliant and strong-willed. Nevertheless, they all have one thing in common; that is, love of hot peppers." Hunan is also noted for longer chopsticks and bigger dishes than the rest of China, the Chungs say, and for its thin fried onion cakes. Onion cakes—egg and green onion between two thin layers of dough, fried in vegetable oil—are on the modestly priced Hunan menu and provide any number of smoky, steamy, spicy, and redolently mixed fresh, sharp, pungent, toothsome tastes, usually hot but never nasty, but what I really want to tell you is: Sit at the counter. Because then, while you're eating any of the Chungs' remarkable dishes, you also get to watch the Chungs' amazing short-order cooks—two women who stand with spoon in one hand and spatula in the other in front of two woks and engage in a virtuoso display of two-handed short-order cooking. Between them are small aluminum pans of soy sauce, Chablis, cornstarch and water, and monosodium glutamate; behind these pans is a huge stockpot full of chicken stock and a whole chicken; and in back of each wok is a water tap for scouring. On a stove to the left of the two cooks is a big pot full of water for noodles and a pan with hot oil for the onion cakes. These women are as good as Gunther Gebel-Williams: they handle food as if it were as lively as tigers, and they have developed the art of instant gourmet cooking. They turn out a dish every two minutes or so, and each one, when you taste it, tastes as if it had been slaved over for twenty-four hours. That's where I had lunch Thursday, November 25th. Smoked ham, chicken with garlic sauce, onion cakes, and a Coke. (Coke instantaneously takes away any hot taste you don't want to linger over.) Best Thanksgiving dinner I ever had.

WHAT MY MOTHER TOLD ME

MY mother told me that when she was a girl her hair was golden as the summer sun, smooth and shiny as silk, sweet and fresh as new hay, thick and wavy as a yellow sea rolling down to her waist—something like that. I never saw this beautiful golden stuff because it all fell out when I was born. "I could pull it out by the handful," my mother told me, and I wanted to ask her why she didn't keep her hands to herself and leave her hair on her head where it belonged, but I didn't. Anyway, her hair fell, or was pulled, out and grew back in mousy brown wisps, hair that was only shiny when it was wet and never grew past her chin. What a shock this must have been for her: something like the shock experienced by Marie Antoinette when her hair turned white overnight during the French Revolution.

To lose one's hair, to lose one's crown, not to mention one's head—all are losses beyond recovery, beyond the consolations of this world. In my mother's case, I can't help but feel that my birth scarcely mitigated. Did she ask to trade her hair for a baby? There she was, a young woman in the prime of life, with a healthy head of hair; then suddenly she was a mother, a partially bald Older Woman with a totally bald baby in her arms. My mother told me I was bald when I was born. I am sure *she* was not a bald baby, though. I can see her emerging from the womb with golden hair down to her precocious infantine waist. All that hair had to start sometime. Still, I wonder where she got it—certainly not from *her* mother, my grandmother, whose hair was a gray grown so weary of this world it had given up the ghost of any color.

I was just a girl, and my mother simply told me the facts: "When you were born, my hair came out by the handful." She never said it was my fault. Perhaps she never thought it was. Sometimes I blamed myself, but I never felt that she blamed me. My mother's effort in life was not to fight a thing but, always, to live with it. So she lived with her brown hair as she had lived with her yellow hair; she accepted brown hair as her fate and never talked about the way it made her feel.

My mother never talked about the way she felt; and I never told her how I felt, because I thought she wouldn't understand. We didn't talk much, considering the fact that we were mother and daughter, but then what is there to talk about when you live in the same house with someone? Perhaps my mother had nothing to say. I was her fate, and she lived with me. I think, looking back—although she never said so, and of course I never asked—that living with me she came to like me. Why not? We got along well enough. So say my mother liked me. But she didn't like *her* mother, a woman who kept her mouth closed even when she talked, as if she had a permanent mouthful of pins.

My mother said that, finally, the day after my grandmother's funeral. We had spent all day in trains and train stations and taxicabs coming home to St. Louis from Minneapolis. We had been away three days. Our suitcases stood by the front door, where the cabdriver had put them. We sat in the living room with our coats still on, as if it were a public facility, a waiting room. My mother's hat was making a slow progress down the back of her head. "You know," she said at last, looking not at me but down at her hands, as if she were going to make an observation on the state of her gloves, "you know, I never liked her." I still had the sound of the train in my head, and I was not sure that I heard what I heard.

"I couldn't like her," said my mother. She said it as if it were a thing past hope and prayer, past all worry, beyond her doing or not doing. "She was a terrible woman, and I can't be sorry she's dead," said my mother. She was pulling at a loose thread in her glove, and I thought that if she wasn't careful she would rip the whole glove apart. Then she looked at me. "She never in her life did anything, except wait for other people to do things. She never did anything worth doing because she never learned how to do anything. I don't—" but my mother stopped. And then she said, "I hope you never feel this way about *your* mother, Sarah."

She said *your mother* as if my mother was someone far away—in Minneapolis, perhaps—someone she herself had never met. I wanted to say that of course I would never feel that way about my mother because *she* was my mother, but I couldn't. I couldn't say anything. It was a terrible gray November afternoon, with no sun and a thick sky of clouds that wouldn't give up either rain or snow, almost dark as night at four o'clock in the afternoon. We sat in the two armchairs by the window and drank sherry poured from the crystal decanter.

THE year I was twelve, my grandmother came down from Minneapolis to St. Louis for a visit. I had never seen her before, except in pictures; she would send us a picture of herself every Christmas in her Christmas card, always signed "Elvira R. Stewart," the whole thing—*Elvira R. Stewart.* She arrived one September afternoon as if we were expecting her, which we weren't. She came in a cab straight from the station, and she didn't say how long she was going to stay. It was raining that day, and the great black umbrella she carried dripped on the hall rug.

"Well, Constance," said my grandmother after my mother had paid the cabdriver. "Well. It wasn't raining in Minneapolis."

Minneapolis was where my mother was born and raised. She came to St. Louis when she was seventeen and never went back, even for visits. She attended Washington University on a scholarship, graduated *cum laude*, and then, as the fish takes the worm on the hook, became a teacher in the St. Louis school system, married my father, also a teacher—she taught Latin, he taught choral music (I imagine them meeting over a "Stabat Mater")—and lived happily for a while after.

The rainy time my Grandmother Elvira came to visit was the year after my father died. We had just grown used to living in the house without him when *she* came and we had to get used to her. Maybe she thought we needed her. Maybe she didn't think. Maybe she only came. She came, and it was raining, and she acted as if the rain was our fault. It wasn't! And if it wasn't raining in Minneapolis, I wanted to say, why didn't she stay there?

She made herself at home. Her umbrella stood all that fall in the corner of the front hall, never put away, an eyesore. I think now how little physical effort it would have required to put that terrible black thing in the closet where it belonged; but no one, not me, not my mother, not Elvira herself certainly, took the trouble. So there it stayed in its corner undisturbed—weakly furled, all the wind and rain knocked out of it—upside down, like a sleeping bat.

We lived in a house with a lot of small rooms that we had managed to fill with a lot of small things—my father's baby-grand piano, my mother's collection of Everyman's Library pocket-size editions, and a stunted cocker spaniel named Freddy; we had a love

ST. VINCENT'S

Thinking of rain clouds that rose over the city
on the first of the year

in the same month
I consider that I have lived daily and with
eyes open and ears to hear
these years across from St. Vincent's Hospital
above whose roof those clouds rose

its bricks by day a French red under
cross facing south
blown-up neoclassic façades the tall
dark openings between columns at
the dawn of history
exploded into many windows
in a mortised face

inside it the ambulances have unloaded
after sirens' howling nearer through traffic on
Seventh Avenue long
ago I learned not to hear them
even when the sirens stop

they turn to back in
few passersby stay to look
and neither do I

at night two long blue
windows and one short one on the top floor
burn all night
many nights when most of the others are out
on what floor do they have
anything

I have seen the building drift moonlit through geraniums
late at night when trucks were few
moon just past the full
upper windows parts of the sky
as long as I looked
I watched it at Christmas and New Year
early in the morning I have seen the nurses ray out through
arterial streets
in the evening have noticed internes blocks away
on doorsteps one foot in the door

I have come upon the men in gloves taking out
the garbage at all hours
piling up mountains of
plastic bags white strata with green intermingled and
black
I have seen the pile
catch fire and studied the cloud
at the ends of the jets of the hoses
the fire engines as near as that
red beacons and
machine-throb heard by the whole body

I have noticed molded containers stacked outside
a delivery entrance on Twelfth Street
whether meals from a meal factory made up with those
mummified for long journeys by plane
or specimens for laboratory
examination sealed at the prescribed temperatures
either way closed delivery

and approached faces staring from above
crutches or tubular clamps
out for tentative walks
have paused for turtling wheelchairs
heard visitors talking in wind on each corner
while the lights changed and
hot dogs were handed over at the curb
in the middle of afternoon
mustard ketchup onions and relish
and police smelling of ether and laundry
were going back

and I have known them all less than the papers of our days
smoke rises from the chimneys do they have an incinerator
what for
how warm do they believe they have to maintain the air
in there
several of the windows appear
to be made of tin
but it may be the light reflected
I have imagined bees coming and going
on those sills though I have never seen them

who was St. Vincent

—W. S. Merwin

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seat instead of a couch and little round rugs instead of carpeting. We had a large store of odd encumbrances, portable property easier to break than to move from one place to another. I remember a great many dwarf vases, for example—china vessels too small to hold any healthy flower and too large to drink tea out of—which just sat around collecting dust. (The dusting was my job, and sometimes when I had nothing else to do, I did it.) In that house we had too many rooms and not enough room; in fact, some of the rooms could not even be given operative names but only a few pieces of suggestively ambiguous furniture. Thus, a chair made a cubbyhole a sitting room, a book on a bookshelf created a library, and so on. In that house you could never look into space and not see something. Even when I was alone, I felt crowded, and I would have to look out a window quickly for relief.

But after my grandmother came it was impossible to be alone in the house, because she was always there. When we were downstairs, we knew she was upstairs; when I was in my room, she was in her room, close on the other side of the wall. She was there when I got up in the morning, there when I came home from school in the afternoon, and there when I went to bed at night. Often my last half-waking thought would be an awareness of her presence, a heavy impression of the fact *grandmother*. Grandmother: I could never say it to her face, but neither could I imagine calling her anything else, like Grandma or, dear God, Granny.

So most of the time I didn't call her anything. I didn't talk to her much anyway; I never knew what to say. What could I say? It was as if I had been asked to address remarks to the law of gravity. When I had friends over to visit, I would say, "My grandmother is upstairs." I wanted to hear how it sounded: "My grandmother is upstairs." Did it sound *believable*? But my friends would wait to hear more; they would turn it into a question: "Your grandmother is upstairs?"

"Are you two married or anything?"

She did seem to spend most of her time upstairs in her room. I'll never know how she passed all those long days, whether she read, or slept, or played solitaire, or wrote letters—the room did have a nice little table she could have used as a desk. She could have done anything while my mother and I were gone; perhaps she spent her days roaming from place to place, coming downstairs and climbing back up, walking from room to room, or even, taking her umbrella with her and putting it back when she came home, wandering the streets in search of new sensation. But she was always home when we got home. I could feel it. I could tell she was upstairs listening when I practiced the piano in the afternoon; the notes I played came back at me, out of sequence, not music, and I knew that I was hearing what she was hearing. Sometimes my mother and I had records on the phonograph. When we played "The Magic Flute," the Queen of the Night's aria was like a tennis ball bouncing from the first floor, where we were, to the second floor, where she was, and back down. I hardly recognized my own voice when my grandmother was in the room, and Freddy's round cocker-spaniel bark grew strange and sharp.

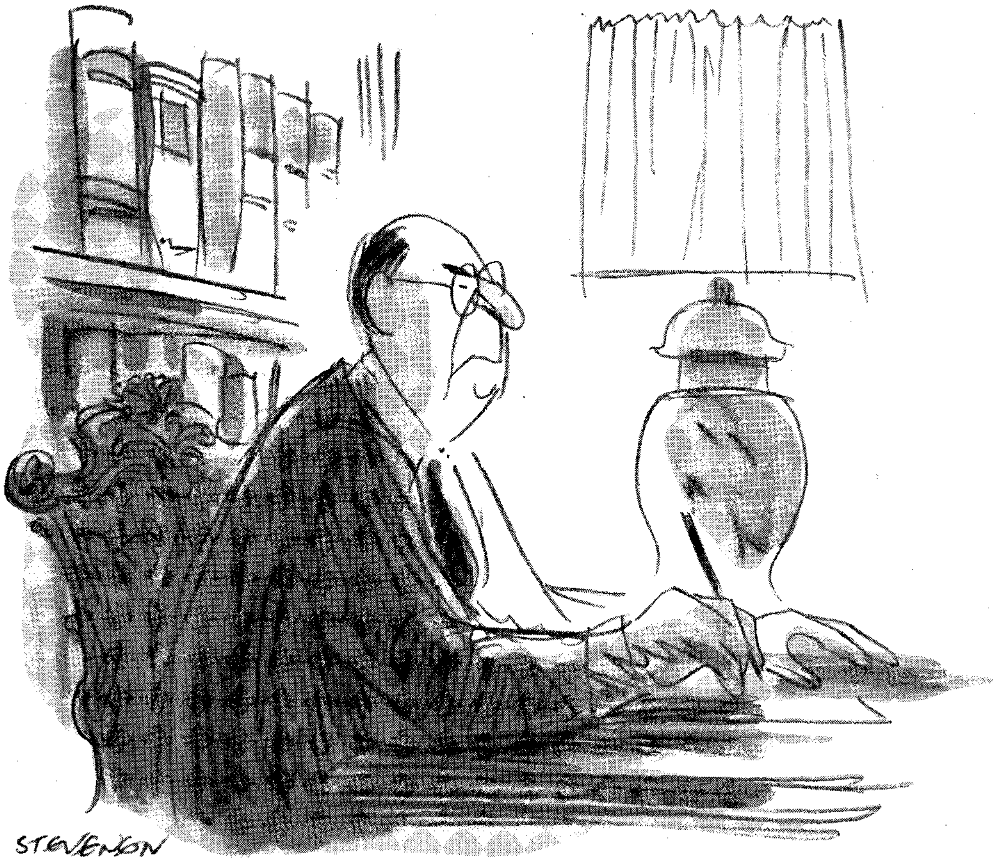
My grandmother came to the dining-room table every night at six o'clock and waited for dinner. She had lived in a boarding house for forty years and was used to regular—that is to say, punctually attended—meals; so every evening she came downstairs and sat at the empty table until dinner appeared. Often she had to wait quite a while, because my mother needed time to collect herself after a day spent writing Latin verbs on the blackboard. My mother would have her sherry, and sit in the chair by the window looking out at whatever she happened to see, not thinking about dinner, not thinking about anything, but only clearing her head of the long bad day. My grandmother would walk past her on the way to the dining room.

Once, my mother said to her as she walked by, "Would you like some sherry, Mother?" and my grandmother answered, "No thank you"—*no thank you*, as if she were snipping thread with dull scissors. Sometimes my grandmother filled a teapot and sat at the bare table drinking cups of hot water—plain hot water because she did not drink coffee, tea, Postum, or alcoholic beverages. It was dinnertime, and she expected to eat, but she didn't cook.

All those years in a boarding house: my mother spent her childhood in a boarding house because my grandmother didn't cook or keep house. So now my grandmother waited at the table. When it grew dark, I would sometimes be moved by pity and awe to turn on the dining-room light. Finally, my mother would say, "Well, I guess it's time to think about dinner," and she would go into the kitchen and cook something.

It would never take long; my mother's idea of a perfect meal was lamb chops and baked potatoes, with ice cream for dessert. She would bring it in when it was ready, and we would eat it. She never apologized or explained; she only brought it in and served it. There was no conversation. My mother sat at the head of the table, my grandmother sat at the foot of the table, and I passed the plates. "Would you like some more, Mother?" my mother would ask; and my grandmother would answer, "*No thank you.*"

Once, she said, "Yes, please." It was on my twelfth birthday, and we had cake for dessert to mark the day. It was not homemade cake, of course—I don't think my mother ever baked a cake in her life—but a spice cake with hazelnuts from the bakery. This was my mother's favorite; she bought it every time an occasion seemed to call for cake, and although it wasn't chocolate, it was still cake, and I could eat



"To the Editor:
I was amused to read the opinion expressed in . . ."

• •

it if I couldn't quite like it. That night, for my birthday, she put candles on the cake, twelve candles so crowded that they seemed to burn in one bright flame. She had neglected to put the candles in candleholders, and I was afraid that the fire would melt the frosting. Indeed, I thought I saw a hazelnut slipping down the side of the cake, driven from its hazelnut alpine height by the tropical candle heat. But I blew the candles out in one breath, and it was all right.

We ate without talking, as usual. The only topic that offered itself was the cake, and I, for one, had nothing to say about hazelnuts. Then my mother said, "Would you like another piece, Mother?" and my grandmother answered, "Yes, please." I turned and stared. I wanted her to say it again so that I could see what *yes, please* looked like in comparison to *no thank you*. Her glasses caught the light from the chandelier, so that her eyes seemed to shine blindly, not like her eyes at all, and she sat with her hands folded in her lap like a napkin, as if there were no such words as *yes, please*.

"Cut your grandmother another piece," my mother said—it was my birthday and I had the cake knife. I cut the best I could, a piece that only fell apart a little when I put it on the plate. "Thank you, Sarah," my grandmother said, and when she said my name, *Sarah*, it was like a bell tolling. *Sarah*. That was the first time a birthday made me feel old.

THE leaves fell off the trees, and my mother and I raked them into piles. Winter would come that year the way it always came. Time was passing despite the fact that my grandmother sat in her chair after dinner, still and heavy enough to slow the tick of the clock. My mother began to read novels. She brought home great stacks of them from the library—more books than anyone could read in the two-week loan period—like a squirrel hoarding acorns for a long winter. In the evening now she looked out the window until it was too dark to see anything, and then she opened up her book and read until she couldn't read any more. She would read, and I would pretend to do my homework. My grandmother sat in the big chair with the padded armrests, and Freddy slept on one of the little round rugs. The chair with the padded armrests had been his chair before my grandmother came.

So we sat, our chairs forming something like a circle, as if pulled around a fire; but there was no fire, and the circle was accidental. One night, as we sat, my mother was reading Galsworthy and my grandmother was doing some sort of handiwork, producing an unsightly red wool worm by manipulating yarn and a spool. Heaven forbid that she make anything useful, like a sock. So we sat, and there was no sound. Then my grandmother said, "Constance."

"Constance," she said, "I will need my breakfast an hour earlier tomorrow so that I can get to the station to catch my train." *My train:* she said it, and *my* led to *train* as surely as the parlor car leads to the dining car. Where had it been all these months, her train?

My mother said, "Of course, Mother," as if her mother often breakfasted early in order to catch her train. Then my grandmother went back to her yarn and my mother read her book, and I stared at the light bulb in the lamp until I saw large white spots.

The next morning, it was so dark that if my mother had not said "Morning" when she woke me, I would never have known. My grandmother came to the table wearing her hat and gloves. She laid the gloves by her plate, but her hat was not so easily detachable and she left it on her head. She was just brushing the crumbs from her lap onto the rug when outside somewhere in the dark a horn honked. I remember my surprise that the sound could come to us so clearly through the pitch-black morning.

My grandmother stood up. "Goodbye, Constance," she said. "Goodbye, Sarah." She said her goodbyes as she might offer her hand for a handshake—*goodbye* flat as a board left over from building a house. The invisible horn honked again, and, taking up her umbrella, she stepped out the door to the cab that was to take her to the station, where she would catch the train for Minneapolis. The front door closed hard, and the brass knocker knocked like an echo. "Eat your oatmeal, Sarah," said my mother. She had never told me to eat my oatmeal before. I ate it, and it was terrible.

Some years later my mother told me, "You know, Sarah, she never actually said she was leaving, she only said she wanted breakfast early so that she could get to the station to catch her train." "Didn't you ask her?" I said; and my mother said, "No." —SUSAN CLARK

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A "Right to Read" program to improve skills of the director of reading, also was approved.—*Wichita Falls (Texas) Record-News.*

He's been the bottleneck all along.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN AMERICA

THE wives get the houses. It is easier for the lawyers this way, and Fraser's had talked him around on Friday. So Saturday morning, walking down through the field for his weekend visit (Greta, for fear of meeting Jean, let him off at the field's far corner), he saw the place for the first time as one he had no legal part of. A lovely place.

The air was warm for mid-December, and the ground bare, with a glisten of mud at the edges of the road. The white of what had been his house made a brilliant contrast with the green of the pines massed behind it and the blue of the tidal creek beyond. It was a serene and impressive structure from the outside, but the inside was cut up rather awkwardly, and hard to heat, and hard to find a peaceful corner in. The one detail of life there that he would miss was not interior but exterior—the plunge, on a hot summer day, naked, from a boardwalk and float he had built into the only piece of salt water he would ever own. Even at low tide a flat dive would carry him into water over his head, in the center of the channel; from here the surrounding world, of dark clay bank and green marsh grass, would be subtly, marvellously transformed by the low perspective—the world as early life saw it, looming, unpeopled, delicate, strange. Though cars and bicyclists passed on the bridge not far away, Fraser would choose his moment and shuck his city clothes and dive boldly in. His householder's prerogative.

The dogs barked, then at his scolding voice came running to greet him. They thought he still owned them. They had torn up, for the hundredth time, the patch of pachysandra Jean had tried to start under the lilacs by the kitchen door; Fraser bent to replace several of the stones of the little retaining wall he had built here, hoping to give an amorphous area order. The dogs, incorrigibly, had chosen this very spot as their favorite for digging and lying and gnawing on the savory cardboard and tin they obtained by spilling the trash cans. Domestic life funnels through certain centers of congestion; the back door was one, where the dogs, the lilacs, and the trash cans converged, all but blocking the steps to the back porch, which was cluttered with skis and snow shovels and last summer's flowerpots and rusted garden tools. The door opened between the washer and the dryer, in a side portion of the kitchen. A previous owner had built an unhandy set of shelves over the radiator; on the lowest shelf a cat napped on a nest of drying mittens and gloves. Jean was at the sink, the other cat rubbing around her ankles. She looked over in mock astonishment. "Well, look who's here!"

"Where's everybody?" Fraser asked, keeping his distance. It had been relatively easy to wean himself from kissing her in greeting. Living together, they had seldom kissed; the kissing had come along as part of the separation, when they were still unused to saying hello and goodbye.

"Get *away*," Jean said, to the cat, and with a flip of her foot sent the animal skidding across the linoleum. "Nancy's spent the night with the Harrisons after a dance, and Kenny's out testing his new driver's license. The other two are at college—but you know that, don't you?"

"I pay their bills," Fraser said. "Kenny passed? That's great. Isn't it?"

"It is if he doesn't kill himself. All he talks about is 'cruisin'.' He wants to drive you back into Boston tonight. I told him certainly not."

"Why do you think I'm going back to Boston?"

"My God, haven't you had *enough* of her? Why don't you just move *in*?"

"We thought you couldn't stand it."

"That's right. I couldn't. How smart of you both."

He must work out a different visitation pattern. Less might be more. But some need, in him or them, kept him coming, over and over. The scene of his crime. Fraser hung up his coat, looking a long time for an unburdened hook. Clothes from every stage of his children's growing-up seemed to be still here—ski parkas, peacoats, denim jackets, yellow slickers. He had outfitted an army. "What's the point of my visiting the children if they're never here?" he asked Jean. "The only person I wind up visiting is *you*."

Christmas Greetings

"Pathetic, isn't it? Want a cup of coffee?"

"Love some," he said, though Greta had already given him two cups of her own strong brew. "Any house problems?"

"They fixed the TV for ninety-two dollars. They came and looked at the furnace but it still makes that rattly noise when the thermostat tries to switch it on."

"But the house is warm enough?"

"I suppose," Jean said grudgingly, setting the coffee before him at the kitchen table. For weeks after he left, she had once told him, she had kept pouring two demitasses after dinner, out of habit. Then one night when he was here she had brought in only one cup, out of new habit.

"I'll look at it," Fraser said. "Does Kenny ever work in the basement?" The child had been a budding workman; he had helped build the boardwalk. It had been a happy experience, the boy and he hammering together in the mud and sun, the flat marsh echoing.

"Not often," Jean said. Seeing that this saddened him, she changed the subject. "How are things, uh, *chez elle*?"

"Melancholy," he told her. "Her furnace isn't working very well either. Billy keeps trying to get his father on the phone. He's learned to dial. It's driving her crazy. It makes her feel guilty."

"Well, she should feel guilty," Jean stated; but her voice failed to supply the emphasis the assertion needed. It was an intonation of hers he knew well—her moralistic reflex blunted by his predictable mockery.

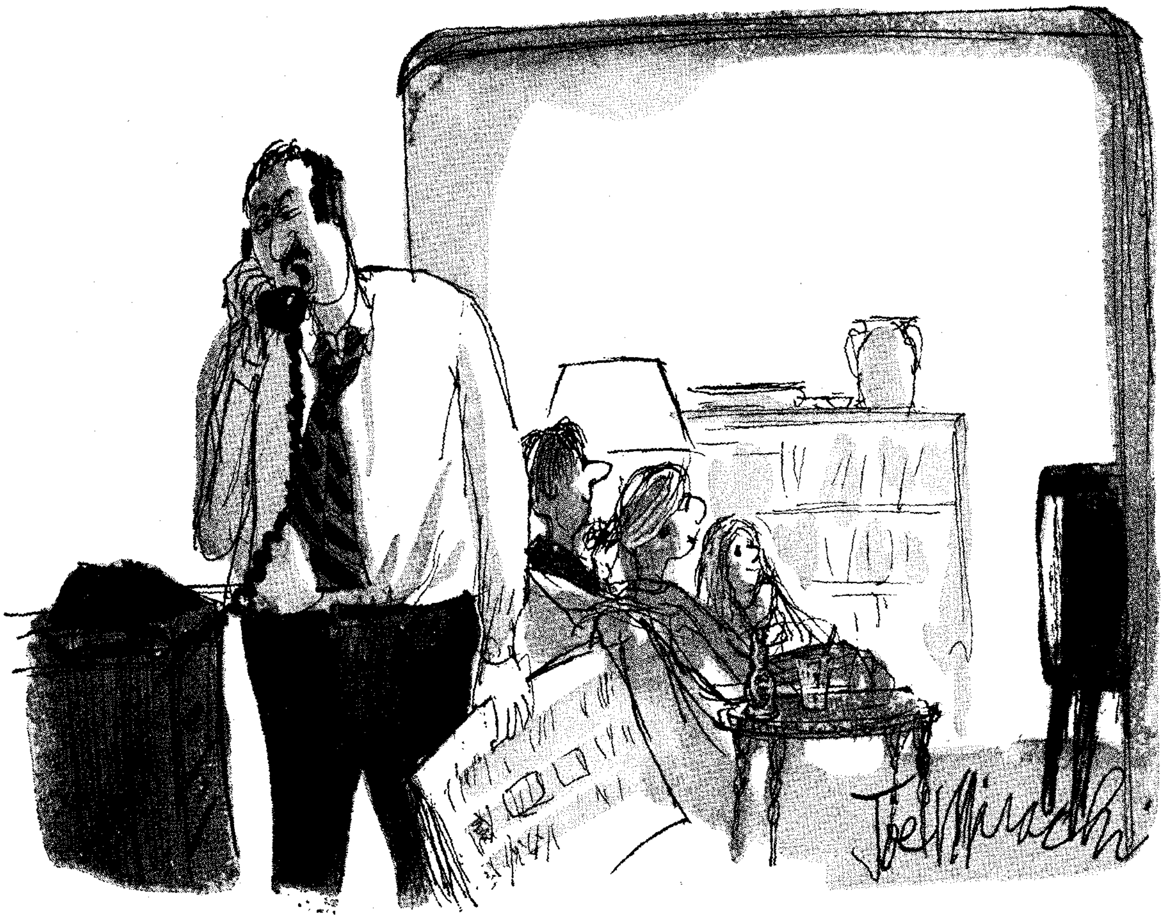
"Why?" he said listlessly. "Don't you find even guilt gets boring?" The effort of getting here, of closing Greta's car door and walking down through the field and opening Jean's kitchen door, had left him tired. He pushed up from the table. "I'll check out the cellar. Also I was going to do something about the storm windows in our bedroom—in your bedroom. You put them in all wrong. The damn things are numbered, you know."

"I put them in the best I could." She added defiantly, "I like a cold bedroom."

"So I remember." He regretted saying it; they should be beyond such carping. Placatingly, he asked, "How do you like owning the whole house? Your lawyer tell you?"

"He called, yes. He seemed delighted, I couldn't see why. I didn't mind co-owning it. I trust you."

"Don't. You have a lawyer to



"They—I repeat—they are watching the Fonz."

trust." Her blithe passivity angered him. "You're a hard woman to please," he told her. "Give you a whole big house with this glorious field and creek, you don't even say thank you."

Jean shrugged. "As you say, I can't even put in the storm windows."

While Fraser was struggling with these windows, Kenny returned in the car, making the driveway stones crunch and the dogs scatter. Fraser went downstairs. His son, at sixteen, had become disconcertingly beautiful. The boy's face was broad and smooth and his smile was broad, and his hair, grown long, showed a lot of wave. His eyes, once innocently candid when he looked at his father, had become clever and twinkling and shy. Fraser felt shy with him, too. "How was it?" he asked him.

"Groovy. I made it skid. It's starting to snow."

"Jesus, don't do that. You'll kill yourself."

"Ah, I can handle it." The boy put a bag of groceries on the sink counter; he had become the man of the house.

"Congratulations on passing the test," Fraser told him. "I flunked, the first time."

"The cop was pretty nice. I tried to start with the hand brake on and he didn't write it down. When do we get our Christmas tree?" He asked this more of his mother than of his father.

"He wants to cut one out of the woods," Jean explained to Fraser.

"Sure, why not?" Fraser said. His head was still full of storm-window numbers, of edges that didn't quite fit.

Jean's brow wore its vexed crease. "If he does it this early, it'll be all dried out. I don't want a house full of needles."

"Screw you," Kenny said to her, with the sudden anger that lay close now under his smooth skin. He blushed, and took a more pleading tone. "It's only a week away."

"A week and a half," Fraser interceded. "Why not wait till *next* Saturday? I'll help you then. The others will be back from college."

"I don't need any help."

"He's picked out the tree already," Jean said.

"Well, then let the kid cut it. You can sweep up needles once a year."

"You can both go to hell," Kenny said, and stalked heavily from the room.

Fraser imagined he had seen tears in the boy's eyes. "Why did he say that?" he asked Jean.

"He hates to hear us fight."

"But we *weren't* fighting." He followed Kenny into the living room, expecting a scene in which he would do poorly; he had forfeited his right to moral indignation, and the boy knew it. The unspoken ground note of all his conversations with his children was Fraser's request for forgiveness.

Kenny was stretched out in the blue armchair, smiling and humming and gazing at his driver's license. The license was encased in a rectangle of plastic, and contained a Polaroid mug shot of his face along with his statistics. "It was neat," he told his father, "the way they did it; it was still warm when they handed it to me." He handed the precious rectangle to his father; Fraser was startled by how old the face on it looked, how pugnacious and determined—thuggish, even. "Have you started shaving?" he asked.

THE snow continued fitfully all afternoon, scarcely accumulating. Nancy called to say she would be home from the Harrisons' after lunch. Jean served Kenny and Fraser clam chowder and announced she had a date to play indoor tennis. "You're not going to abandon us?" Fraser protested, but off she went in the snow, in her tennis sneakers, with two of his old golf partners and one of their wives. Kenny sideslipped the suggestion that he help with the storm windows and went off again in the car. Fraser visited the furnace, stroked the cats, walked the dogs to the bridge and back. In the house, he examined the books, wondering how he and Jean could ever divide them, except in those instances where they had taken the same courses in college and owned duplicates. There were two identical volumes of Collected Yeats side by side; he carried one of them to the sofa. The bigger of the two dogs (until recently there had been three) came and laid his muzzle on Fraser's chest; Fraser found this emotional demand—the warm moist nostril-breath, the golden-brown eyes anxiously alert—so exhausting that he fell asleep. The kitchen door banged and Nancy was home. Still plump at fourteen, but now tall, she had been fasting.

"Dad, I've only had one dish of coleslaw since Thursday."

"Baby, you must eat."

"Why? I think it's a disgusting habit."

"Actually," he confessed sleepily, "you look terrific." Her face, a shade thinner, was shaped like a heart, and rosy with the cold.

"It's going to storm out," she told him. "Want to carry Penny's stone into the woods before we can't?" Penny had been their first dog, a sweet-tempered golden retriever. She became very old and stiff, and her back arched with pain, yet she didn't know how to die. On one of his visits Fraser had dug her grave, in case she died before the next one, and the dog had come with him into the woods and lain down beside the hole as it enlarged, enjoying the smell of fresh earth, the stir of human activity. At one point he had measured her with the shovel handle, and she had wagged her tail, amused. Still she wouldn't die. The following weekend, they called the vet to the place. Penny held up her foreleg, and he injected a violet fluid. For a second or two she gazed upward for approval, then swooned to the lawn with an astonishing relaxation. As they watched in a ring (Kenny had stayed in the house, listening to records, refusing to watch), her breathing grew more and more shallow. Then she was dead, in the November sun's long shadows. When Fraser lifted the dog, her skin had become a sack for her bones; as he laid her floppy body in the hole he had dug, it appeared to him through his absurd, excessive tears that he was burying a dozen golden summers, his children's childhood and his own blameless prime.

Nancy had found a rock flat on one side and painted it with green touchup paint: "PENNY 1963-1975." Fraser carried it for her. The stone looked momentous and dignified in place, on the snow-dusted earth in the leafless twilit woods, but in summer, he foresaw, it would be overgrown with poison ivy and lost amid sumac. "Want to say a prayer or anything?" he asked Nancy.

The child looked over, to see how much it meant to him, and said, "I guess not."

"We'll put some daffodils there in the spring," he offered.

"You'll still be coming here then?"

"Well, of course."

Jean came home just in time to make supper, having had drinks with her tennis friends. She offered Fraser their gossip, but it was like reading the comic strips in the newspapers around the house; he had lost the continuity. At the table Kenny brought up the Christmas tree again, and they countered with questions about his homework. He swore and left the table. Nancy said to her father, "What a spoiled bastard he's turning out to be. Dad, you ought to hear how he talks to Mom."

Jean said, "All children talk that way now. They say things we never even thought."

" 'The center cannot hold,' " Fraser offered. " 'Mere'—ten points."

" 'Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,' " she completed.

Nancy looked from one to the other of them, and the hope in her eyes was like the dog's warm moist muzzle, a weight laid on Fraser's chest.

Jean remembered to bring two cups of coffee. With her he went over the budget she had prepared for her lawyer. Food, clothing, heat, electricity—it all seemed so impoverishing, set down in a list. "What's this thousand dollars for entertainment?" he asked.

Mirror Image of a Recluse

"It was his idea. He told me to put something in."

"Don't be so defensive. I don't mind. I just wondered what you envisioned."

"I envision nothing. A big black hole. A trip. Just the snow today made me homesick for the Caribbean. We'll never go to Sint Maarten again together, will we?"

"I don't see how."

"If I agreed to a Haiti divorce, would you go with me?"

"I can't, Jean. Let's talk about this clothing figure. It seems low."

"Who do I need to dress for?"

"I really must go pretty soon."

"When does she expect you?"

"She knows I have dinner with the kids."

"Well, dinner's not over. Want some Chartreuse?"

"Where does the money for Chartreuse come in?"

"Under 'household necessities.' "

Nancy wanted to go back to the Harrisons' for the night, and Kenny offered to take her in the car. "When will you be back?" Fraser asked him.

"Eventually."

"How will I get back to Boston?"

"Mom says you're not going back to Boston."

"Drive very carefully," he said.

"Sure thing," Kenny said. Perhaps, Fraser thought, it was the boy's heavy eyebrows and girlish lashes that gave his eyes that murky, accusatory look.

When the children were gone and the Chartreuse was drunk, he pleaded, "I must go. Please."

"Who's stopping you?" Jean asked.

Not her, he realized, surprised. The obstacle to leaving was within himself. "I hate leaving you to an empty house."

She shrugged. "I'm used to it. Kenny will be back eventually." This reminded her: "How will you get there, without a car?"

"Walk," he said, rising. He had rediscovered the pleasures of walking; he liked the sensation of being upright, unencumbered, an irreducible unit visiting one or another of the pieces of his life scattered like the treasure of a miser outsmarting thieves.

"I'll go with you partway up the road," Jean said.

Snow kissed their faces in the dark. The dogs came along, thrashing in circles around them. Since the road was slippery, she took his arm. Near the spot at the corner of the field where he had been let off that morning, she halted, under a street light; in the globe of its illumination, flakes of snow fell as in a glass ball that has been inverted. "Here's where the dogs start getting into fights," she said.

"How do we keep them from following?"

"I'll go back. You stand still until I call them." She embraced him, clinging, her lips confused with snowflakes, her body bulky and padded in one of the children's parkas. "Why are you so nice suddenly?" she asked.

"I'm *not,*" Fraser said. When she had put a safe distance between them, he called, "Thanks for a lovely visit. Phone me if Kenny cracks up the car *or anything.*"

She called the dogs, and when they came to her she frisked with them, slapping her thighs with her mittens, skipping as they leaped at her face, receding from the periphery of light, disappearing back to her empty house on the edge of town. Fraser walked on, past smaller and smaller front yards, to the town's center.

Greta was picking mealybugs off her house plants in the kitchen. Fraser stood a minute in the back yard watching her; she had lined the plants up on the counter and was moving along the row, systematically pinching the little invisible pests to death. A cigarette smoldered on the counter, and she picked it up and dragged when each plant was done. He pushed open the door without knocking; her face, startled, then softening in recognition of him, shed the furious abstracted concentration he had spied. He took her into his arms, and the sensation, so soon after holding Jean's padded bulk, of this thinner, younger, discontented body made him so tired that he begged, "Let's go to bed."

"Want a beer first?"

"I'll split one."

"How was your day?" she asked.

"Exhausting. The kids came and went. Mostly went."

"Jean yammer at you?"

"No, she seemed oddly cheery. Frisky, even."

"Oh. You look so hurt. She doesn't mean it."

"How was your day?"

"Lousy, as usual."

"The kids asleep?"

"Of course. Do you know how late it is?"

"What'd you have for dinner?" She expressed her anger with her husband, as they seesawed toward a financial settlement, by cutting dramatic corners in the household budget.

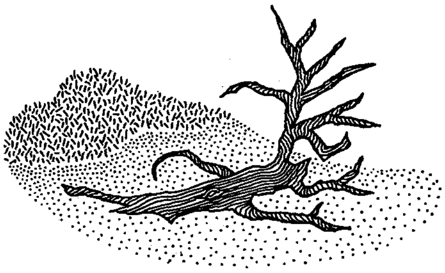
"Oh, cat food as usual."

"Seriously. Don't joke about it. It makes my stomach hurt."

"We had a very nice meal," Greta said, "of hot dogs and bananas."

"Ow." He drank the whole beer while she finished off the mealybugs. In rhythm with her pinching, she said, "That makes me *mad*, the way your children *treat* you. They should stay home, when their father's *good* enough to visit. I'd be so *grate*ful, if Ray would give us any time; but oh, *no*—"

"Different situation," Fraser interrupted. Mention of her husband made him uncomfortable, she spoke with too much heat. He could not imagine himself ever drawing from her the intensity of attention that Ray—his very name burned—even in retreat generated. He stood behind her as she concentrated on the plants and unpinned her hair. Together they turned off the lights and went to bed; it was as when, tired and dirty from work, Fraser had stripped and given himself to that sustaining element, the water in the center of the channel, which answered every movement of his with a silken resistance and buoyed him above its own black depth.



HE awoke, once, to the sound of a match scratching; its flare filled the bedroom to the corners. The digital-clock face said 2:22. "What're you doing?" he asked, irritated.

"Oh, stewing," she said. The cigarette glowed as she dragged.

"What about?"

She named her husband, and Fraser went back to sleep, awaking again to the sound of her sons getting ready for church. Her youngest, Billy, came and sat on the bed and had Fraser tie his Ski-Doo boots. The child, five, in honor of the snowfall had put boots on over his pajamas; when Fraser attempted to point out the incongruity, Billy dimpled and laughed, as if this naked man in his mother's bed were pretending that life isn't made of incongruities. Fraser felt a complicity with this child all morning, a

THE MIDLANDS

In summer, in our town,
When the ghost of Hamlet's father, stifled,
Wrenches from his grave, lunges up the road
Toward the hillside cabin of his son, the stargazer,
Perched higher than the goats graze,
He tires halfway and sits down, panting, on a stone.
In the town below the streetlamps glitter.
The street noise thins to nothing as it climbs.
Listen as he might, he hears no cries of revenge
Among all the scraping of crickets and leaves.
After an hour, what can he do but head home?
Meanwhile, his son, undistracted, his eyes on the stars,
Hauls his blanket to the roof for a clearer picture,
Jots down his sightings, dozes off at dawn.

In winter, in our town,
When white-haired wise men arrive
With handmade presents for the child,
They get lost in a bad district and are robbed.
It's snowing hard when they try to rise.
They stagger to the lighted door of the bar.
The barkeeper washes their wounds.
In the morning, waking in a beer haze,
They're too ashamed to go on.
So the child, never named, grows up ignorant
And copies the habits of his friends,
Tries to be last inside when his mother calls,
Jockeys for first place in line on the Sabbath
At the double doors of the Tivoli,
Whose double feature never seems to change.

—CARL DENNIS

• •

"Well, that takes care of everyone on my list except you."

guilty reluctance as Greta had them go out and buy a Christmas tree, and put it up in her living room. The tree was fat and full and symmetrical. The trees he and Jean acquired had always looked scrawny, with gaps that had to be turned to the wall, only to reveal other gaps.

The older boys returned from church and were sent into the attic to bring down the decorations. These, descended down some vein of Greta's Nordic ancestry, were elaborate and fragile—oblong balls with ribbed concavities, blown-glass turnip-shapes, linked chains of enamelled tin, a crèche carved small enough to dangle from a twig, four angels of artfully folded and tinted papier-mâché. As he handled this precious heritage of ornaments, Fraser's hands began to tremble; he felt himself perilously hollow. Beyond him Billy, still in Ski-Doo boots, stood staring as if an ogre armored in tinsel had invaded his living room. Fraser stepped back, and tried to face the tree with him. "What do you think?" he asked the child.

Billy whimpered and fled the room. Greta, following, was unable to dig out the reason for his sulk. She put it down to tiredness and fed them all lunch. Billy announced, with his precocious enunciation, "I hate the food in this house," and slipped from his chair. As the four others sipped their chicken soup, they could hear him furtively dialling the telephone in the living room. His little voice sounded clear as chimes.

"Hi . . . this is Billy . . . my father there? . . . Daddy? Can you come get me? . . . I don't want to . . . I know . . . O.K." Before Greta could move, the child had hung up. Billy brought a proud, radiant face into the kitchen. "Daddy's going to come over and take me away." Greta's mouth, hardening to speak, looked parched. "But you were going to visit Donald at *his* house this afternoon!"

Only a little radiance deserted the child's upward gaze. "Couldn't you call him?" he asked, with a chiming slyness that made one of his brothers laugh.

"I suppose," Greta said weakly, and Fraser felt compelled to step in.

"Billy," he said, "you *must* talk to your mother before you call your father like that. Your father may have had other plans, and now Donald's feelings will be hurt. You saw your father yesterday. You can't see your father every day."

Billy didn't take his eyes from his mother's face. "His feelings won't be hurt," he said, in his soft hopeful singsong.

Fraser said to Greta, "Why don't you call Ray and cancel? Talk to him."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm frightened."

"Come *on.* He'd be relieved. He doesn't want to come all the way over here. You can't let a five-year-old push you around like this."

The cloudiness in her face became a pale, self-absorbed wrath. "Because of me," she said stonily, "Billy has no father."

Fearful of goading her into widening the indictment, Fraser shrugged. "Do what you want. This isn't my house."

Greta lit a cigarette, went to the phone, and talked to Donald's mother. Her manner regained efficiency; Fraser thought she should have apologized more. "I'm so sorry, Billy's been fussy all morning, and . . . I know . . . I don't feel it's up to me to come between him and his father. . . . *Do* give us a rain check. . . . Thank you, good-by-yie." Fraser heard in her signing-off the same chiming, faintly mocking quality her youngest son had used. While she had been talking, he had put on his coat and gloves.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought I'd stay the afternoon, but I can't. I feel too strange. It's not you, it's not us, we're fine, it's just—it." He added as an afterthought, "I don't want to run into Ray."

She rested her face on his overcoat shoulder. "I don't know what else to *do*," she said. "I know I should be firmer, but Billy has such a rotten life now. He goes around asking everybody, 'Are you divorced yet?' "

Fraser laughed obligingly.

"Don't be mad at me," she begged. "I'll get better at it."

"I'm not mad," he said. "I love you. But you and Ray should work out some communications on this, you'll be raising a tyrant otherwise."

She lifted her face; its wrath had become pink in color. "How can we communicate," she asked, "when the bastard and his lawyer are making me feed his own children cat food!"

"You don't have to feed them cat food," Fraser told her impatiently. "That's neurotic. I'll call you tonight."

"Let me drive you to the station."

"Let me walk. I need the exercise. You have to be here when Ray comes. Talk to him."

"I hide," she said. "I hide in the bathroom." Greta offered this detail knowing it would please him.

FRASER did not walk to the station; he walked back down the road to his old house. It was on his mind that Kenny had wanted to cut a tree from the woods and had received no encouragement, and next year would be too old to care. In his mind's eye he saw the ax slip; the boy's blood gushed onto the fresh snow. Plows had scraped the road not quite bare. A car that seemed Fraser's own appeared around the bend by the field and bore down upon him; perhaps he was hard to see against the pines here. The car, Jean's yellow Volvo, swerved and skidded to a diagonal halt beyond him, up the hill. Her face was framed in the driver's window, furious. "What are you doing on this road?" she shouted. "Why don't you stay put someplace? You nearly made me wreck the car."

"I thought I might be of some use to the kids before I go back to town," he said, drawing nearer.

"If you want to be so useful why don't you live with us?"

"I can't," Fraser told her. "Has anything happened to Kenny?"

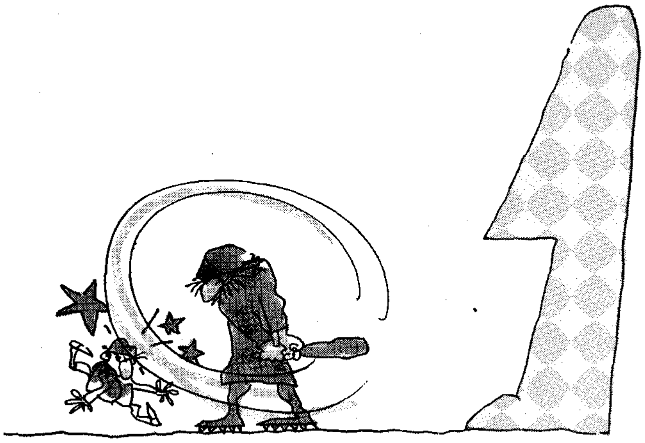
"How did you know? He couldn't do some geometry just now and I couldn't help him and he swore at me and I told him to call you up at Greta's, I'd be damned if I would."

"Why not? Little Billy calls his father all the time."

"Oh, *screw* little Billy, I don't want to hear about this darling second family of yours."

"They're just people," Fraser said, wondering if he should make a snowball and throw it at her.

She must have read the thought, for her cross expression almost let a smile through. "You're making me late for tennis," she said.



He came up to the car and rested his hand on the ledge of her open window. "How much tennis can you play with those creeps?"

"None of your business," she said. "Go talk to the children." As Jean pulled away, he made a snowball and threw it at the back of her car. By a predictable geometrical curve, it fell short.

Opening the door of the house, he sensed a change, an unfamiliar-familiar, sacred-secular smell. Christmas. In the living room Kenny was lying on the sofa studying his driver's license and a spindly, gappy pine was standing in a bucket of bricks by the piano. "You did it," Fraser accused him. "Without me."

The boy continued smiling at his own image.

"It looks great," Fraser told him. The tree was so sparse and feathery he could look through it to the snowy yard, the monkey swing on the dying elm, and the tidal creek beyond. Only on second look did he see that some ornaments were already attached. Nancy brought in another box of decorations from the attic. "They're mostly broken, Dad," she said cheerfully. They were cheap, fragile balls, bought in five-and-tens here and there over the years, many of them missing the little silver cap that held the hook.

"We'll buy some more," he promised. The box of ornaments contained an ancient cotton clown, in a little jacket of red felt and a conical hat with a cotton tassel; he had made it for his parents' tree long ago. Nancy let him hang it, higher up than she could reach.

Then Fraser settled with the geometry. "Look, Kenny," he said. "If you have two angles of a triangle, you have the third, because you know what they all add up to. To prove similarity, all you need is two angles each. To prove congruity, you need two angles and a side, that gives you the size, or two sides and an angle, if the angle's between them, because, you see"—and here he began to have to draw, and both he and his son began to frown above the book.

Nancy looked from one to the other of them with delight, and said, "You both have the same eyebrows."

Jean eventually returned, and they fed him again, and again there was the Chartreuse, and Jean's head tilted in candlelight with a flirtatious tension he had not seen for twenty years. He excited her, Fraser saw sadly. "Don't make me miss the train," he said.

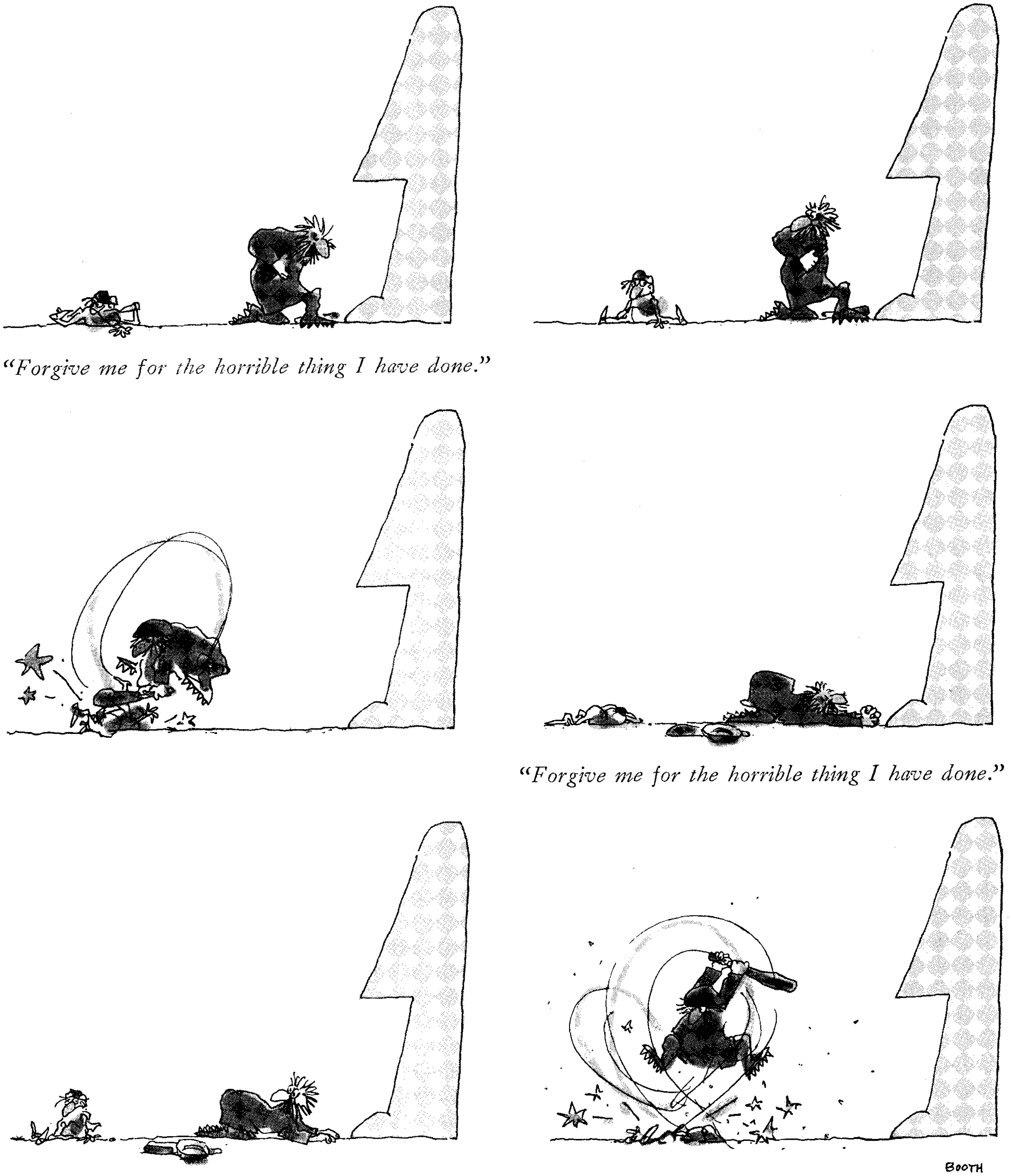
"Don't be so uptight," she said. "Stay. It's pathetic, to see you so married to that little—poodle."

"I wish," he told her, "you'd been this seductive when I could have used it."

She had trouble finding her boots, and then her gloves, and, sure enough, as the station came in sight the golden train windows were starting to move, like the windows of a house being nudged by an earthquake. "I knew it," he said, "I *knew* it," and could have cried.

"Oh, shut up, what a baby," Jean said. She skidded the car up to the platform with a thud. The Buddliner had failed to accelerate, and Jean, looking in her padded parka like a kind of baggage handler, leaped around and waved the train to a halt. The engineer, a young man with a twirled mustache, leaned down from his window and they exchanged excited courtesies as Fraser slunk to the steps. "So describe this to Greta when she says I'm clingy," Jean said, rejecting his kiss.

As the tracks multiplied near Bos-


"Forgive me for the horrible thing I have done."
"Forgive me for the horrible thing I have done."
BOOTH

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ton, there were fires burning to keep the switch-points from freezing—struggling flames scattered through the fields of parallel iron as if an army had encamped here, then vanished. The sight consoled him, each fire burning alone, apparently untended yet part of a design of care, of perpetuation. Fraser's face, reflected in the window, eclipsed the glittering rails as the train eased into the station. In the air, his face became a mask. The cold had become bitter. He walked the drab uphill blocks from the station. In his life alone, he welcomed discomfort, as somehow justifying him. The trees in the Common had been festooned with their Christmas strands, but they were unlit. There seemed no life afoot but his, no spark of life but the image cupped in his head of his apartment, his room-and-a-half, its askew rug and unmade bed, its dirty windows and beckoning warmth. Proceeding toward this domestic vision numbly, he crossed the lagoon bridge in the Public Garden, dividing a lunar perfection down the middle. On either side of him, his walking rolled smears of light across the icy whiteness. Above Beacon Hill, in the general direction of his lawyer's, an electric sign announced in alternation, remarkably, 10:01 and 10°. Fraser regretted there was no one with him to help witness this miracle.

—John Updike

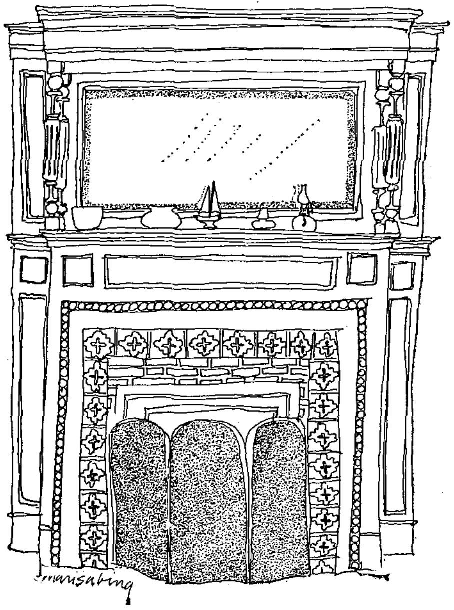
A REPORTER AT LARGE

MICROWAVES—I

BACK in 1891, when electric lights were first installed in the White House, President and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, like many other Americans, were reluctant to turn them on or off for fear of getting shocks. In fact, they always had someone else do it for them. Presidential anxiety about electric switches disappeared during the second term of Grover Cleveland, presumably because flipping them produced no demonstrably adverse effects upon members of the Presidential staff, and by 1900—after a decade of scientific discoveries that included X-rays, radio waves, radioactivity, and the electron—no one in the White House, from President McKinley on down, had the slightest qualm about operating one of Thomas Alva Edison's incandescent lamps. And by then, of course, Edison was being rivalled for position of wizard of the age by the Italian electrical engineer and entrepreneur Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of long-distance wireless telegraphy and the pioneer in its use for ship-to-shore communication, who had already sent messages across the English Channel and would cap a series of spectacular accomplishments by announcing, in December of 1901, that the letter "s" has been transmitted in Morse code from Poldhu, Cornwall, to St. John's, Newfoundland.

Wireless telegraphy—the use of electromagnetic waves to transmit telegraph signals through space—had first been proposed in 1892 by Sir William Crookes, an English publisher and experimenter, and had first been demonstrated in 1894, initially over a distance of a hundred yards, and then over a distance of half a mile, by the English physicist Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge. In 1895, Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen, a German physicist at the University of Würzburg, discovered X-rays (a discovery that is often said to mark the beginning of modern physics), and these two breakthroughs constituted the first harnessing of electromagnetic radiation—radiant energy in the form of invisible waves moving through space or matter. The existence of electromagnetic radiation had been predicted in 1864 by James Clerk Maxwell, the director of the Cavendish Laboratory, at Cambridge University. Maxwell had concluded that electromagnetic radiation consisted of electric and magnetic fields moving together, that such radiation could be produced by electric charges in motion, and that they travelled in much the same manner as water waves. He also concluded that they travelled at the speed of light, and that light was therefore a visible form of electromagnetic radiation, which differed from other forms only in wavelength—the distance between corresponding points of two consecutive waves—and in frequency of vibration, expressed as the number of waves that pass a given point in a second.

Maxwell's brilliant postulations were not accepted by the scientific community until 1888, when a German physicist named Heinrich Rudolph Hertz produced and detected the first man-made electromagnetic radiation by sending a powerful electric charge across a spark gap and thereby causing a smaller spark—evidence of the presence of an electric field—to jump across a second gap some distance away. In addition to proving that Maxwell was right, Hertz's experiments inspired a long line of inventors and engineers, beginning with Marconi, to devise equipment for generating and receiving electromagnetic radiation in the radio-frequency range, and to use such waves for telecommunication. In the early days of this endeavor, the ingenuity of the inventors and engineers often outstripped that of the theoreticians, who were forced to play catch-up. Long-range radio transmission, for example, was considered manifestly impossible by the scientific community, because of the earth's curvature and the fact that electromagnetic waves could travel only in straight lines. Marconi's remarkable achievement of 1901, therefore, cried out for explanation. It came in 1902, when Oliver Heaviside, an English mathematician, and Arthur Edwin Kennelly, an American electrical engineer at Harvard University, independently postulated the existence of the ionosphere: a region of electrons and electrically charged particles in the upper atmosphere—between thirty and two hundred and fifty miles above the earth—which by reflecting radio waves back to earth extends the range of their transmission far beyond the mere line of sight.



By 1907, thanks to the discovery by an American inventor, Lee De Forest, of a radio-frequency-wave detector that proved to be far more sensitive than the crystals then in general use, and to its subsequent refinement as a generator of radio-frequency waves as well as an amplifier of speech, the transmission of actual speech through space had become a possibility. By 1915, thanks to the further refinement of De Forest's invention, radiotelephony had become a reality, and the electronic age was at hand. In April of that year, spoken words were transmitted from Montauk Point, on Long Island, to a receiver on top of the du Pont Building, in Wilmington, Delaware, a distance of two hundred and fourteen miles; in May, successful transmission was made from Montauk to a receiver on St. Simons Island, off the coast of Georgia, a distance of eight hundred miles; and during the summer a transmitter in Arlington, Virginia, broadcast speech that was heard and understood, albeit heavily burdened with static, in California, in Panama, in Paris, and as far away as Honolulu, a distance of forty-nine hundred miles. In the early nineteen-twenties, commercial broadcasting was initiated—the first station was KDKA, in Pittsburgh, which began transmitting in November of 1920—and, fascinated by it as by few technological developments since, thousands of people began assembling their own receivers at home. By this time, the term "wireless telegraphy" had become obsolete. In England, the new phenomenon was called wireless; in the United States and elsewhere, it was known as radio.

For more than a decade after the first transoceanic transmission of speech, static was the great obstacle to the rapid development of radio. At first, it was thought that either some method of minimizing static would have to be devised or the levels of

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"40–love."

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transmitted power would have to be raised—an expensive proposition—until the radio signal prevailed. Since early in the century, it had been believed that radio waves of long wavelength and low frequency—waves stretching for several miles and oscillating at from thirty to sixty thousand cycles a second—were best suited to transmission over long distances; that waves of shorter length and higher frequency, such as those about six hundred and fifty yards long and vibrating in the neighborhood of five hundred thousand cycles a second, were best suited to shorter distances; and that radio-wave propagation would become progressively poorer as the frequencies became higher. In spite of the fact that these shorter waves had been used extensively and successfully for long-distance ship-to-shore telegraphy, such theories still prevailed in the nineteen-twenties. As a result, when the Bell System people began to develop a transatlantic radiotelephone program, they planned to transmit at the long-wave frequency of sixty thousand cycles. Because the ionosphere turned out to consist of several layers, however, and because it was found to fluctuate widely from day to night, from summer to winter, and during the eleven-year sunspot cycle, the outlook for long-wave transmission became less and less favorable, and in 1927, even as Bell inaugurated a public telephone service to London, it was realized, belatedly, that good reception could be obtained only during the low-static winter months.

Hoping to salvage their program, the proponents of long-wave transmission planned the construction of twelve gigantic antennas, covering fifty square miles of land, in Maine. It was a project that became an instant casualty of the stock-market crash of 1929. Meanwhile, ever the pioneer, Marconi had developed small, highly directional shortwave antennas that concentrated low levels of transmitted energy into narrow beams, and—together with amateur radio operators, who had been granted government permission to transmit in the shortwave band, because it was thought to be useless for long-distance transmission, but who were actually sending messages across the Atlantic as early as 1921—had undertaken to demonstrate that frequencies extending beyond one and a half million cycles a second were far more efficient for transoceanic radio than the sixty-thousand-cycle frequency employed by Bell. By 1925, Marconi had been able to receive shortwave signals sent from Cornwall to the Caribbean island of St. Vincent—a distance of twenty-three hundred miles—using a carrier frequency of three million cycles a second; by 1927, the Marconi Company had set up shortwave telegraph links between Britain and Canada, India, Australia, and South Africa; and in that year a shortwave telephone on the British liner Carinthia established contact with London from the middle of the Pacific. Not surprisingly, the long-wave diehards in the Bell System soon capitulated, the controversy involving long waves and shortwaves came to an end, and in 1930 the company's radiotelephone service to London was being transmitted over three shortwave channels. This marked an important turning point in the history of telecommunications, for the entire trend since then has been toward the development of equipment capable of generating higher and higher frequency (and therefore shorter and shorter) radio waves, whose capacity for carrying messages has proved to be greater and greater.

For a while, the radio-frequency frontier stood at waves that were about ten yards long and oscillated at about thirty megacycles—that is, thirty million cycles—a second. By 1933, however, French and English engineers had set up a radio-communications system across the Strait of Dover using waves a little over seventeen centimetres, or about seven inches, long, whose frequency was what then seemed an incredible seventeen hundred and fifty megacycles a second. They called this system Micro-ray Wireless. The term proved to be prophetic, for within a few years all the ultrahigh, superhigh, and extremely high frequencies—those frequencies lying just below the infrared region of the electromagnetic spectrum and ranging in wavelength from about a hundred centimetres, or forty inches, down to a millimetre, or about a twenty-fifth of an inch—came to be known as microwaves.

"When I was your age, Wendell, I hoped to grow up and be exactly what I am today."

SINCE microwaves are reflected by electrical conductors such as metal and by obstacles such as raindrops, and since they can be focussed into intense, compact, and highly directional beams by antennas and conveniently carried by waveguides, they soon found application in radar, which aims microwaves at a target in short bursts, or pulses, picks up the microwaves reflected by the target, and measures the distance to the target on the basis of the elapsed time between outgoing and returning pulses, which move, like all electromagnetic radiations, with the speed of light. During the Battle of Britain, the English land-based radar system, using microwaves of about fifty centimetres, was able to detect German bombers and to measure how far away they were with great accuracy. (In 1942, this same radar system facilitated an important scientific discovery by picking up an intense form of interference that was initially thought to be enemy jamming but that further investigation proved to be caused by radio waves emanating from the sun.) It was soon apparent, however, that microwaves of much shorter length and higher frequency would be necessary for radar equipment light and compact enough to be carried in planes, thus enabling them to drop bombs with accuracy through overcast, and to be installed on naval ships, which needed similar radar for detecting aircraft, for gunfire control, and for night fighting. Such radar rapidly became available, owing to improvements made by the British in the pulsed magnetron—a device capable of generating microwaves that were only ten centimetres in length and vibrated at a frequency of three thousand megacycles, which is in the range that became known as the S-band. Consequently, the Allies were able to bomb German cities through fog and clouds, and the American Navy was given a decisive edge over the Japanese fleet in the Pacific.

As the war progressed, the military kept asking for radar with more accuracy and better definition, and so the search for higher and higher microwave frequencies continued. S-band radar was soon followed by X-band, then by K-band, and when V-E Day arrived a K/2-band radar was under development, using microwaves of less than a centimetre in length and with a frequency of forty-eight thousand megacycles. By that time, the Bell

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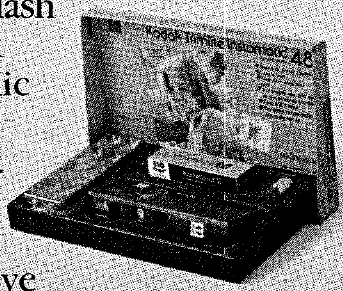

It uses the convenient 8-flash flipflash, or the optional Kodak Ektron electronic flash unit, model B (shown above, right).

The Trimlite 48 camera is now less than $129. The attractive gift outfit with everything you need to take pictures on Christmas day, including Kodacolor II film and flipflash, is a few dollars more.

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Kodak Trimlite Instamatic® 48 camera.

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Telephone people had also developed a highly successful microwave radio-relay telephone system for the Army. As a result, long-distance telephone transmission by wire line soon became obsolete. A microwave radiotelephone system using line-of-sight relay towers was opened between Boston and New York in November of 1947—the same year in which large-scale television broadcasting, which is also transmitted on microwave frequencies, got under way. By 1951, a coast-to-coast radiotelephone system had been established; it consisted of a hundred and seven hops, each about thirty miles long, and it used the tops of buildings, the peaks of mountains, and two-hundred-foot towers on the plains of the Midwest. By 1960, more than a third of Bell's intercity telephone communication was being provided by microwave relay.

Since the end of the war, the growth of sources generating microwaves and other radio-frequency waves has been nothing short of phenomenal. During the past thirty years, the total number of radio-frequency transmitting devices authorized by the Federal Communications Commission—a figure that does not include military devices or transmitters—has risen from fifty thousand to more than seven million. The first microwave-telephone relay tower was built on Asnebumskit Mountain, near Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1946; today, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand microwave-telephone and television-signal relay towers—each with several microwave-generating sources—are strung across the United States. Other microwave relay towers provide links for motorist-aid call boxes along highways, and private microwave links have been set up to transmit data from computers in one city to computers in another. In 1945, there were only six television stations in the country; today, there are almost a thousand, all of them transmitting at either very high or ultrahigh frequencies, and they are received by a hundred and twenty-one million television sets. At the end of the war, there were nine hundred and thirty radio stations; today, there are nearly eight thousand AM and FM stations. In addition, there are about fifteen million Citizen's Band radio transmitters broadcasting on shortwave frequencies into homes and vehicles throughout the nation.

Besides the tremendous increase in the use of microwaves for radio and television broadcasting, and for line-of-sight telephone and television relay systems, hundreds of immensely powerful microwave transmitters—some with antennas that scatter microwaves from the upper layers of the troposphere, seven to ten miles above the earth—have been installed in the United States and overseas during the past twelve years to serve as links for civilian and military satellite-communications systems. Since the beginning of this year, two powerful microwave broadcasting satellites have been placed in orbit in a fixed position relative to earth, twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the equator, where, using extremely high frequencies in the billions-of-cycles-per-second range in order to penetrate the ionosphere, they are relaying telephone conversations, television and radio broadcasts, and printed material to antennas at receiving stations across the nation. Similar broadcast satellites are providing microwave-communications links with ships at sea and offshore oil rigs. Radar navigational systems have been established in almost all airports, and are found on virtually all commercial vessels, as well as on thousands of pleasure craft. Radar surveillance systems are being installed in harbors around the country. Police radar operates on microwave frequencies, as do many burglar-alarm systems, shoplifting-detection devices, and automatic garage-door openers. Because of security classification, no one knows the full extent of the proliferation of microwaves by the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force, but it is unquestionably enormous. From the vast network of high-power tracking and scanning radars that are strung across the Arctic and much of the rest of the world, through guidance systems for the armada of nuclear missiles and anti-missile missiles that girdles the earth, to tiny range finders for tank gunnery, the military has developed an almost insatiable maw for microwave and other electromagnetic devices, employing them in virtually every installation and conveyance it commands. Even more highly classified are the microwave eavesdropping operations of the National Security Agency—a twenty-thousand-man organization with headquarters at Fort Meade, in Maryland—whose special mission to listen in on and protect domestic communications, to intercept foreign messages, and to break foreign codes has been made easier by the fact that microwave transmissions are far simpler to intercept than messages carried on wire lines, and has been made more difficult by the fact that the Russians have been listening in for several years on long-distance telephone calls in the United States with microwave antennas set up on the roofs of their embassy in Washington and their consular offices in several other cities across the nation. And equally secret, though employing electromagnetic radiation of a different sort, is the Air Force's electromagnetic pulse (EMP) project, a multimillion-dollar program designed to simulate the immense surges of radiant energy accompanying bolts of lightning and nuclear explosions, which could have a jamming effect on the electronic and computer systems of the thousand-odd Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missiles that have been installed in underground silos in the American Midwest and West.

Other uses for microwaves have evolved from the long-held knowledge that human and animal tissues, like other substances that absorb radio-frequency waves, are heated by them. Indeed, physicians have been treating patients with long-wave diathermy for almost a century and with shortwave diathermy for more than forty years. As of 1972, there were about fifteen thousand microwave-diathermy machines in use in the United States; today, their number is believed to have increased significantly, and it is estimated that two million Americans are treated annually with microwave radiation by non-physicians for such ailments as arthritis, bursitis, muscle soreness, sprains, and congested sinuses. Since 1926, radio-frequency currents have been used by surgeons to make incisions in tissues such as the brain, the prostate, and the liver, in order to effect simultaneous cauterization and control bleeding. The fact that microwaves heat tissue has also formed the basis of a multimillion-dollar microwave-oven industry, which had its inception back in 1945, when the Raytheon Company, of Waltham, Massachusetts, filed a patent proposing that microwaves be used to cook food. Today, microwave ovens are among the best-selling appliances in the nation, with several million of them in use in homes, restaurants, and institutions across the land, and with annual sales approaching nine hundred thousand. In the food industry, microwaves have been used to dry potato chips and pasta; to roast soybeans, coffee beans, sunflower seeds, and peanuts; to proof and fry doughnuts; to precook bacon; to temper various meats; and even to facilitate the shucking of oysters. Elsewhere in industry, microwave ovens and furnaces are used to dry yarn, paints, ceramics, paper, leather, wood, tobacco, cellulose and pulp, textiles, pencils, match heads,

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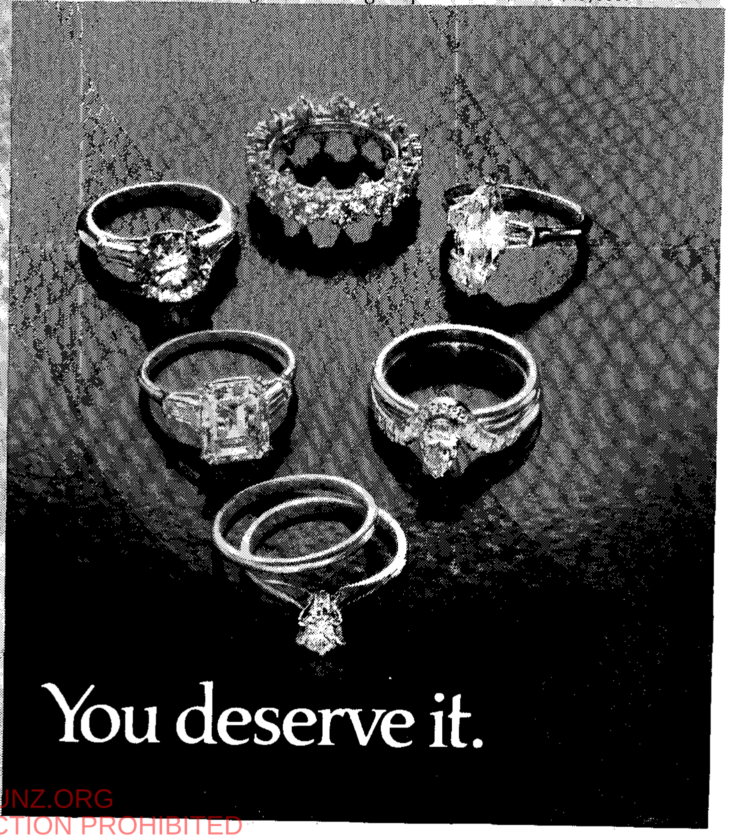

and wet books, and also to cure chemicals, rubber, resins, nylon, rayon, and urethane. In addition, microwaves are being tested for use in agriculture—the radiation being applied directly to the soil in order to kill weed seeds, weeds, and harmful soil-borne insects.

If the present use of microwaves seems diverse, the possibilities for their future application appear to be limitless. Microwave broadcasting satellites will one day be transmitting directly from space to rooftop antennas on earth. The development of cheap solid-state devices for generating microwaves will result in dozens of new products, including pocket telephones. Microwave radiation is being tested for use in medicine as a diagnostic tool and for warming blood, for retarding tumors, for healing skin wounds, for studying the functions of the brain, for monitoring respiration, and for thawing frozen animal organs. A newly developed system for keeping track of the whereabouts of trucks and other commercial vehicles will require each vehicle to carry a transmitter that will broadcast continuous microwave signals to receivers installed along highways, which, in turn, will relay the signals to a surveillance center. Another projected use for microwaves is a radar-augmented braking system for automobiles. (It will prevent highway accidents by beaming microwave radiation ahead of a vehicle and utilizing the reflection from other vehicles to activate brakes automatically if collision is imminent.) Still another scheme that is being seriously considered here and in Europe calls for the use of microwave furnaces to change liquid nuclear waste materials to solid form for easier and safer disposal. And perhaps the most grandiose of all envisions the orbiting of power satellites consisting of gigantic arrays of solar cells, which will capture the sun's energy, convert it into microwaves, and beam the microwaves to a vast receiver complex here on earth, where they will be converted into electric current.

Far out as much of this may seem, a good deal of it was first conceived of years ago by Nikola Tesla, a brilliant and eccentric electrical engineer and visionary, who was born in Croatia, in 1856, and emigrated to the United States in 1884. Tesla's many inventions included the famous Tesla transformer and the induction motor, which helped to make alternating-current electrical systems practical. In 1912, he refused the Nobel Prize in physics rather than share it with Thomas Edison, with whom he had had a falling out. Between 1897 and 1905, Tesla worked almost exclusively on a system for the wireless transmission of power, and in 1900, while living in Colorado Springs, he lit two hundred incandescent lamps with electrical current transmitted through the earth over a distance of twenty-six miles. In an article that appeared in *Century Magazine* that year, he predicted that radio waves would one day be used to detect moving objects, such as ships at sea, and in 1934, on the occasion of his seventy-eighth birthday, he announced the invention of a death beam capable of destroying enemy airplanes at a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The last idea proved to be an eerie harbinger of the military's projected use of electromagnetic radiation as an anti-rocket weapon that will render incoming enemy missiles inoperative by disrupting their electronic circuitry or destroying their warheads. It was also prophetic of the recent disclosure that the Soviet Union and the United States have developed hunter-killer satellites armed with laser beams which can search out and destroy each other's reconnaissance satellites in the vast reaches of space.

Past and future grand schemes aside, it is small wonder that as a result of their multiple and miscellaneous applications microwave and other radio-frequency radiations have already become widespread in the environment. Just how widespread is not known. Congestion of microwave communications channels, however, is already a serious problem in a number of cities, including New York, and in some urban areas the radio background created by microwaves and other high-frequency radio waves is estimated to be from one hundred to two hundred million times as great as the natural radio-frequency background provided by the sun. Many en-

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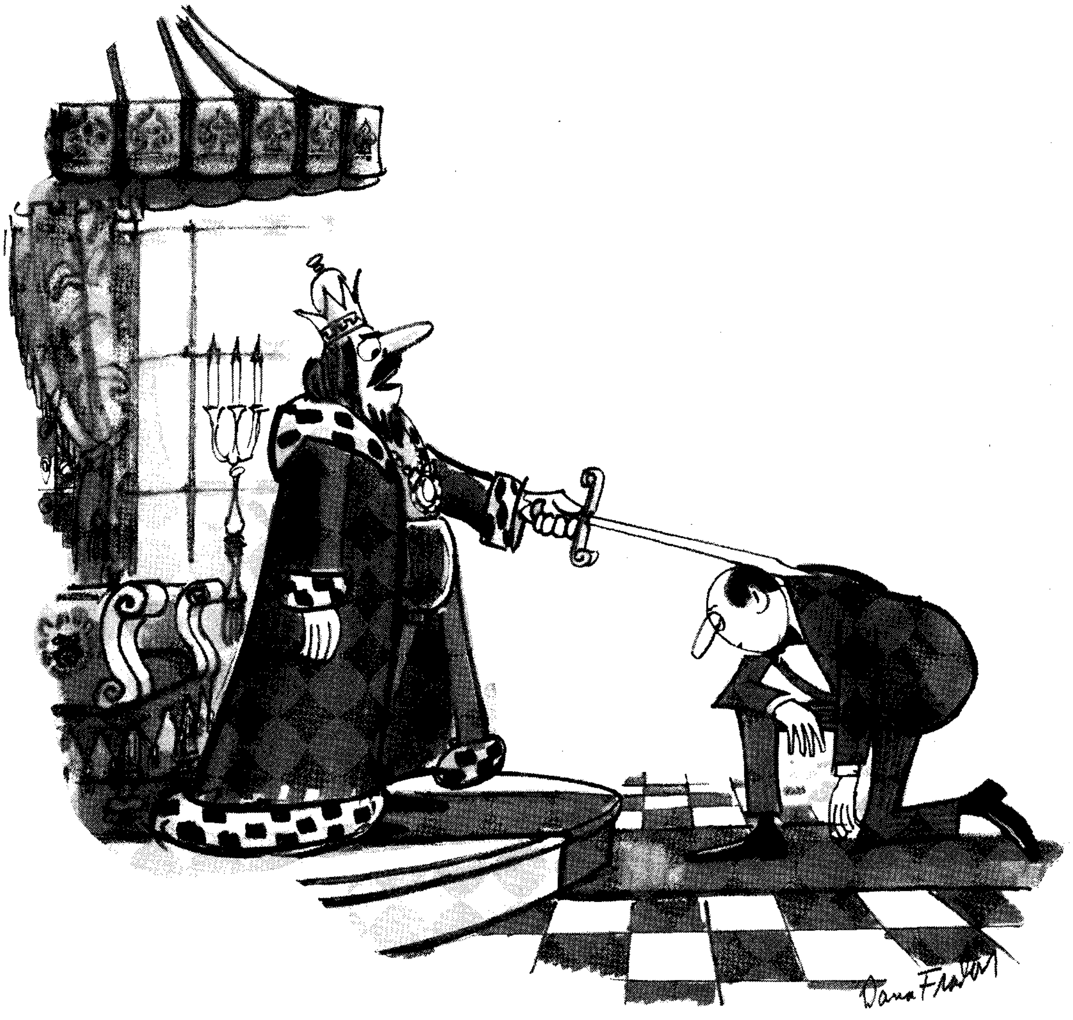
vironmentalists claim that the cities of the nation are being saturated with microwaves. Some of them call it electronic smog. The government has also expressed concern about the situation. In December of 1971, the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council—a nine-member group that was established in December of 1968 by the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy—issued a report entitled "Program for Control of Electromagnetic Pollution of the Environment," which dealt with the possible biological hazards of microwaves and other radio-frequency energy. In its assessment of the problem, the council stated, "The electromagnetic radiations emanating from radar, television, communications systems, microwave ovens, industrial heat-treatment systems, medical diathermy units, and many other sources permeate the modern environment, both civilian and military." The report went on, "This type of man-made radiation exposure has no counterpart in man's evolutionary background; it was relatively negligible prior to World War II." After describing the growth of electromagnetic-radiation sources that had taken place since 1940, the report continued, "Power levels in and around American cities, airports, military installations and tracking centers, ships and pleasure craft, industry and homes may already be biologically significant."

One paragraph later, the report said, "Unless adequate monitoring and control based on a fundamental understanding of biological effects are instituted in the near future, in the decades ahead, man may enter an era of energy pollution of the environment comparable to the chemical pollution of today." After stating that "research in the field of long-term, low-level effects of electromagnetic radiation on living systems has been near a standstill in this country," and after estimating that "the population at risk is not really known; it may be special groups; it may well be the entire population," the report warned that "the consequences of undervaluing or misjudging the biological effects of long-term, low-level exposure could become a critical problem for the public health, especially if genetic effects are involved." It went on to recommend that a five-year microwave-research program, starting in 1972 and costing sixty-three million four hundred thousand dollars—an increase of nearly sixty million dollars over what had previously been allocated for microwave research—be undertaken to determine the long-term effects of low-level microwave radiation on human beings.

If the new studies should indicate the existence of a health hazard from such exposure, the population at risk may well be every man, woman, and child in the land. In the meantime, the problem remains one of the most baffling, elusive, complex, and controversial medical questions ever posed, involving several different scientific disciplines, the largest communications and entertainment industries in the world, and, in the view of the Department of Defense, the national security. According to the council's report, one of the major problems in evaluating "the possible biological effects of long-term, low-level irradiation of living systems by microwave and other radio-frequency radiations resides in the paucity of information concerning the basic mechanisms of interaction between the electromagnetic field and the living system." What the report never states outright, however—perhaps because its authors assumed that everyone already knew it—is that human beings are considered to be transparent to long-wave radio waves and absorbent to shortwave radio frequencies and to microwaves, just as they are considered to be transparent and absorbent to such other forms of electromagnetic radiation as X-rays and sunlight. This phenomenon was stated succinctly in 1926 by the Soviet naturalist Vladimir Ivanovich Vernadskii, who wrote, "We are surrounded and penetrated, at all times and in all places, by eternally changing, combining, and opposing radiations of different wavelengths." When Vernadskii wrote those lines, he was referring to electromagnetic radiation emanating from the sun and the stars. He had no way of knowing that within fifty years his observation would apply as well to radiation generated here on earth by his fellow-man. Nor, of course, could he have guessed that radiation beamed by his compatriots into the American



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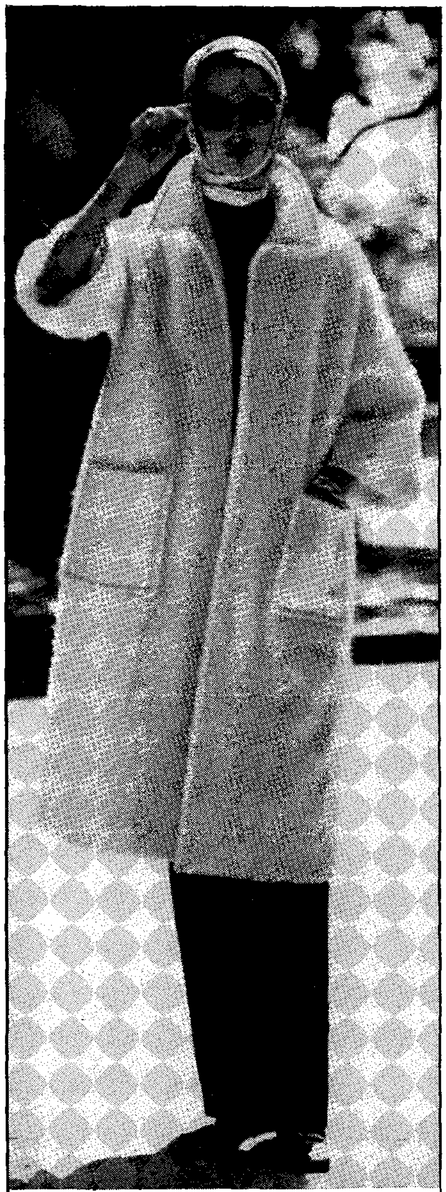

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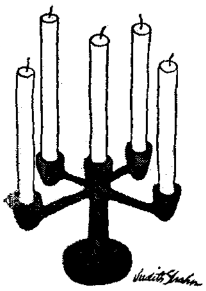
THE first biological experiments with electromagnetic energy were conducted by Luigi Galvani, an eighteenth-century obstetrician and surgeon, who lived in Bologna. Galvani is best known for his discoveries concerning the chemical effects of electric current, which led to the coining of the term "galvanism" and to the invention of the battery by his colleague and rival Alessandro Volta, and thus paved the way for the age of electric power. As a medical doctor, Galvani was interested mainly in anatomy and physiology, and this interest led him to perform numerous experiments with electricity on animals. Chief among these was his observation, around 1786, that the leg muscle of a frog placed at some distance from the spark of an electrostatic machine—a device for generating sparks—would twitch if touched by a scalpel when the machine was turned on. Experiments in the remote stimulation of nerves with electricity were not conducted again for more than a hundred years—possibly because they appeared to have little practical value—although in the meantime electric current was used for treating headaches and fatigue in human beings.

Then, in 1890, the prodigious Tesla performed some experiments showing that tissues became heated when subjected to high-frequency electric current of radio wavelength. Tesla pointed out possible medical uses of this phenomenon, but he soon became interested in wireless telegraphy, and credit for pioneering in the field of electrotherapy went to Jacques Arsène d'Arsonval, a French physician and physicist and director of the laboratory of biological physics at the Collège de France, who, independently and at about the same time, demonstrated that high-frequency electric currents penetrated deeply into the body and elevated the temperature of living tissue. D'Arsonval conducted many experiments to determine the biological effects of high-frequency electric current, recording both physiological and behavioral reactions in test animals, and proving that currents of two hundred thousand cycles a second diminished the activity and strength of diphtheria toxin. He also used high-frequency current to treat disorders of the skin and mucous membranes in human beings. D'Arsonval called his new method of treatment diathermy, which means "heating through," and he predicted that it would someday become a valuable tool of medicine. In the beginning, he was looked upon as something of a dreamer by his fellow-doctors, but by 1900 diathermy machines were being used to stimulate blood flow and to treat a wide variety of aches and pains.



By then, too, the X-rays that had been discovered five years earlier by Roentgen (who had noticed that whenever high-voltage electrical current passed through a gas-discharge tube some barium platinocyanide lying nearby began to glow) were rapidly becoming invaluable tools of medicine. Because of their photographic effect, their extraordinary power to penetrate, and their ability to cause certain substances to fluoresce, X-rays were being used to diagnose bone fractures and in fluoroscopy—a form of radiophotography invented by Edison in 1896 which enabled physicians to view the innards of patients over an extended period. Since X-ray tubes were considered a great novelty, they were employed not only by doctors and dentists but also by engineers, laboratory workers, teachers, students, and other laymen, who experimented with them almost at random. The results were sometimes surprising and often painful. Within six months of the discovery of X-rays, people working with them found that large doses of radiation could cause reddening and blistering of the skin, and that even small repeated doses could produce serious skin lesions. This characteristic of X-rays proved to be a double-edged sword. On the one hand, it led directly to radiation therapy—the use of X-rays to destroy cancerous tissue and prolong life—and, on the other hand, it showed that X-rays could themselves produce cancer, and painful death, as in the case of Clarence Dally, a young assistant to Edison, whom Edison had frequently irradiated while he was perfecting the phosphorescent screen of his fluoroscope machine, and who died of the effects a few years later. In spite of such experiences, ignorance of the adverse biological effects of X-rays—particularly their long-term, cumulative effect—persisted for decades, and was complicated by the apparent compulsion of an eminently practical and empirical-minded age to put every new discovery to use. For example, when it was found, shortly after 1900, that X-rays had the effect of al-

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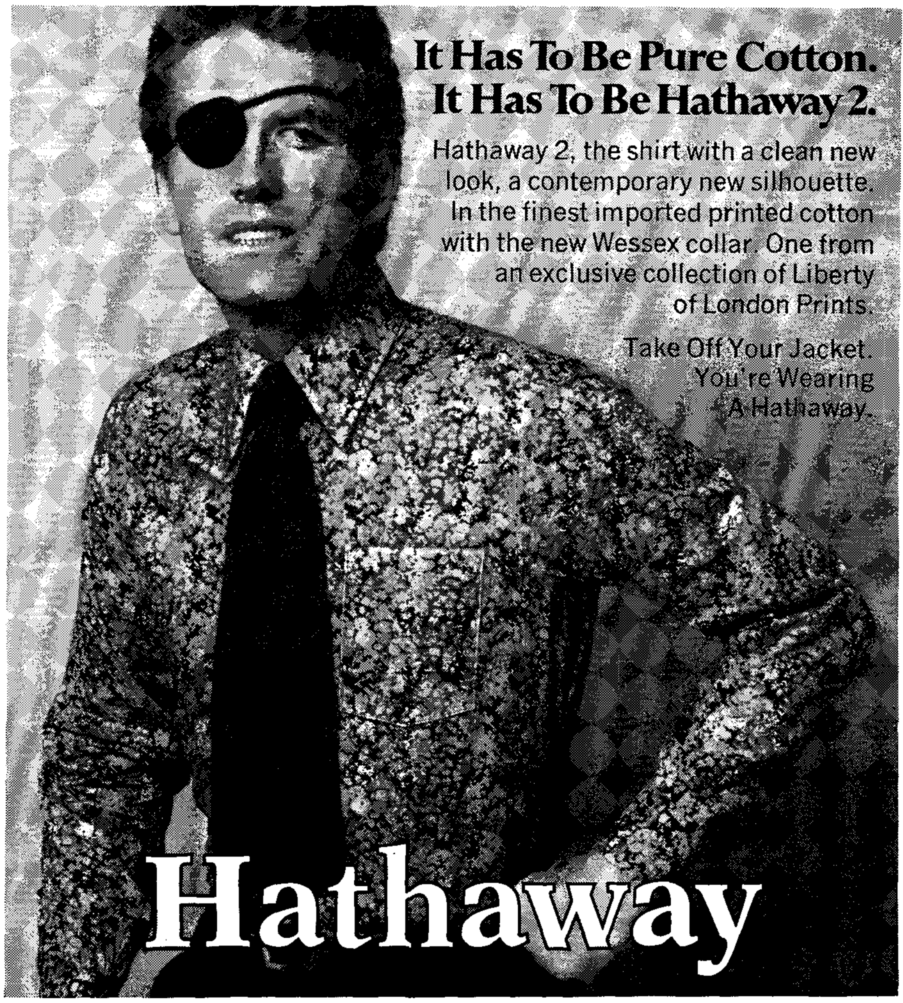
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leviating pain, they were employed in the treatment of arthritis, bursitis, and shingles, and for many years they were used to treat tonsillitis, adenoids, acne, and ringworm in children. As for the physicians involved, few of them bothered to protect either themselves or their patients from anything other than skin burns. Indeed, it was common practice for doctors to test how well their fluoroscopes were working by placing their hands in the X-ray beam. As a result, many doctors developed cancer of the skin.

Meanwhile, in 1900 the German physicist Max Planck had proposed a law for electromagnetic radiation—the quantum theory—which marked the beginning of an arduous effort by scientists to unravel the mysteries of how radiation interacts with matter. Planck set forth the hypothesis that radiation did not necessarily exist as continuous waves but could also take the form of particles, or quanta, of energy. He postulated that the energy emitted by matter—energy in the form of either light or other electromagnetic radiation—was directly related to its frequency, and that the higher the frequency the greater the energy contained in each quantum. In 1905, Planck's theory was given further definition by Albert Einstein's special theory of relativity, which explained how the propagation of electromagnetic radiation, consisting of quanta that contained varying amounts of energy, was compatible with the fact that all radiation travelled at the speed of light. By 1916, Einstein had formulated some fundamental equations describing the exchange of energy that took place when radiation and matter interacted, and during the early nineteen-twenties concrete evidence of the particle nature of electromagnetic radiation came with the discovery that collisions between quanta—or photons, as they were soon to be called—of radiant energy and the electrons in particles of matter accounted for a great many of the physically observable effects of radiation.

Physicists studying the properties of the various electromagnetic radiations customarily arranged them according to frequency and wavelength in what has come to be known as the electromagnetic (or radiant-energy) spectrum. At the long-wave, low-frequency end of this spectrum are radio waves—the longest of which stretch for thousands of miles and vibrate at about ten cycles per second (or hertz, as they are now called). At the other end of the spectrum are gamma rays—extremely high-frequency radiation emitted by radioactive substances such as radium,

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uranium, and artificially radioactive isotopes and during atomic and thermonuclear explosions as a consequence of *disintegrations of atomic nuclei.* The wavelength of gamma rays—well-nigh infinitesimal—is measured in terms of angstroms (one angstrom is one-tenth of a millimicron, which is a billionth of a metre), and the frequency of these rays is registered in millions of trillions of hertz. In between radio waves and gamma rays, in ascending order of frequency, are microwaves, infrared radiation, visible light, ultraviolet radiation, and X-rays.

Since the energy contained in a given photon was known to be proportional to its frequency, physicists who continued to study the interaction of the various radiations with matter became aware that X-rays and gamma rays, because of their exceedingly high frequencies, were capable of changing the internal structure of atoms and molecules, and that this capacity was directly related to their tremendous photon energy and their enormous penetrating power. As a result, the electromagnetic spectrum was divided into two categories—ionizing radiation and non-ionizing radiation. The first category covered X-rays and gamma rays, which have sufficient energy to dislodge orbital electrons from atoms, creating electrically charged, highly unstable, and chemically reactive atoms, called ions, which, because they inevitably damaged the cells of living tissues, were capable of disrupting life processes and of causing genetic mutations. The second category covered all the lower-frequency radiations.

Because the language of physics was new, constantly changing, and markedly different from that of biology, the physicists and medical scientists of half a century ago were rarely able to communicate with one another, and awareness of the biological consequences of ionizing radiation continued to depend for a long time upon the appearance and observation of disease and damage in human beings. As early as 1916, the incidence of skin cancer on the hands of radiologists was such that the British Roentgen Society recommended safety measures for X-ray use, and by 1922 the American Roentgen Ray Society had established a radiation-protection committee. In 1925, the year in which cancer of the jawbone was found in women who had been in the habit of licking paintbrushes to obtain a fine point as they made watch dials luminous with applications of radium, delegates to the First International Congress of Radiology, in London, recommended a safe level of exposure to X-rays at one-tenth the amount necessary to cause skin burn—a standard that has since been drastically reduced. In 1928, delegates to the Second International Congress, in Stockholm, adopted a standard unit of measurement for X-rays, and called it the roentgen. However, this was merely a preliminary to formulating a system of dosimetry applicable to X-rays, for the roentgen—a unit devised by physicists—provided a measure of the amount of energy delivered (and the degree of ionization produced) in a cubic centimetre of air, and not of the amount of energy absorbed by tissue, which, of course, determines the degree of ionization produced in human beings. In spite of this, the roentgen was mistakenly used as a unit of absorbed energy for many years. Not until 1953, in fact, was this measurement correctly defined, by a unit called the rad—an acronym for "radiation absorbed dose"—which measures the X-ray energy that is absorbed per gram of tissue.

In the meantime, radiation standards were more or less voluntary, and were aimed solely at protecting doctors and radiologists, who, assuming that diagnostic X-rays were harmless, proceeded to give pelvic X-rays to pregnant women—a practice that resulted in a significant increase of leukemia and other types of cancer among the children of these women—and who also treated cases of infertility in women by irradiating their ovaries with X-rays. As for the radiologists, during the early nineteen-fifties the incidence of leukemia among them was found to be a thousand per cent higher than that of all other physicians combined. By then, of course, concern over the biological effects of ionizing radiation had been aroused by the tremendous amount of radiation sickness, as well as by the increase of leukemia and genetic damage, among the citizens of Hiroshima and Nagasaki who survived the atomic holocaust of 1945. Today, aware that X-ray damage is cumulative, and that any exposure, however slight, to ionizing radiation entails some degree of risk, medical authorities are virtually unanimous in the opinion that no *unnecessary X-ray examination* should ever be carried out.

During the sixty-odd years it took for medical scientists to comprehend the potent biological hazards associated with X-rays and other ionizing radiation, the extensive region of the electromagnetic spectrum occupied by ra-

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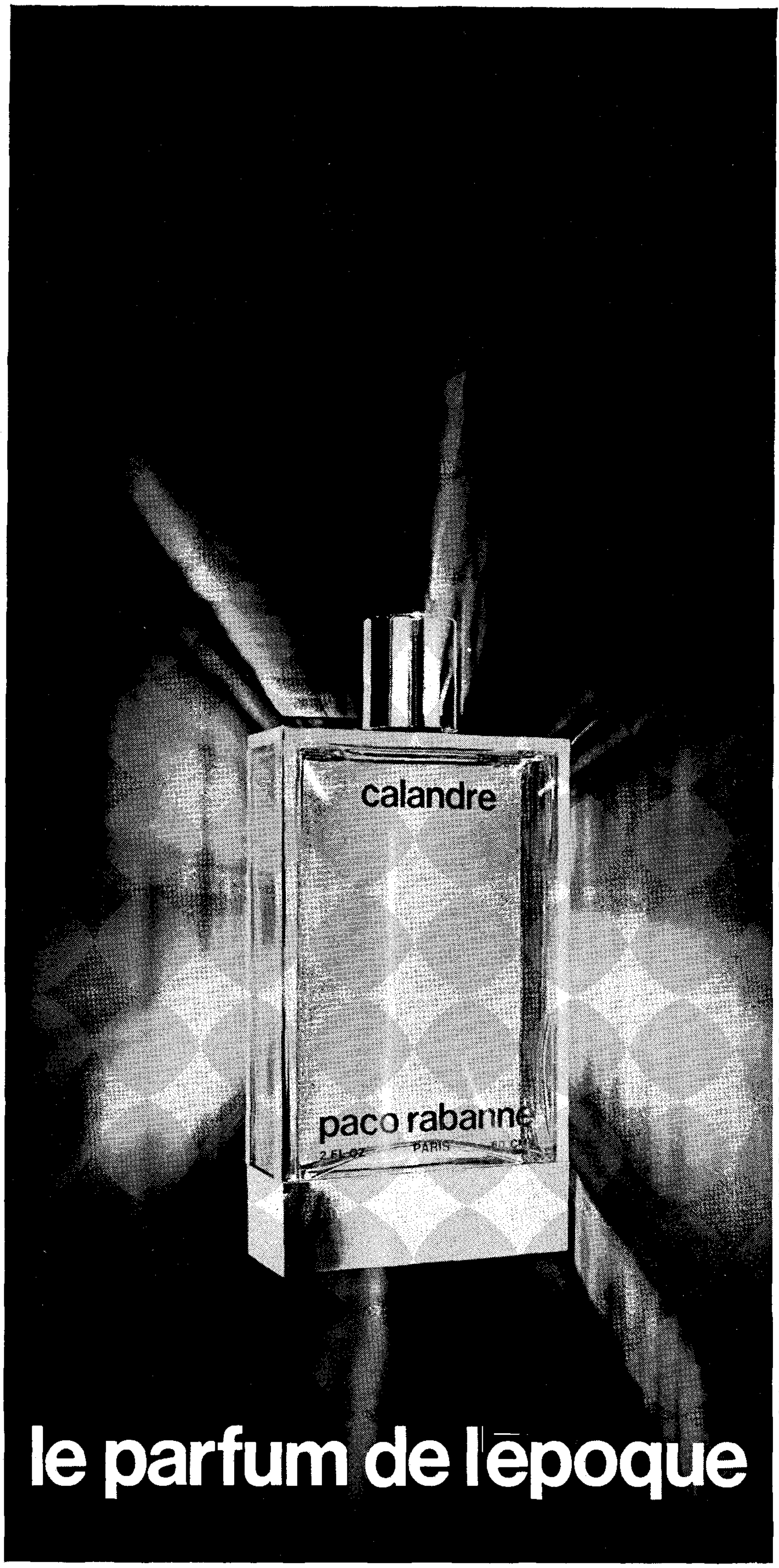
dio-frequency energy was regarded in this country and almost everywhere else as having little or no biological significance. To begin with, this belief was simply a result of the fact that adverse health effects similar to those engendered by X-rays were not observed in people treated with diathermy or otherwise exposed to radio-frequency waves. And once the phenomenon of ionization was identified the idea was reinforced by the additional belief that the photon energies of radio waves and microwaves—tiny compared with those of X-rays and other ionizing radiation—were not sufficient to dislodge electrons from atoms. As for the heating effect of radio-frequency energy, this was explained by the fact that ions and electrically polarized molecules of water in tissue invariably attempt to orient themselves with a rapidly oscillating electric field, which results in molecular collisions that produce friction, and thus a general rise in temperature.

Since no immediate harmful effects from the heating of tissues by radio-frequency waves were observed in human beings, there was no apparent cause for alarm. During the nineteen-twenties, the development of generators capable of producing shorter and shorter radio waves for telecommunication also made it possible to use shorter and shorter waves in diathermy, and by the nineteen-thirties shortwave therapy was much in vogue. As early as 1924, however, Dr. Joseph Williams Schereschewsky, a specialist in occupational disease employed by the Public Health Service, where he eventually became medical director, and the founder of the Cancer Research Center at the Harvard Medical School, began a series of extensive experiments to determine the biological effects of shortwave radiation in mice and other test animals. Dr. Schereschewsky soon discovered that the effects of exposure to certain wavelengths were markedly different from those of exposure to other frequencies. He found, for example, that high doses of radiation at frequencies ranging from eighteen million to sixty-six million cycles a second were especially lethal to mice, which died from being overheated, but that frequencies of ninety million to a hundred million cycles per second could be used to cure tumors in the animals without causing any significant rise in their body temperature. (He would no doubt have been amused to learn not only that half a century later scientists would rediscover this finding but that the National Cancer Institute would initiate a ma-



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jor program to investigate the possible use of radio-frequency and microwave heating in the treatment of cancer.) For his part, Dr. Schereschewsky ascribed these curative effects to heating of the tumor cells, which, he concluded, was produced in an entirely different manner from the heating induced by ordinary long-wave diathermy.

Over the next few years, considerable investigation of the effects of shortwave radiation was undertaken by other researchers, especially in Europe, and in the nineteen-thirties a lively controversy broke out between scientists who claimed that shortwaves had special, non-thermal biological effects, including metabolic changes in tissue, and scientists who insisted that no specific action other than heating had been adequately demonstrated. The argument was not resolved to anyone's satisfaction, and in this country it was temporarily laid to rest in 1935 by a report to the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association, which concluded that "the burden of proof still lies on those who claim any biologic action of these currents other than heat." By then, diathermy machines capable of generating electric currents at frequencies of up to ten million cycles a second were in widespread use, and shortwave therapy was being employed not only by general practitioners to treat muscular inflammation, sinus trouble, lung infections, and gynecological disorders but also by some ophthalmologists to treat uveitis, which is inflammation of the inner eye. Since there were no published reports of any adverse effects of such clinical practices, there was still no concern in medical circles that any problem existed. Indeed, the only problem associated with shortwave diathermy in those days was that, because the machines were inadequately shielded and were being operated on communications channels, they were disrupting overseas shortwave-telephone circuits.

DURING the next decade, few experimental studies of the health effects of radio-frequency energy were undertaken in the United States. Not only were there no apparent hazards associated with its use but during the war the sheer military importance of radio and radar far outweighed any other considerations. In the absence of scientific work, however, a whole folklore, based on a mixture of intuition, observation, and apprehension, grew up around the biological effects of short-

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waves and microwaves, expressing itself in the form of black humor, scuttlebutt, and quasi-medical practices. As early as the late nineteen-thirties, engineers from the Bell Telephone Laboratories' shortwave-radio research station, in Deal, New Jersey, were kidded at annual beer busts by colleagues from other divisions of the company, who sang songs parodying the work of the Deal engineers on the basis of rumors that it was rendering them sterile. During the early part of the war, stories about the sterilizing effects of radar beams spread like wildfire, especially in the Navy, where enterprising radarmen were known to charge a fee for giving microwave "treatments" to shipmates going ashore on liberty. At the same time, many sailors in the fleet believed that radar could cause their hair to fall out. By the spring of 1942, faced with a crescendo of rumors and inquiries about radar, the Navy undertook a medical study of forty-five civilians who had been working with experimental radar at the Naval Research Laboratory, in Washington, D.C. This study, which included periodic physical examinations and blood tests, found no sign of sterility, unusual baldness, or any other adverse biological phenomena in these men. Indeed, the only thing to turn up was that some of them complained of headaches, eye pain, and a flushed feeling in the face whenever they were exposed to microwaves emanating from radar antennas. Such symptoms were considered interesting but subjective, and when the results of the study were published, in the *U.S. Naval Medical Bulletin* for July of 1943, the conclusion was drawn that there was "no clinical evidence of damage to these personnel." Careful note was also taken that, compared with the standard diathermy machines of the day, the power output of the radar being tested at the Naval Research Laboratory was not only low but inefficient.

The fact that no clinical changes were observed in the Navy's study may well have been due to the short duration of exposure on the part of the civilian employees, and to the relatively low power output of the radar being used early in the war. In 1940, the pulsed magnetron developed by the British was capable of delivering an average power of only ten watts into an antenna; by the end of the war, however, in order to extend the range of radar, the power output of the magnetron had been increased more than a hundredfold, and radar technicians were sometimes known to pass idle moments using microwave beams to make eggs explode or to toast marshmallows. Such phenomena soon provided electrical engineers and inventors with inspiration. For example, the idea of using microwaves for cooking occurred to Dr. Percy Spencer, of Raytheon, one day in 1945, when, after feeling the warmth of a microwave emanation on his hand, he used the beam to pop some popcorn. These phenomena also gave pause to the handful of medical scientists who were then interested in the possible biological consequences of microwaves. These researchers were aware that the body compensates for a general rise in temperature through perspiration, and for localized heating through a marked increase in blood flow. They were also aware that, because circulating blood acts as a coolant, muscle tissue, which is well equipped with blood vessels, can withstand localized heating far more readily than tissue with poor blood circulation, such as the eyes and the testes. Since they had long known that thermal cataracts could develop in the eyes of glassblowers, steel puddlers, and other workers exposed to the heat of infrared radiation, they found themselves wondering whether the eyes of people who were occupationally or accidentally exposed to the heating effects of microwaves might not be similarly affected. Accordingly, during the nineteen-forties a number of investigators began to conduct experiments on the eyes of test animals, using large doses of high-power microwave radiation, on the assumption that this was necessary for the production of sufficient heat to induce the formation of cataracts. The power, or intensity of the beam, of microwaves and other electromagnetic radiation is customarily expressed in terms of power density, which is the amount of energy that flows each second through a square measure of space. Like the roentgen, power density is not a unit of absorbed energy, and it is usually stated in terms of milliwatts per square centimetre; for example, the power density of the sun's energy detectable on the surface of the earth at the equator is about a hundred milliwatts per square centimetre. The investigators who performed the early microwave experiments on test animals, however, exposed the eyes of rabbits and dogs to power densities of up to three thousand milliwatts per square centimetre. They found that ten-minute exposures to such radiation could produce thermal

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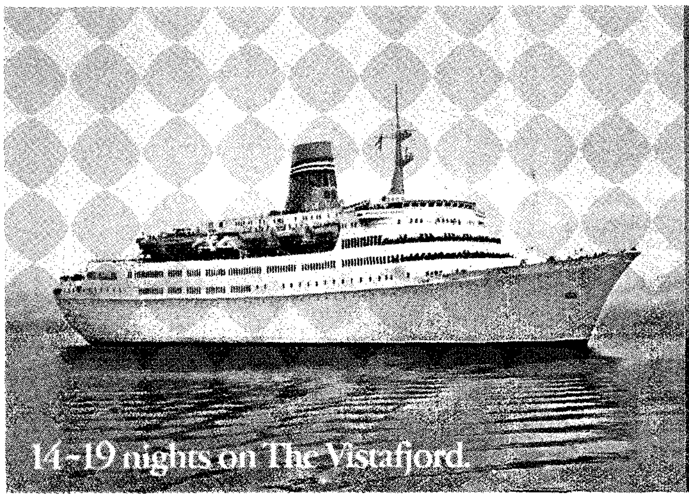
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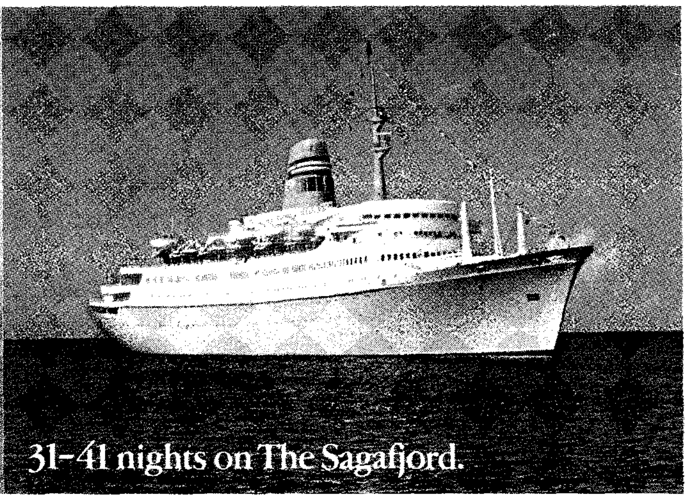
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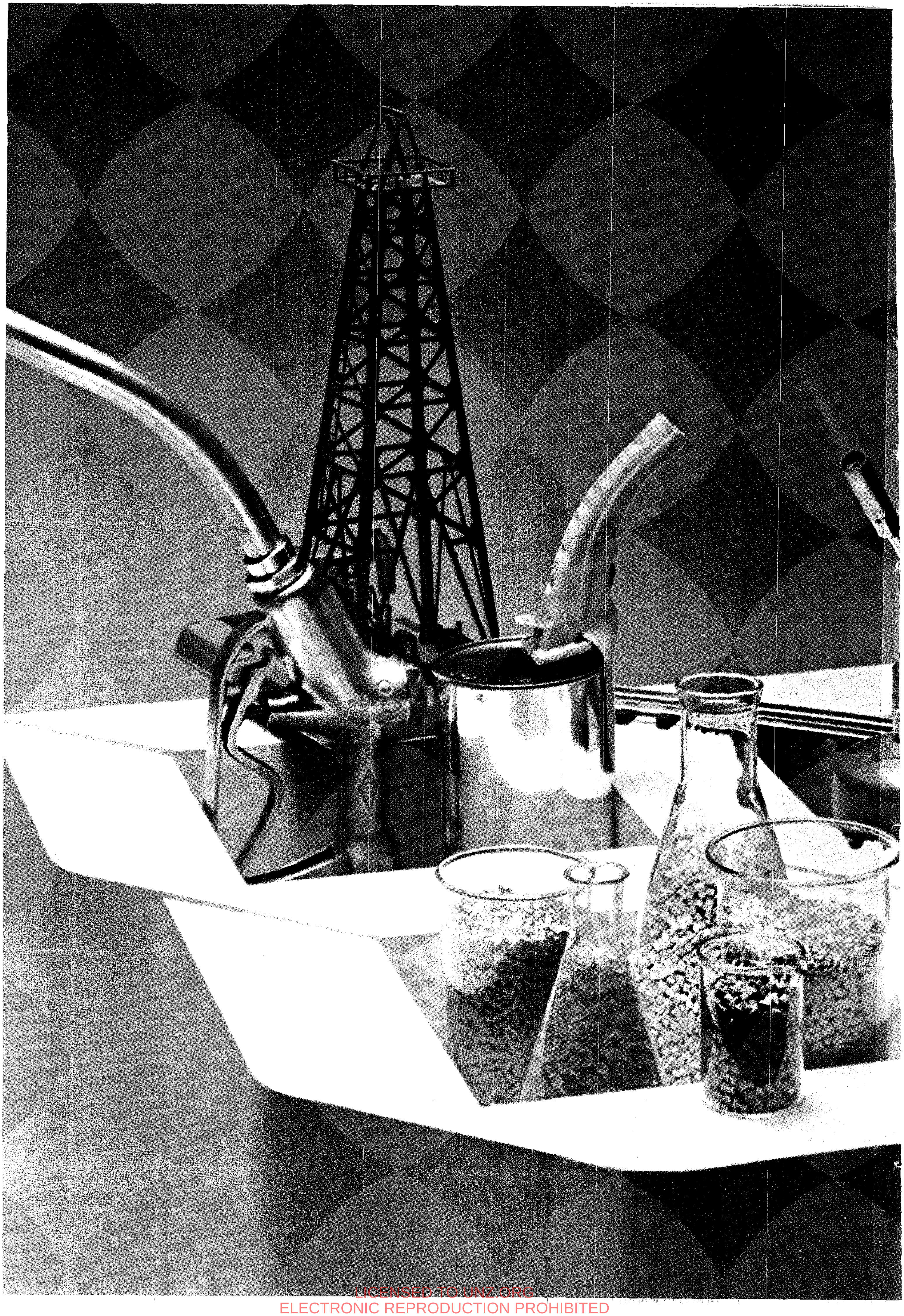

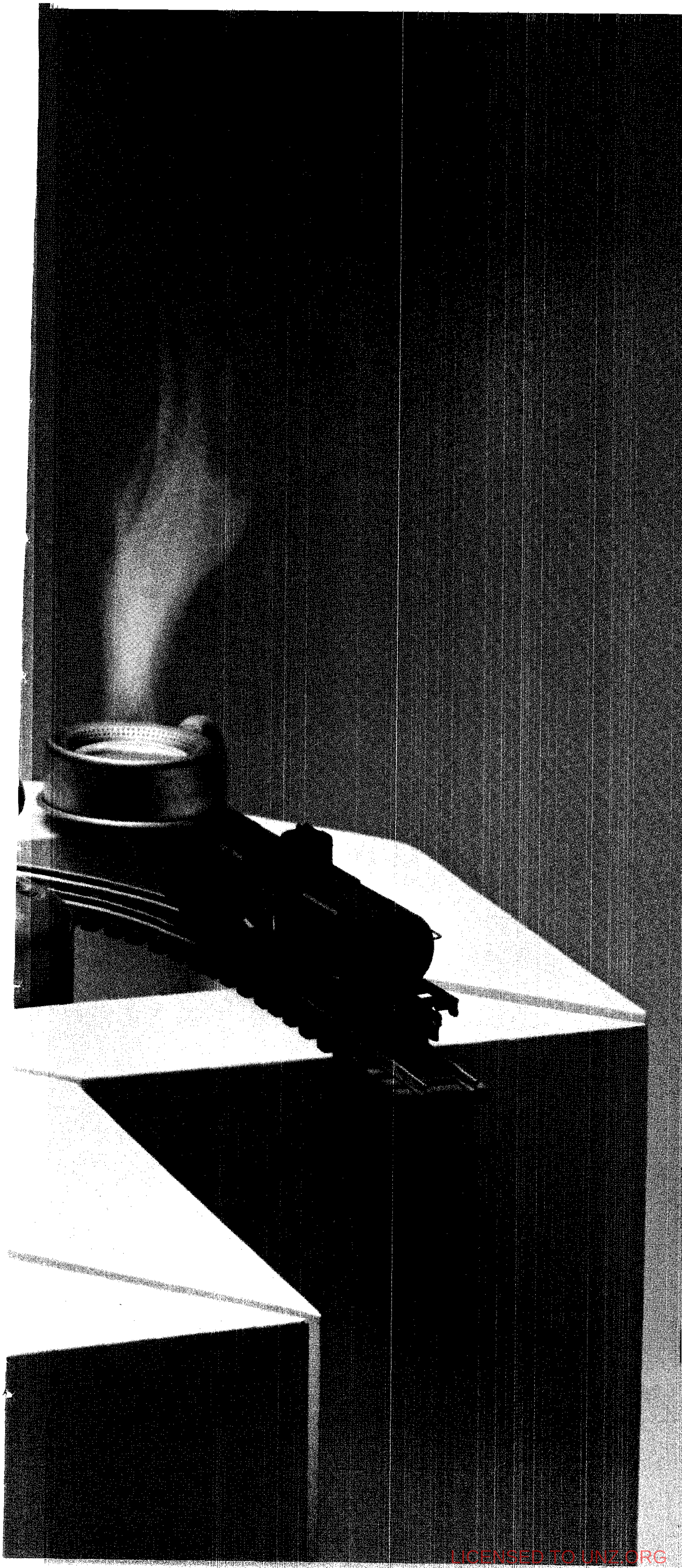

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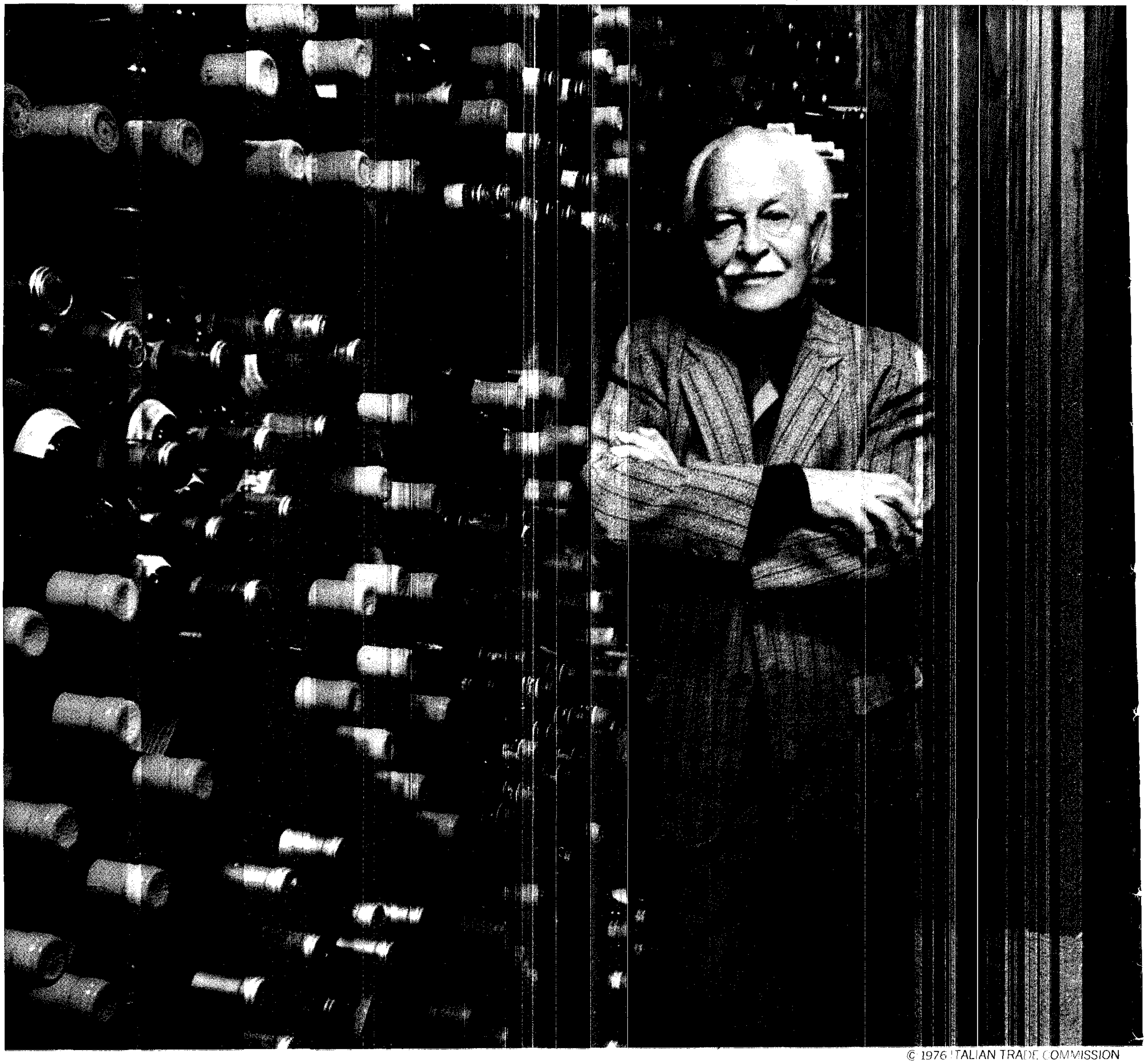

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cataracts, for what they were doing amounted to cooking the eyeball, which, like the transparent white of an egg in a frying pan or in a pot of boiling water, becomes irreversibly opaque when it is subjected to sufficient heat. In addition to producing thermal cataracts with high doses of microwaves, the early experimenters were able to produce lesions in the brains of rabbits and severe testicular damage in rats and dogs without causing the animals any apparent discomfort. However, since these effects and the power densities at which they occurred could not be correlated with any known exposures of human beings, they created little stir in either medical or military circles. As a result, few precautions were taken by people working with radar, in spite of the fact that by the late nineteen-forties standard high-power radar beams were capable of igniting steel wool at a distance of a hundred feet.

Then, on October 11, 1951, a microwave technician employed by the Sandia Corporation—a company engaged in the development of missile-guidance systems for the Army, at Sandia Base, near Albuquerque, New Mexico—came to Dr. Frederic G. Hirsch, the company's medical director, complaining of a sudden blurring of vision. Dr. Hirsch diagnosed his patient as suffering from bilateral cataracts with acute inflammation of the retina. His report of the case noted that for the previous eleven months the man had been operating an experimental microwave generator connected to a horn antenna that dissipated microwave radiation into a room. It also took note of the fact that the operator had made a regular practice of putting his hand in the antenna to determine from the heating effect whether the equipment was generating energy, and that when he did so it was necessary for him to look into the antenna to place his hand properly. At the time, Dr. Hirsch estimated that the intensity of the radiation to which the man had been subjected was about a hundred milliwatts per square centimetre, and in the conclusion of his report he recommended that the case be used "as a means of recalling the attention of ophthalmologists, industrial physicians, and microwave operators to the potentialities of microwave radiations in order that the use of this form of energy will be accompanied by appropriate respect and precautions."

In 1970, after an interval of nearly twenty years, Dr. Hirsch, who had by then become assistant research director of the Lovelace Foundation for Medical Education and Research, in Albu-

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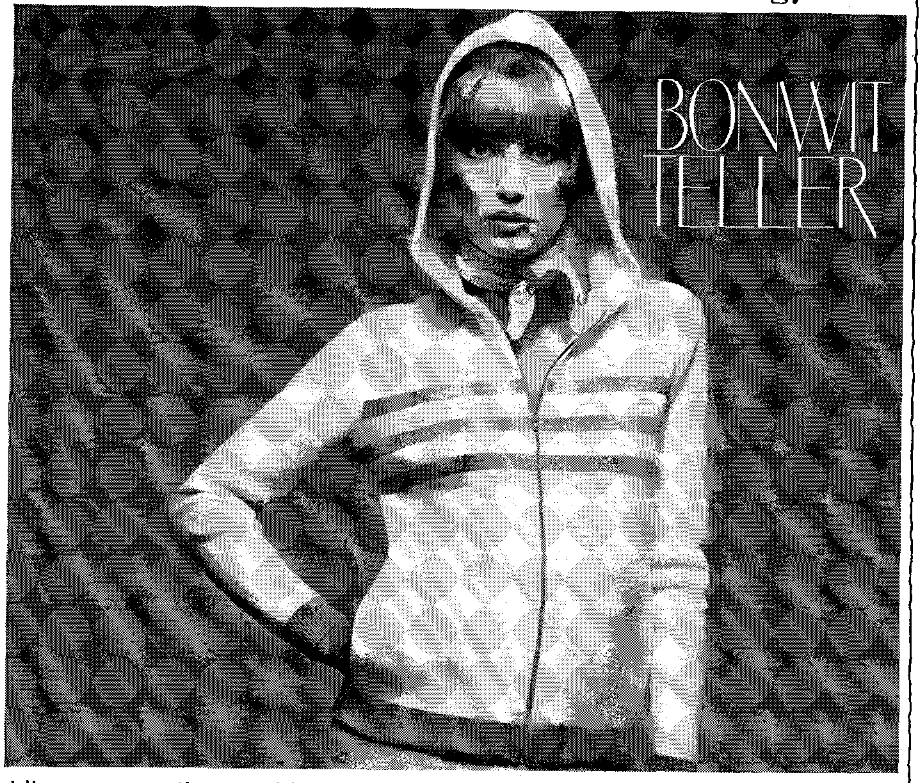

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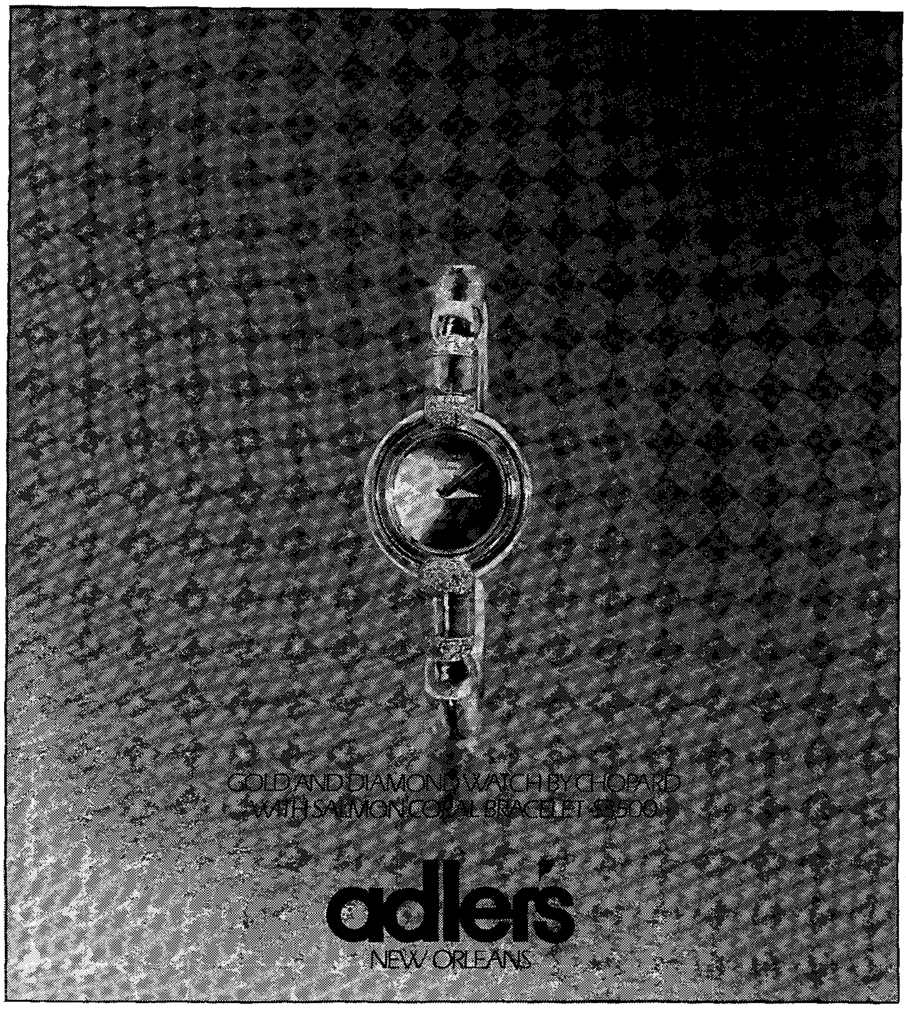
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querque—an outfit that specializes in biomedical and environmental studies for the armed forces and various government agencies—reëvaluated his findings, claiming that the magnitude of his patient's exposure to microwaves had been far greater than the original estimate, which had rested on data that were subject to military restrictions. As might be expected, however, his initial report attracted widespread attention when it was published, in the American Medical Association's *Archives of Industrial Hygiene and Occupational Medicine* for December of 1952. Concern was expressed in some quarters that, in addition to the eye and the testes, other areas of the body with relatively poor blood circulation, such as the cavities of the gastro-intestinal tract, the gallbladder, and the urinary tract, might prove vulnerable to microwave damage. As a result, many new studies of the effects of microwaves on test animals were initiated, and over the next few years numerous attempts were made by various organizations to determine levels of exposure that were hazardous and levels that were safe. Because inadequate data existed concerning the quantity of microwave energy that must be absorbed to produce adverse biological effects, however, these efforts amounted to little more than guesswork. In April of 1953, scientists and doctors attending a symposium at the Naval Medical Research Institute found themselves in agreement with Hirsch's suggestion that power densities of a hundred milliwatts per square centimetre were damaging; in November of that year, Bell Telephone Laboratories engineers estimated a safe level of exposure to be one-tenth of a milliwatt per square centimetre—one-thousandth of the hazardous level suggested by Hirsch's findings—and in June of the following year the General Electric Company, apparently convinced that its employees could withstand ten times as much microwave radiation as Bell's, established a supposedly safe level of a milliwatt per square centimetre.

In part, the confusion and uncertainty over what constituted a safe level of exposure to microwaves stemmed from a complex set of variables that made it impossible to duplicate the conditions of typical human exposure in experimental animal studies, and that made it extremely difficult to extrapolate to man the biological effects observed in those studies. How, for example, could the results of microwave irradiation of the eyes of test animals, whose heads were of necessity held in place, be accurately correlated with the

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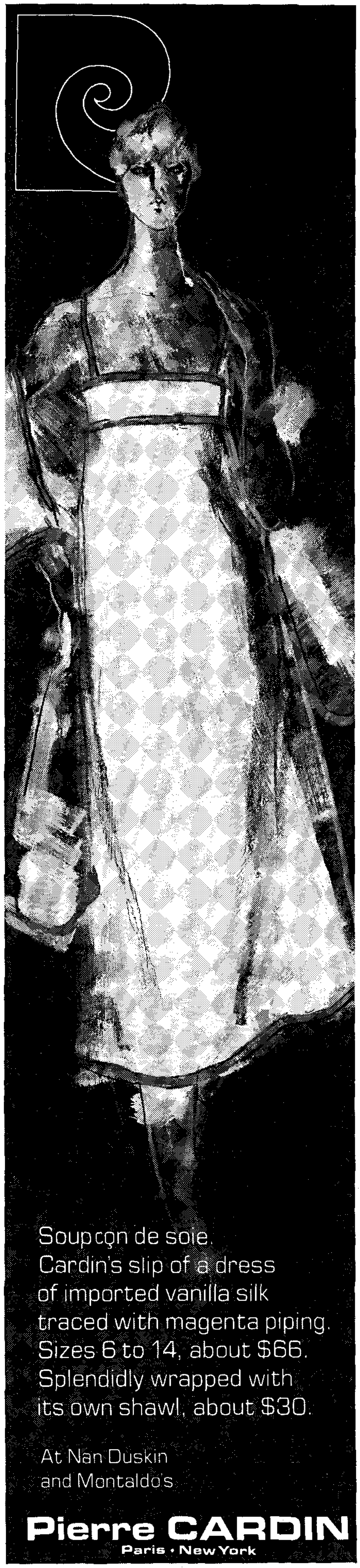
exposure of, say, a radar technician, especially when it was known that even small variations in the distance from the eye of an animal to the source of the microwave energy could produce marked differences in the severity and the extent of the opacities produced? But the situation was complicated far more seriously by the fact that microwaves were an indispensable component of missile-guidance systems and of radar, and were thus necessary to virtually every offensive and defensive strategy being devised by military men, who during the nineteen-fifties were wholly caught up in the contemplation of nuclear warfare and of ways to keep the balance of terror tipped in favor of the United States. With so much at stake, the reaction of the military to the prospect that microwaves might pose a biological hazard turned out to be ambivalent. In fact, more than five years passed between the publication of Dr. Hirsch's original findings and any attempt by a branch of the armed forces to establish even a tentative hazardous level of microwave radiation.

Meanwhile, in September of 1955, at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, representatives of the medical profession, the armed forces, various academic institutions, and industry, hoping to arrive at some interim solution to the problem, held a symposium on the physiological and pathological effects of microwaves. Many of the data presented at this meeting dealt with the power densities and exposure times required to produce cataracts in the eyes of test animals. There were also studies concerning the production of hyperthermia—the medical term for abnormally high fever—which included a paper delivered by scientists from the Naval Medical Research Institute reporting the death of dogs that had been exposed for thirty minutes to microwave radiation with a power density of only forty milliwatts per square centimetre. As with the development of cataracts, however, hyperthermia in animals provided few clues to the amount of microwave radiation that could be absorbed and tolerated by the human body. For one thing, the rate of absorption of microwaves and their conversion to heat in various animal species depended upon such widely varying factors as the thickness and texture of the animal's fur and skin; the ratio of the surface area being irradiated to the animal's total body size; and the total body size in relation to the wavelength or frequency of the radiation to which the animal was being subjected. For another thing, although a human being's ability to perspire obviously allowed him to withstand much higher doses of microwaves than could be tolerated by fur-bearing animals, the absorption of microwave radiation by the human body also depended upon the frequency (and, therefore, the penetrating power) of the radiation, and on the thickness and resistance of the skin, fat, and muscle through which the radiation was passing. Moreover, since the physiological effects of microwave absorption could, in turn, be affected by temperature, humidity, and wind velocity—factors influencing the heat loss of all animals—it was apparent to scientists attending the Mayo meeting that they would face a dilemma of extraordinary proportions if they attempted to establish a safe level of human exposure on the basis of animal studies alone.

As it happened, a way out of this dilemma was proposed by Herman P. Schwan, a professor of electrical engineering in the Department of Biomedical Electronic Engineering of the University of Pennsylvania's Moore School of Electrical Engineering, in Philadelphia. He suggested that a maximum safe level of exposure for human beings could be set at ten milliwatts per square centimetre. Professor Schwan had first proposed this level to the Navy in 1953, having arrived at it on theoretical grounds: he based it on the fact that energy derived from the metabolism of food is normally dissipated by the surface of the human body when at rest, at the rate of about five milliwatts per square centimetre, and on the assumption that an additional heat load of this size could be applied by external forces such as microwave irradiation without causing a significant rise in the body's temperature. Since there were no studies to indicate that a power density of ten milliwatts could cause hyperthermia in animals, and since there were animal studies showing that ten milliwatts could be applied directly to the eye and tolerated for long periods without the production of cataracts, Professor Schwan's proposal seemed eminently sensible to the scientists attending the Mayo meeting.

Moreover, the proposal appeared to be corroborated by a clinical study, presented at the meeting, that reported no serious biological changes in radar workers exposed to power densities of up to thirteen milliwatts at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in Burbank, California. This study was conducted by Dr. Charles I. Barron, medical director of the California division of



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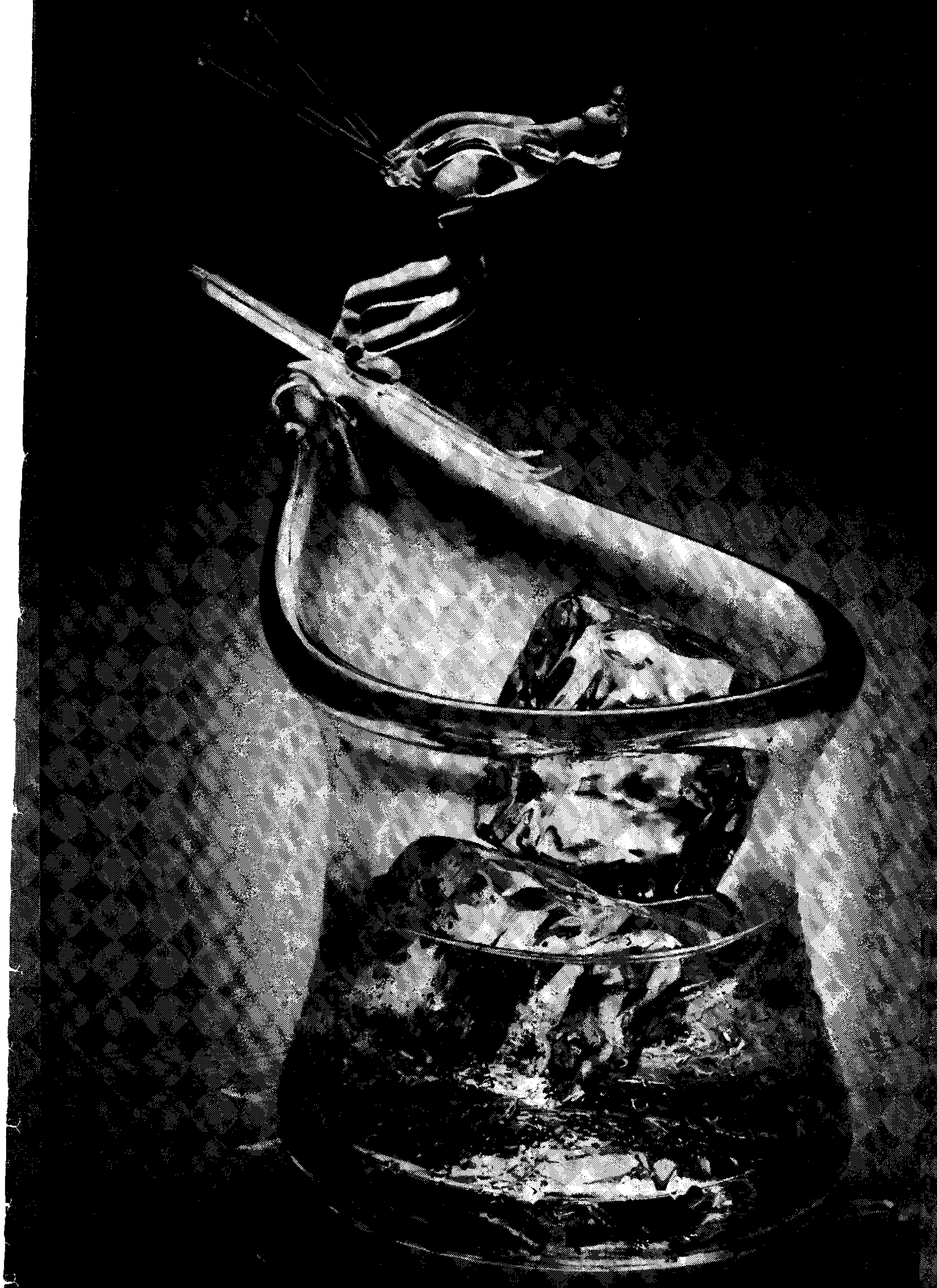

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Lockheed, who, in describing his reasons for undertaking it, stated that animal studies reporting adverse effects from exposure to microwaves had "all too often found their way into lay publications and newspapers," and added, "Unfortunately, the publication of this information within the past several years coincided with the development of our most powerful airborne radar transmitters, and considerable apprehension and misunderstanding has arisen among engineering and radar test personnel." Starting in the spring of 1954, Dr. Barron examined two hundred and twenty-six men being regularly exposed to microwave fields with power densities of up to thirteen milliwatts per square centimetre, as well as eighty-eight control subjects, who were prohibited from entering zones where the power density exceeded one and six-tenths of a milliwatt. Upon comparing the results of these examinations, Barron discovered that there were significant changes in the white-blood-cell counts of the men in the two groups, and a marked decrease in polymorphonuclear cells and a disproportionate increase in monocytes and eosinophils in the men who were more heavily exposed to radiation. These findings he described as "paradoxical and difficult to interpret." As for a high incidence of eye pathology among the men in the more heavily exposed group, Barron reported that all but one case had been determined to be unrelated to radar exposure. Dr. Barron's report noted in passing that twenty-five per cent of the radar workers experienced heating effects when they were exposed to radar of X-band frequencies; that men exposed to S-band frequencies complained of buzzing vibrations, pulsations, and tickling sensations about the head and ears; and that there were also occasional complaints of fatigue, headache, and aching eyeballs. The fact that these complaints were similar to complaints voiced more than ten years earlier by radar workers at the Naval Research Laboratory was not mentioned by Dr. Barron, who was aware of the Navy study, and either went unnoticed or was considered unimportant by other scientists attending the Mayo meeting. They were apparently more interested in Dr. Barron's conclusion that there was "no indication of increased significant pathology" among workers exposed to microwave power densities of up to thirteen milliwatts per square centimetre. In any case, after the Mayo meeting, the ten-milliwatt level that Professor Schwan had based solely on thermal considerations came to be

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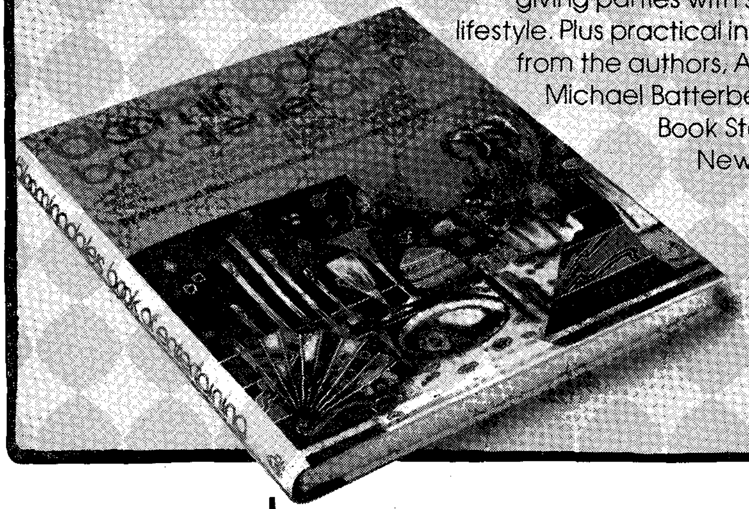

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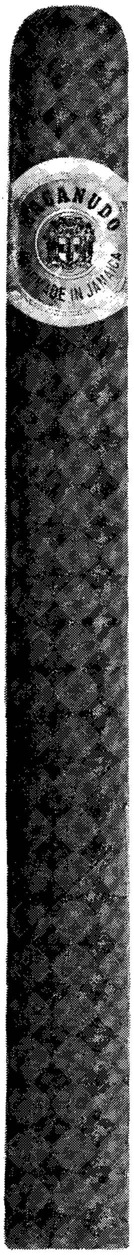

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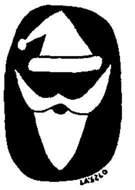
regarded as providing a safe maximum level of continuous whole-body exposure to microwave radiation, and, during 1957 and 1958, it was adopted as a tentative standard by the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and the General Electric Company.

By this time, virtually all the investigations into the biological effects of microwaves were being either conducted or financed by the Department of Defense, which had assigned the Air Force the responsibility of developing a program of coördinated research in the three branches of the armed services. This program, known as the Tri-Service Program, was in operation from 1957 until 1961, and its essential objective, as later described in testimony given at a Senate hearing by a high-ranking Air Force officer, was "to acquire, through laboratory experimentation, a basis for validating protective criteria to insure a safe radiation environment for personnel at the least possible cost to military operations." Since most of the research reported in the program's four annual conferences was undertaken with the preconceived idea that all microwave effects were thermal in nature, this objective actually entailed the acquisition of data validating the ten-milliwatt level that had already been adopted by the military as a theoretically safe level of continuous whole-body exposure to microwaves. Consequently, the vast majority of the animal experiments performed under the auspices of the Tri-Service Program used microwave exposures of more than a hundred milliwatts per square centimetre, and few studies of any kind were undertaken to determine whether low-level or non-thermal effects might exist, even though this possibility had been suggested from the outset by Professor Schwan, who had also stated his opinion that no one should undergo whole-body exposure even to ten milliwatts for more than an hour.



There were, of course, some exceptions to the general trend. One was a study conducted by scientists at the Naval Medical Research Institute, who reported that testicular damage resulting in temporary sterility could occur in test animals exposed to power densities of only five milliwatts per square centimetre. Another was an animal study conducted by Russell L. Carpenter, a professor of zoology at Tufts University, in Medford, Massachusetts, whose findings not only suggested that pulsed microwaves, such as those used in radar, might have a non-thermal effect in producing cataracts but also raised the possibility that cataracts might occur through the cumulative effect of repeated exposures to low-level microwave radiation. However, the military sponsors of the Tri-Service Program did not regard the results of these studies as raising any doubt about the validity of the arbitrary ten-milliwatt level that had been adopted. Nor, for that matter, did they so regard the findings of experimental studies by other scientists suggesting the existence of non-thermal effects upon the endocrine systems of male rats; upon the normal development of chick embryos; upon the antigenic reactivity of human gamma globulin; and upon the electrical potentials of nerve fibres of the central nervous system.

As for non-thermal, or low-level, effects upon human beings, since this aspect of the problem had been discounted to begin with, it was virtually ignored during the entire Tri-Service Program. On one occasion, though, it was treated as a joke. That happened during the third annual conference, in Berkeley, California, in 1959, when the plant physician of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, of Great Neck, New York—a division of the Sperry Rand Corporation—described the mental distress and loss of morale that had occurred in a radar plant during the Second World War after nineteen workers in a row became the fathers of girls. According to the physician, rumors began flying around the plant that a man exposed to the emanations of radar could father female children only, and these rumors were dispelled only when the senior engineer of the microwave division "came through for the company and with flying colors produced a 'bouncing' baby boy." After telling this story to illustrate "how the human mind may distort the true facts in this 'mysterious' realm of radar," the plant physician warned his colleagues that "the innate desire to spread rumors and the fear of anything relatively new and unexplored can still be a major problem in this field." He did not venture any reason for the consecutive births of the nineteen girls, however. As it happened, his company had taken great care to screen outdoor radar units at installations in the New York metropolitan area, and in other densely populated places, with wire mesh designed to reflect and disperse microwave radiation, and he offered no explanation for this, either.

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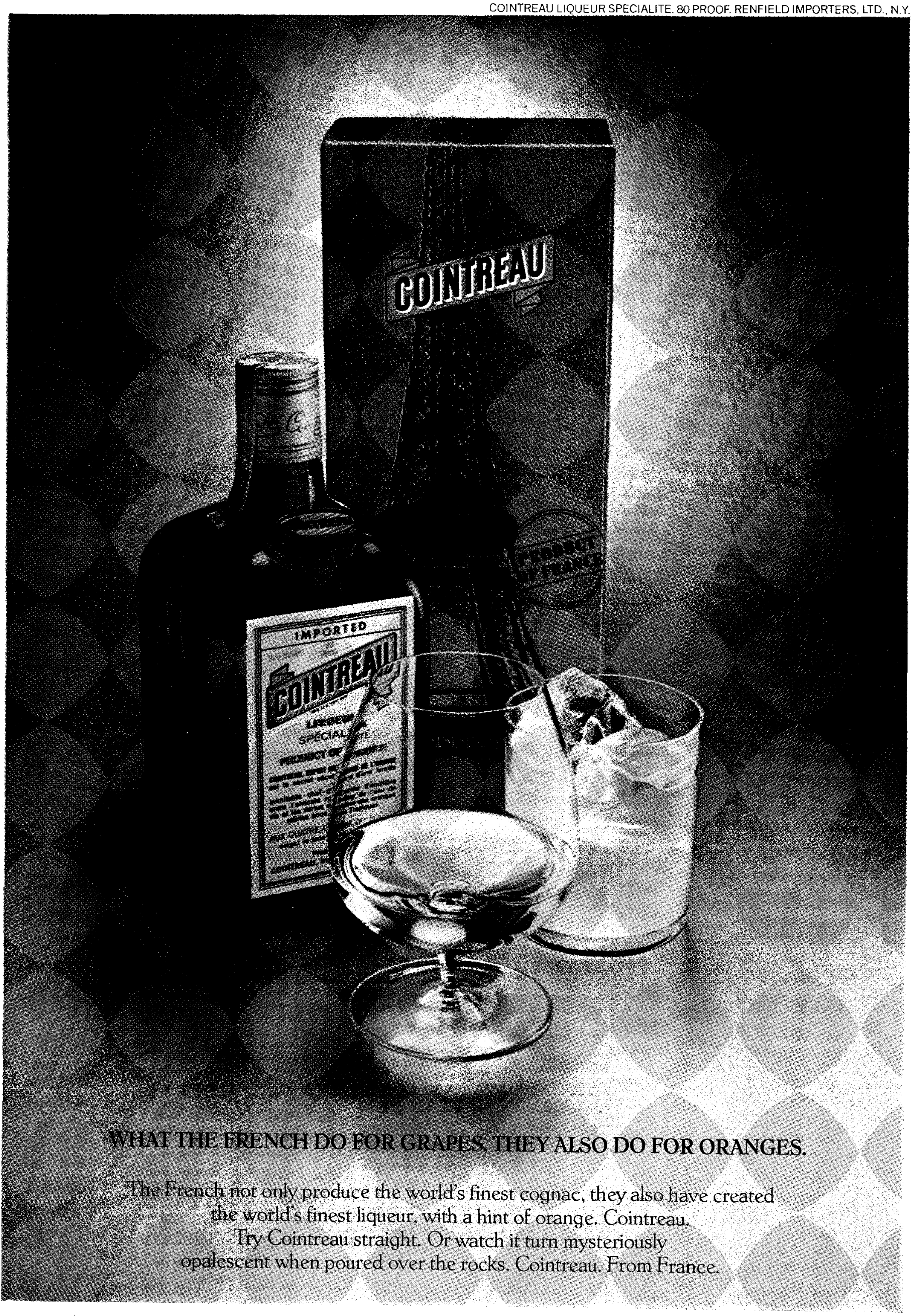
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- Displacement—183.4 cu. in.
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- Curb Weight—3515 lbs.
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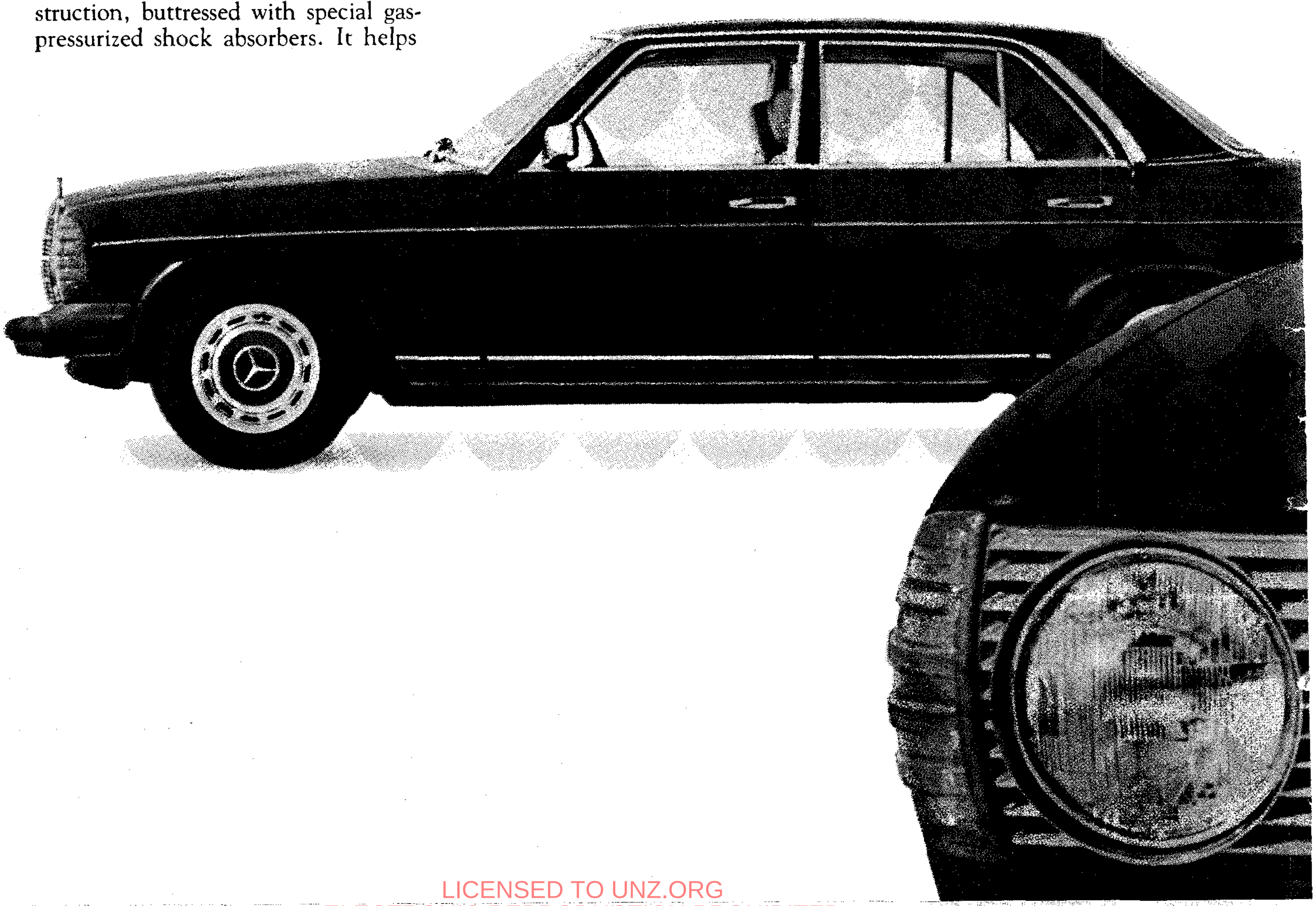

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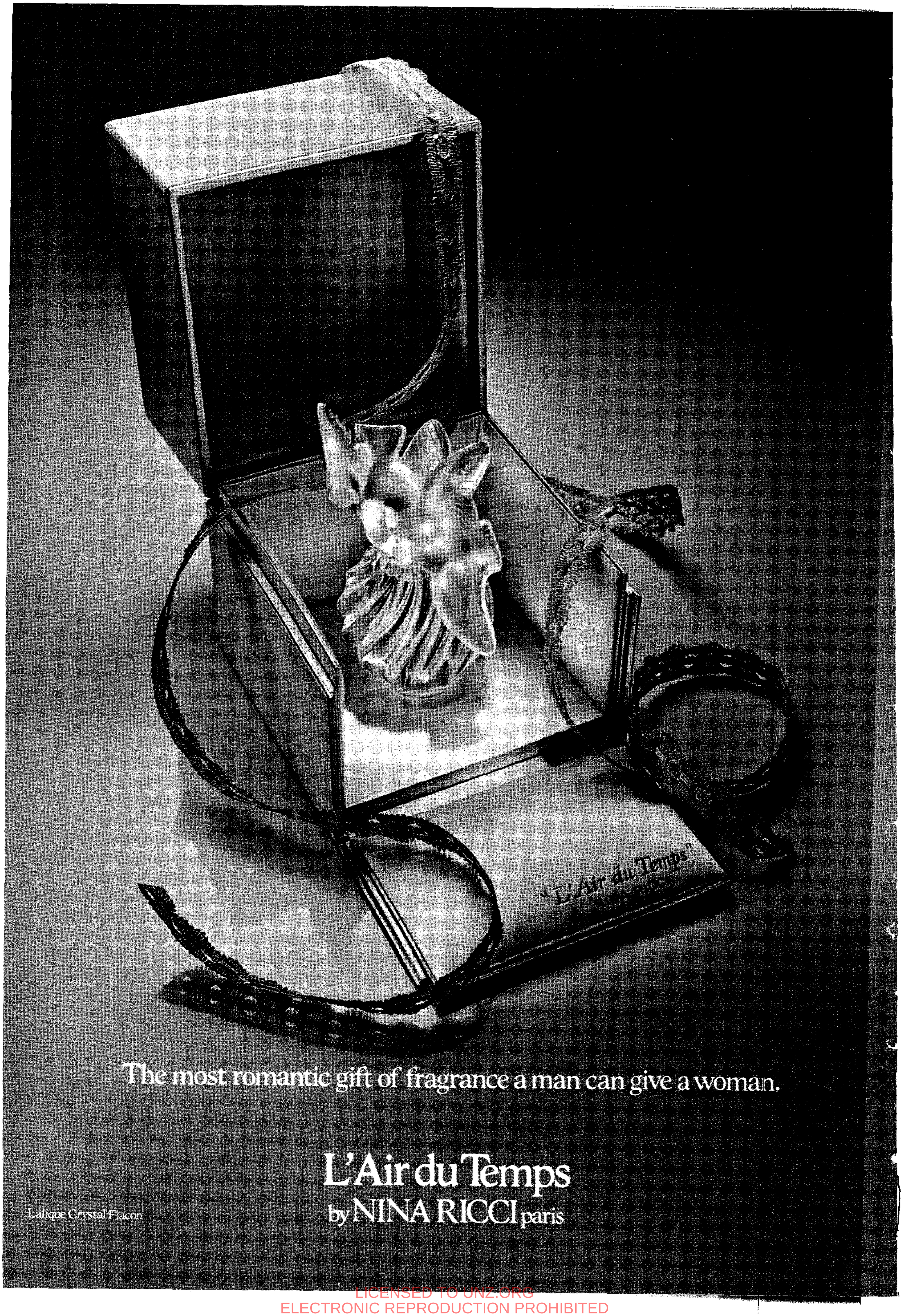
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Tri-Service conference, which was held in New York, in August of 1960, it was apparent that the military-industrial complex had developed almost complete immunity to any information that might place the ten-milliwatt level in question. By then, it was known that the power of microwave-radiating equipment, which had risen within the previous twenty years from average outputs of ten watts to almost a million watts, would soon be increased tremendously in order to meet the demands of the space age. And it was realized that the antennas of such equipment, even when they were pointed skyward, could easily leak radiation in amounts that might prove hazardous to human beings. Indeed, it was no secret that the power density of leakage from radar at some of the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System sites greatly exceeded the ten-milliwatt level, and that the Navy's fleet commanders were vigorously opposing any enforcement of the level, because average microwave exposures on the flight decks of aircraft carriers were far greater and could not be lowered without drastic curtailment of operations. It had even come to light that the Navy was extremely concerned about the danger that stray radio or radar waves might cause the premature firing of missiles or trigger the explosion of their nuclear warheads. In spite of such revelations, the ten-milliwatt standard was affirmed as being both safe and practical. During the final Tri-Service conference, its chairman, Colonel George M. Knauf, of the Air Force, declared that "this level has proven to be an operationally feasible one;" that "our research has not demonstrated a need to modify this level;" and that "there is virtually no disagreement in this country on this level as insuring a safe working environment." Colonel Knauf went on to announce that the ten-milliwatt level not only had been adopted by the fourteen member nations of Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization but also had been endorsed by the Soviet delegation to the Third International Congress on Medical Electronics, which had been held in London a few weeks earlier. According to Colonel Knauf, who had just returned from London, members of the Soviet delegation had told him that the results of their microwave studies generally concurred with those conducted under the auspices of the Tri-Service Program. To the accompaniment of such assurances, the Tri-Service era came to an end. The idea that the only hazard posed by microwave radiation was

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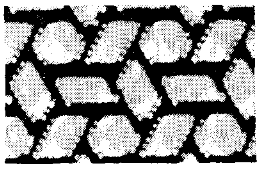

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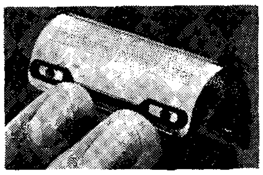

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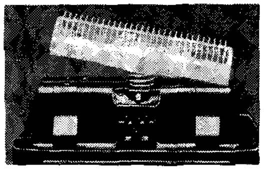

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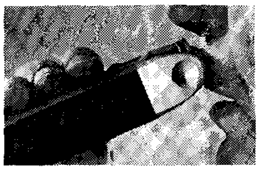

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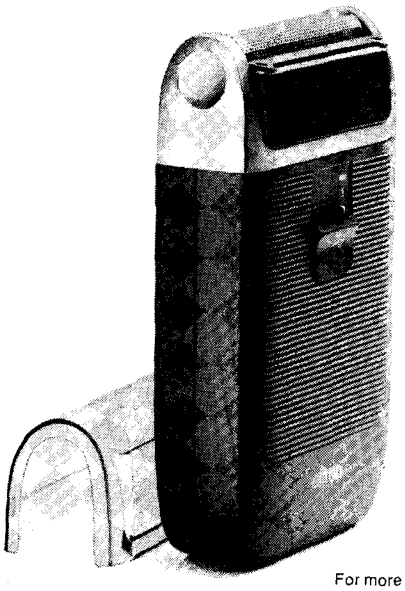

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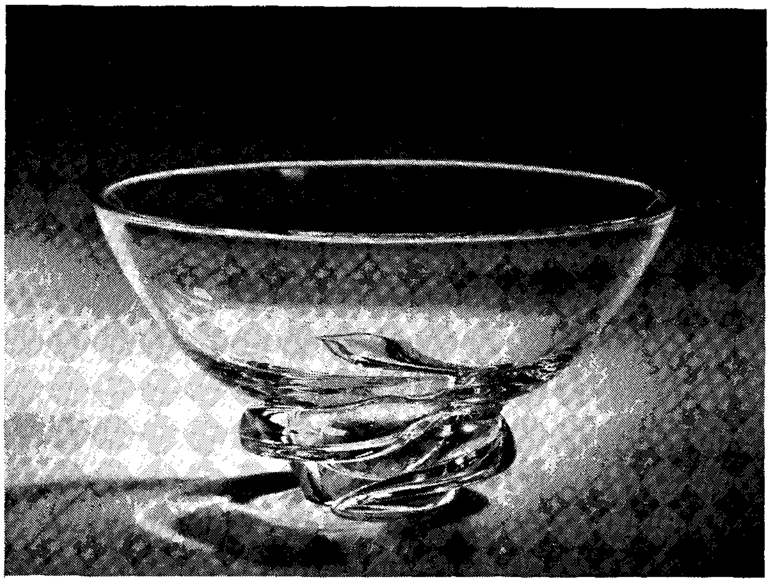

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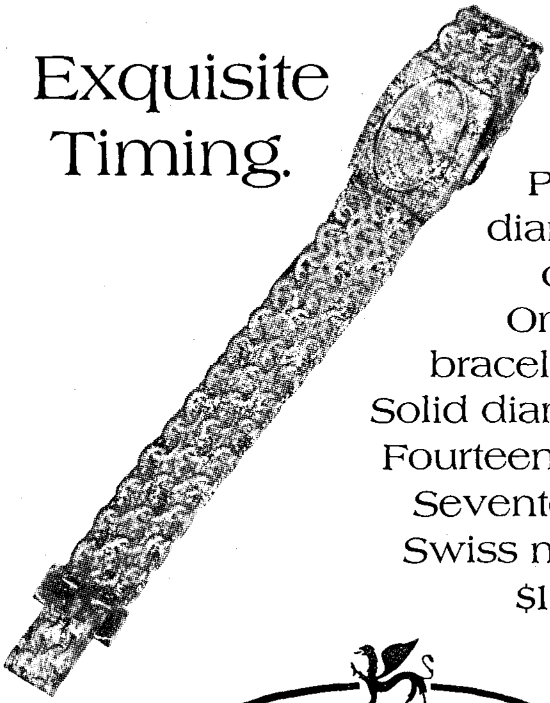

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thermal remained firmly entrenched in the minds of most American investigators; continued research into the biological effects of microwaves faltered for want of additional funding; and an air of complacency concerning the problem settled over the country for nearly a decade.

IT seems likely that during Colonel Knauf's conversation with the Russian scientists in London something was lost in translation, for soon afterward it became known that the official Soviet standard for a safe level of occupational exposure to microwave radiation was not ten milliwatts per square centimetre but, rather, one-thousandth of that amount, or ten microwatts. At first, this information was discounted as a Soviet attempt to embarrass the United States, which had been setting up radar warning systems around the world. Over the next few years, however, it became apparent that the Russians had based their standard primarily on the effects of low-level microwave radiation on the central nervous system, which they had observed in the course of many large-scale, long-term clinical investigations of workers exposed to microwaves and also from experimental animal studies. Indeed, it turned out that the Russians had recognized unusual effects of radio-frequency energy on the human central nervous system as early as 1933 and had been studying the problem ever since.

During the Second World War, Soviet scientists had taken complaints of headache, eye pain, and fatigue on the part of Russian radar workers seriously enough to conduct full-scale investigations of them, whereas in the United States similar complaints had been dismissed as "subjective symptoms." During the nineteen-fifties, extensive clinical studies of thousands of people exposed to microwave radiation were conducted by the Institutes of Labor Hygiene and Occupational Diseases of the Academy of Medical Sciences in Moscow and Leningrad, by the Gorky Institute, and by the State Institute of Physiotherapy, whereas in the United States only one such study—that of the two hundred and twenty-six radar workers at Lockheed—was undertaken. Accordingly, by the middle of the nineteen-sixties Soviet scientists had amassed a vast amount of information concerning the neurological and physiological effects of low-intensity microwave radiation on human beings, whereas their American counterparts, largely because of the bias and constraint hampering the Tri-Service Program, had for the most part content-

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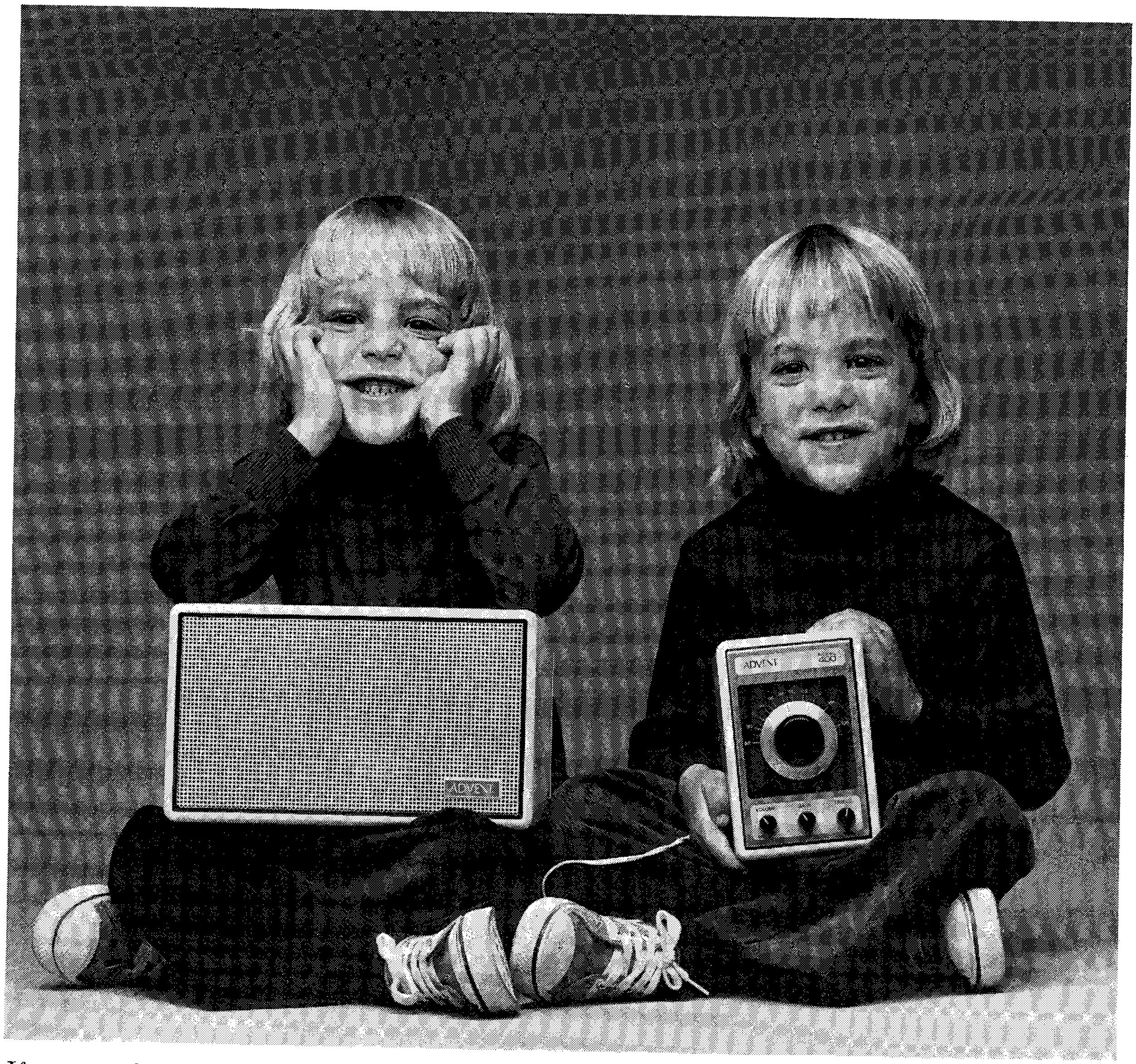

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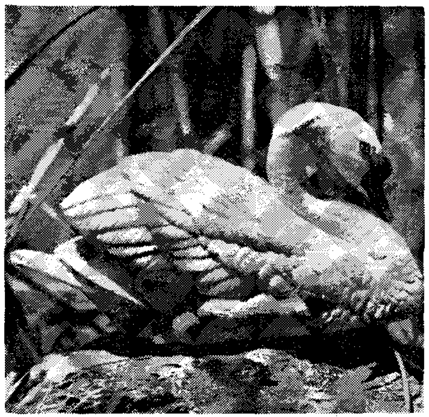

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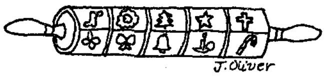
ed themselves with demonstrating the heating effects of high-level microwaves on fur-bearing test animals.

Soviet investigators found that in addition to headache, eye pain, and weariness, workers undergoing prolonged exposure to microwaves complained of dizziness, irritability, emotional instability, depression, diminished intellectual capacity, partial loss of memory, loss of hair, hypochondria, and loss of appetite. As for functional changes in the central nervous system, the Soviet investigators discovered that exposure to microwave radiation of low intensity could cause alterations in the normal rhythm of brain waves recorded in electroencephalogram patterns, and that radiation of high intensity could provoke hallucinations and other perceptual changes. During electrocardiographic examinations of microwave workers, they noted numerous changes in cardiovascular functions, including bradycardia—slowing of the heart rate. They also noted changes in blood pressure. These discoveries caused some of them to recommend that people with cardiovascular abnormalities be excluded from work involving exposure to radio-frequency energy. The investigators found changes in the protein composition of the blood of Soviet microwave workers, and shifts in white-blood-cell counts similar to those that had been observed in the blood of the Lockheed workers but dismissed as uninterpretable. In addition to ocular pain, eye strain, and eyelid tremor, they found that some workers exposed to low-intensity microwave radiation had little perception of the color blue and had difficulty in seeing white objects, and that other workers had developed cataracts after exposure to higher power densities. The Soviet investigators also turned up a great number of endocrine responses to radio-frequency radiation, including increased thyroid activity, slight enlargement of the thyroid gland, sterility, and decreased lactation in nursing mothers. Moreover, they claimed to have found that an unusually high number of female children were being fathered by microwave workers.



When news of the Soviet findings reached the United States, it did not cause uneasiness or provide impetus for new research into the biological effects of microwaves but, instead, was generally greeted with skepticism by the scientific and medical community and with suspicion by the military-industrial complex. There were many reasons for these reactions. To begin with, there had always been profound traditional differences in scientific approach between American and Soviet biologists. The Soviet biologists had been greatly influenced by the theories of the Nobel Prize-winning physiologist Ivan Petrovich Pavlov concerning the fundamental controlling role of the central nervous system in the entire human organism. As a result, they tended to look for microwave effects in the modification of nervous-system function. American scientists, by contrast, had always tended to be skeptical of behavioral data and to trust only those effects which could be observed, quantified, and then duplicated in experimental studies. As a result, they tended to regard as hearsay Soviet conclusions that appeared to be based largely on examinations of workers who had been exposed to microwave radiation. Another reason for rejecting the Soviet findings was that translations of the Russian experiments were often grossly inaccurate. Still another was that many of the reports of the experiments lacked the kind of detailed information on how they were conducted which American investigators considered necessary in order to evaluate and duplicate them. Above all, however, was the fact that, having assumed to begin with that the only possible biological effect of microwaves was the heating of tissue, American biologists were still hopelessly mired in the tradition and orthodoxy of the thermal theory.

As for the military, since microwaves were indispensable to virtually all the nation's offensive and defensive weapons systems, any objective evaluation of microwave hazards on its part was bound to be, as it had been for nearly fifteen years, a casualty of the Cold War. That is to say, for reasons they perceived to be of national security military people felt obliged to protect the ten-milliwatt level at all costs and to ignore, deny, or, if worst came to worst, suppress any information about adverse effects of low-intensity microwave radiation. In 1962, however, a bizarre discovery at the United States Embassy in Moscow threw the Department of Defense and the various agencies of the intelligence community into confusion over the possible neurological and behavioral effects of microwaves. At that time, security experts who were conducting an electronic sweep of the Embassy to detect hidden listening devices found that the Russians were beaming low-intensity microwave radiation into it from a building across the street. (Searches of the Embassy had been going on peri-

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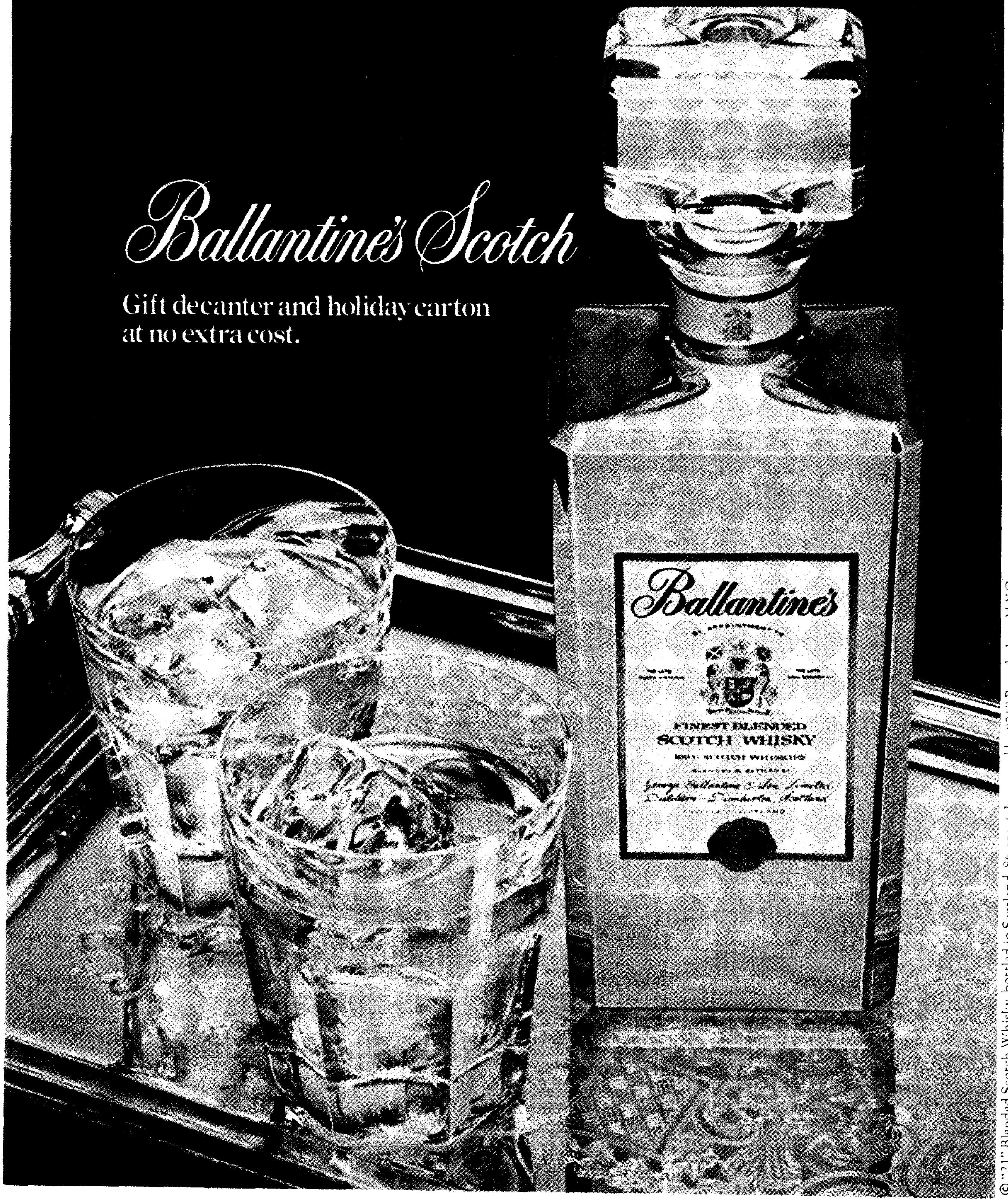
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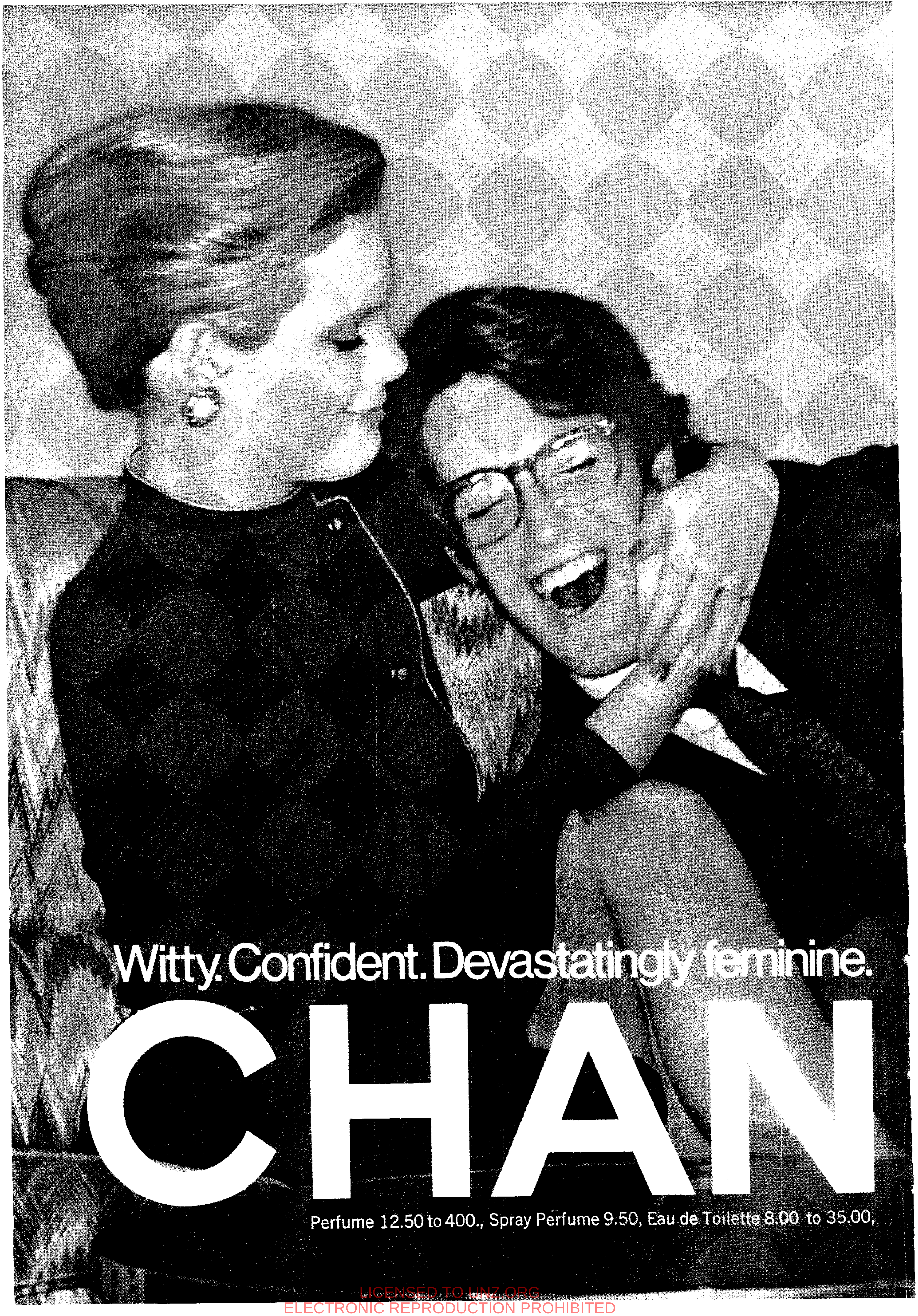
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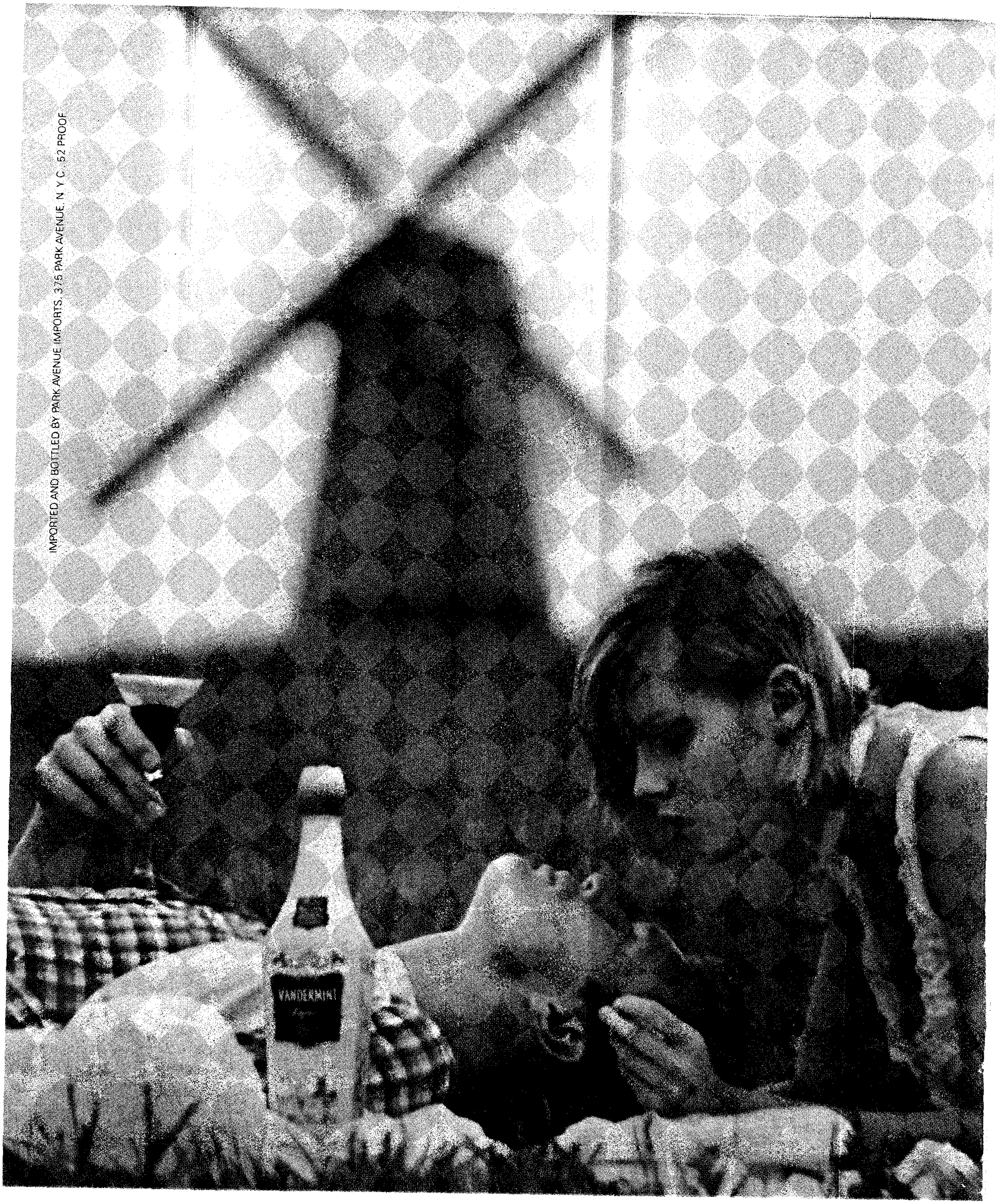
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odically since 1952, when security people discovered that the carved wooden Great Seal of the United States, which the Russians had presented to Ambassador Averell Harriman at the end of the Second World War, had been bugged; indeed, it was this same eagle that Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge had displayed before the Security Council of the United Nations on May 26, 1960, on the occasion of his famous speech concerning Soviet perfidy.) At first, it was believed that the microwaves being beamed into the Embassy had something to do with the normal eavesdropping operations that virtually all nations conduct against one another. It was soon realized, however, that the Russians were using multiple frequencies and widely fluctuating microwave beams with highly irregular patterns, which did not appear to be applicable to intelligence gathering. As time went on, the motive for the Soviet microwave bombardment of the Embassy became the subject of intense scrutiny by various American intelligence agencies, including the Central Intelligence Agency, whose officials had become belatedly aware of, and concerned about, the vast amount of research that the Russians had conducted on the effects of microwaves upon human behavior. For the usual security reasons, this scrutiny was carried on with the utmost secrecy, and cloaked in the usual euphemisms. The microwave beams being directed at the Embassy were referred to as the Moscow Signal; the investigation of them was dubbed Operation Pandora; and information about it was parcelled out on a strict "need to know" basis, which, as it turned out, excluded most of the State Department employees at the Embassy who were being irradiated. C.I.A. agents interviewed scientists who they knew were involved in microwave research, asking them such questions as whether it was reasonable to believe that microwaves beamed at human beings from a distance could affect the brain and alter behavior. In the autumn of 1965, the Institute for Defense Analyses—a think-tank outfit that does work for the Department of Defense—convened a special task force to assess the problem, and studies were undertaken to duplicate some of the Russian experiments showing that microwaves affected the central nervous system of test animals. In addition, the Advanced Research Projects Agency—a highly secret organization within the Department of Defense, which was engaged in developing a wide variety of electromagnetic weaponry, including electronic sensors and other devices that

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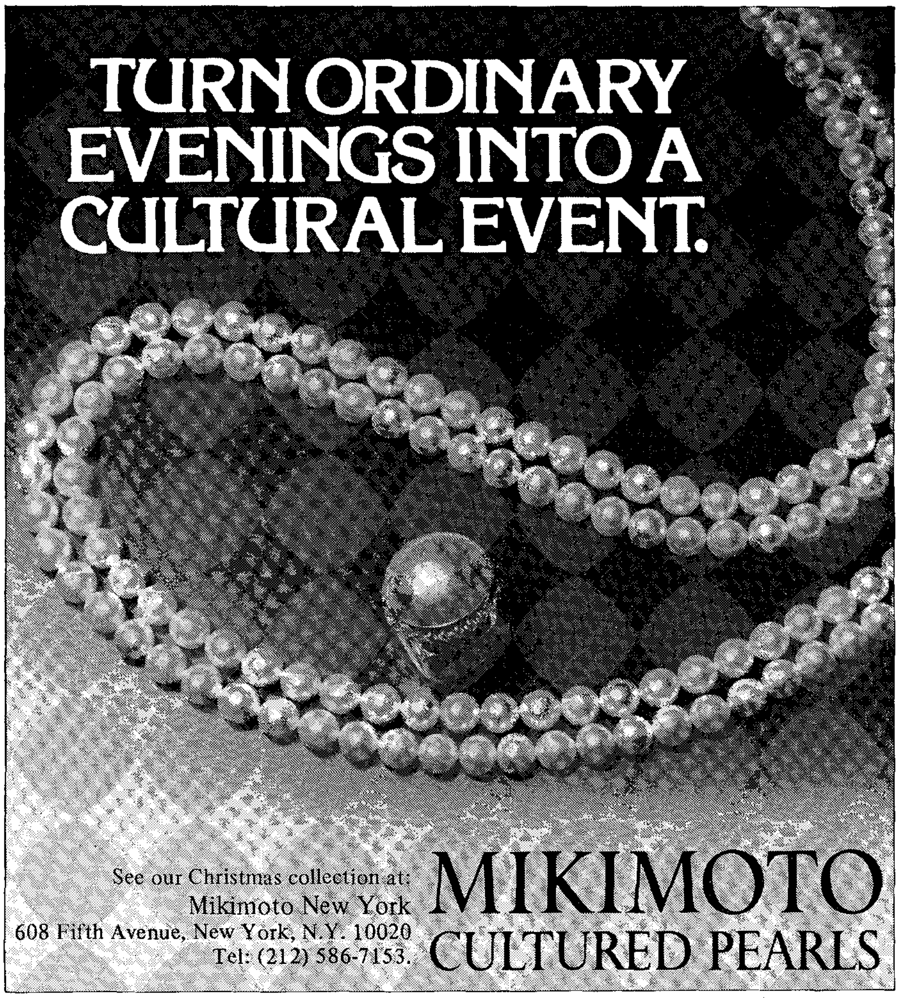
were designed to detect enemy movement on the Ho Chi Minh Trail and elsewhere in Vietnam—set up a special laboratory at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research, in Washington, D.C., where, over a number of years, experiments were conducted in which rhesus monkeys were irradiated with microwaves at power densities and frequencies similar to those of the Moscow Signal. Although the results of these experiments are said to have been inconclusive, they remain unknown, for the Department of Defense still classifies them as secret. It is known, however, that similar studies undertaken since have clearly demonstrated that microwaves can exert a profound effect upon the central nervous system and the behavior of rhesus monkeys and other primates. It has also been reported that at the summit meeting in Glassboro, New Jersey, in June of 1967, President Lyndon Johnson asked Premier Aleksei N. Kosygin to call a halt to the irradiation of the Embassy in Moscow.

As it happened, during that same month the first of several bills providing that electronic products be designed and manufactured so as not to emit radiation endangering the public health and safety was introduced in Congress. The proposed legislation came about as a result of public disclosure by the General Electric Company that it was recalling ninety thousand color television sets whose shunt-regulator tubes were found to be emitting X-rays in excessive amounts. Initially, therefore, Congress was concerned with the hazard of ionizing radiation given off by TV sets, by medical X-ray machines, and by artificial radioactive materials used in industry. However, by the time the Senate Commerce Committee got around to holding hearings on the problem, in May of 1968, the measures had been expanded to include non-ionizing radiation as well.

As might be expected, none of the testimony presented at the hearings gave the senators any inkling that the Defense Department and the C.I.A. were gravely concerned about the possibility that low-intensity microwave radiation could affect human behavior. On the contrary, the Defense Department sent over two high-ranking officials from its Defense Research and Engineering branch, plus a high-ranking medical officer from each branch of the armed forces, to assure the senators that military-sponsored research into the biological effects of microwaves had been adequate, that the ten-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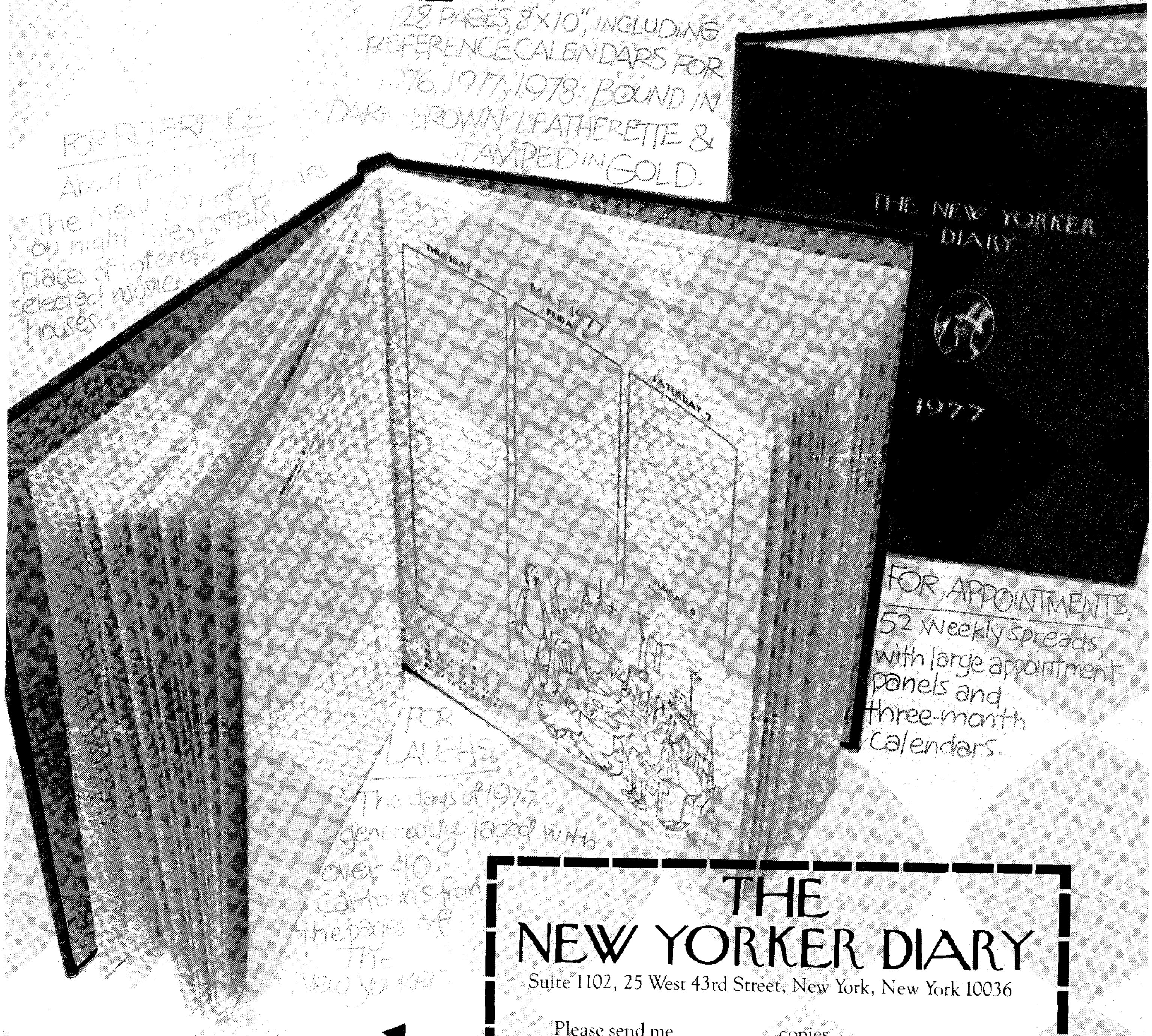
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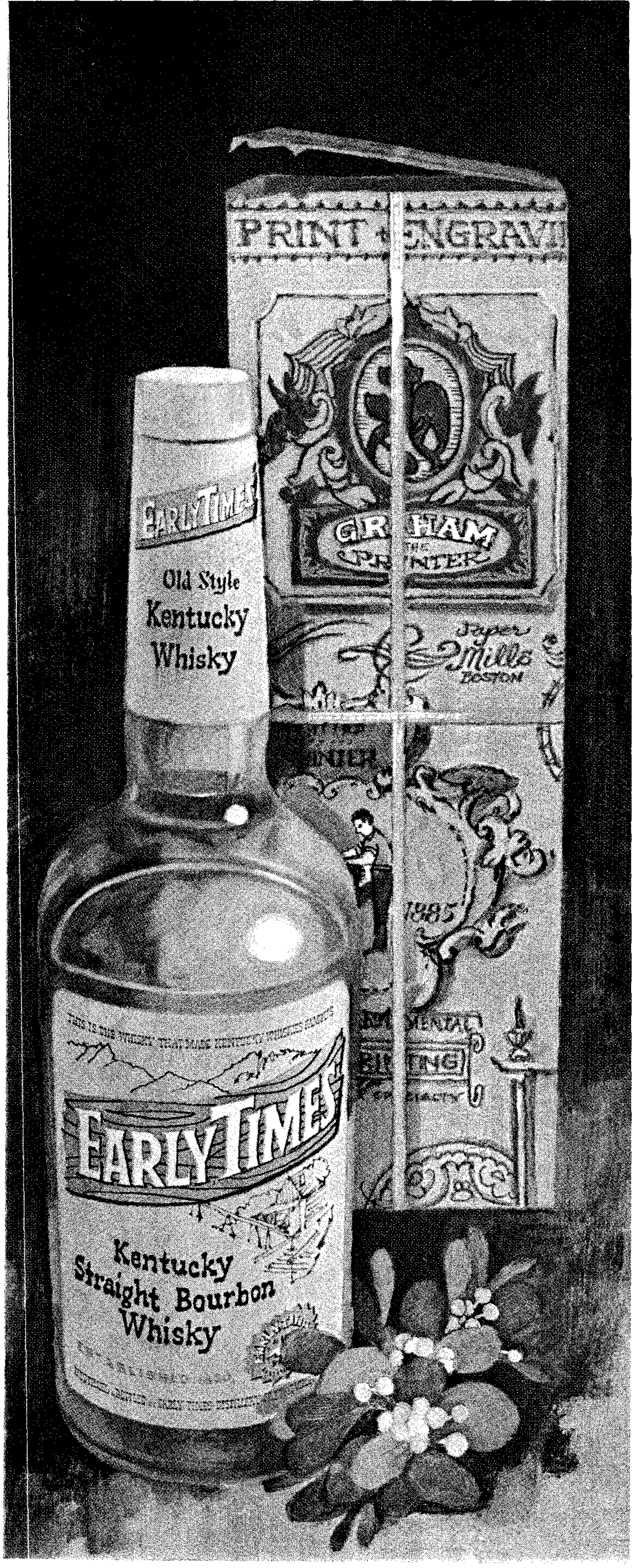
milliwatt level was safe, and that nobody in the Army, the Navy, or the Air Force was being exposed to hazardous amounts of microwave radiation. (Apparently, no one in the Defense Department had given much thought to the voluminous Soviet literature on the low-level effects of microwaves, or, for that matter, to a medical bulletin issued by the Air Force in December of 1965 which, under the heading "Unexplained Response of Man to Radar," stated that "epigastric distress and/or nausea may occasionally occur at as low as five to ten milliwatts per square centimetre.") As for the Soviet findings, the only witness in five days of hearings to address this subject directly was Professor Charles Susskind, of the Department of Electrical Engineering of the University of California at Berkeley, who told the committee that American investigators had scarcely bothered to look for non-thermal effects of microwaves. After observing, "We cannot very well dismiss a whole body of scientific literature just because it is Russian," Professor Susskind urged that the Soviet experiments be duplicated in order that they might be corroborated or disproved. He also said, "Although ionizing radiation seems to loom larger as a hazard, it would not surprise me in the least if non-ionizing radiation were ultimately to prove a bigger and more vexing problem."

While most of the testimony given at the hearings supported the ten-milliwatt level, there was some testimony that cast doubt upon it and reflected the confusion and uncertainty surrounding the whole problem of exposure to microwaves. Perhaps the most surprising source of such testimony was Professor Schwan, who not only had proposed the ten-milliwatt level to begin with but also had been chairman of the Sectional Committee on Radiofrequency Radiation of the American Standards Association—a private organization largely funded by industry and the government, and now called the American National Standards Institute—which in 1966 had recommended that it be adopted as an official standard. Professor Schwan told the committee that much more research would be needed to determine whether long-term exposure to low-intensity microwave radiation was harmful; whether a level of exposure that was safe for adults would turn out to be safe for children; whether microwaves could interact with tissue on a molecular or microscopic level; and whether microwaves could cause genetic damage or impairment of nervous-system function. Professor Schwan went on to point out that investigators who tried to acquire information about microwave injuries were encountering difficulties from employers, and he deplored a tendency on the part of the military and of industry "to dismiss the possibilities of microwave-induced damage in order to avoid legal and compensation problems." After defending the ten-milliwatt standard as "the best we can formulate on the basis of presently available knowledge," he admitted that it had been "crudely set" and "badly needs refinement." According to Professor Schwan, the ten-milliwatt level had not been formulated with any regard to frequency, yet there was "good scientific reason to believe that the standard ought to be frequency related, since the lower-frequency radiation penetrates much deeper in the body and can heat it more effectively than higher frequencies." He also pointed out that the standard "becomes practically meaningless in the presence of complex field configurations"—highly irregular and unpredictable wave intensities that often occur in close proximity to microwave-generating equipment—and so it could not be safely applied to microwave ovens. About the specific hazards of the ovens, Professor Schwan had this to say: "If microwave ovens should become very popular, which may be quite possible, and if there occurs a leak in a microwave oven and if a housewife happens to be standing in front of that leak accidentally, then she could be hit by a severe dose of microwaves. And if the oven is placed so that the radiation hits her face, she may be blinded."

This statement by Professor Schwan had a considerable impact on the members of the Senate Commerce Committee, for surveys of microwave ovens made in two states and the District of Columbia had shown that even when their doors were shut, anywhere from a sixth to a quarter of them leaked radiation in excess of the ten-milliwatt level, though this had been adopted as a voluntary performance standard by all microwave-oven manufacturers, and that, of thirty ovens delivered to the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, twenty-four had to be rejected because they were leaking radiation up to twenty milliwatts per square centimetre. Indeed, the Senate hearings marked the beginning of a long and bitter controversy over the safety of microwave ovens, which still continues. In a statement submitted for the record, the Raytheon Company—then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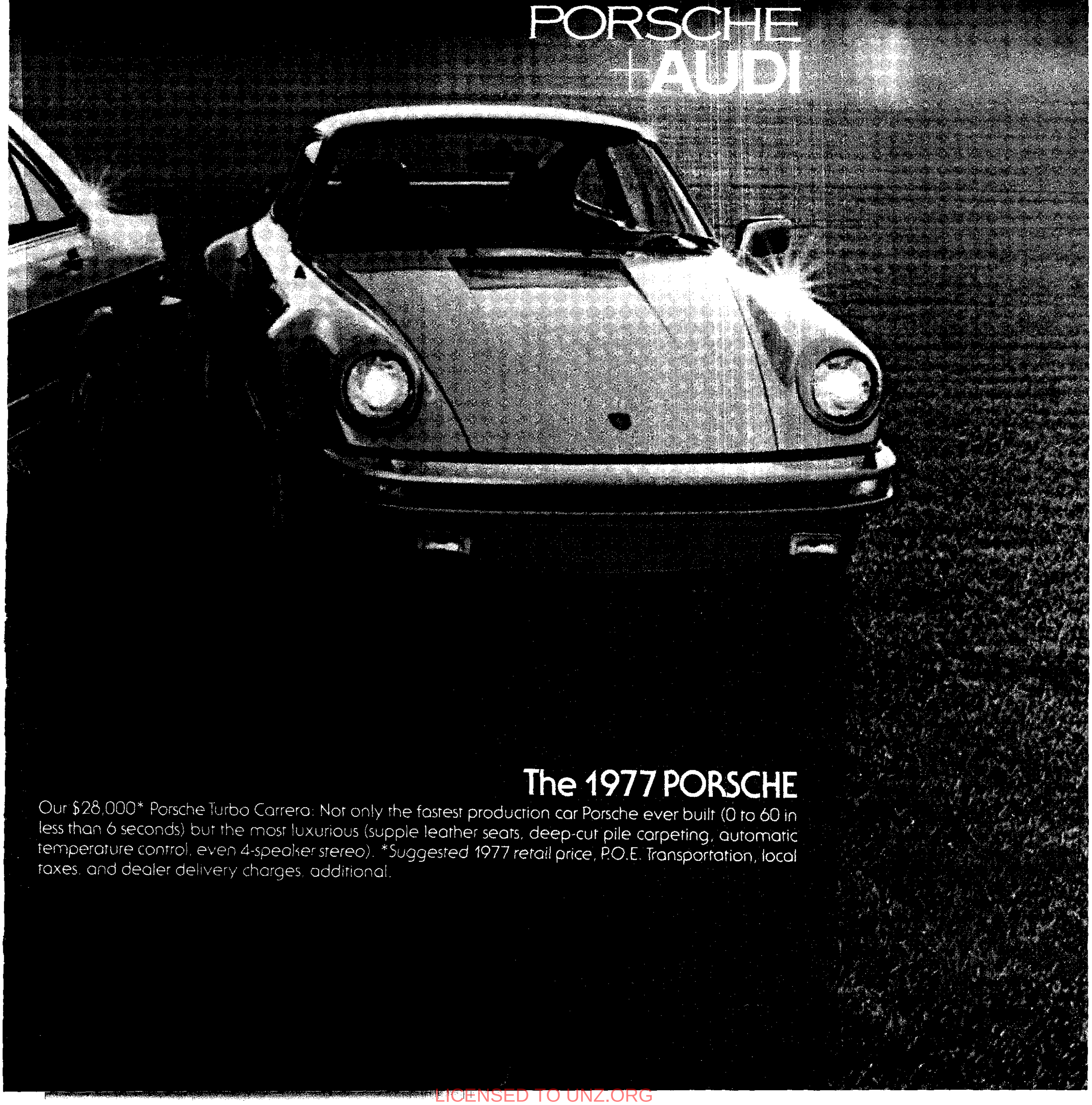

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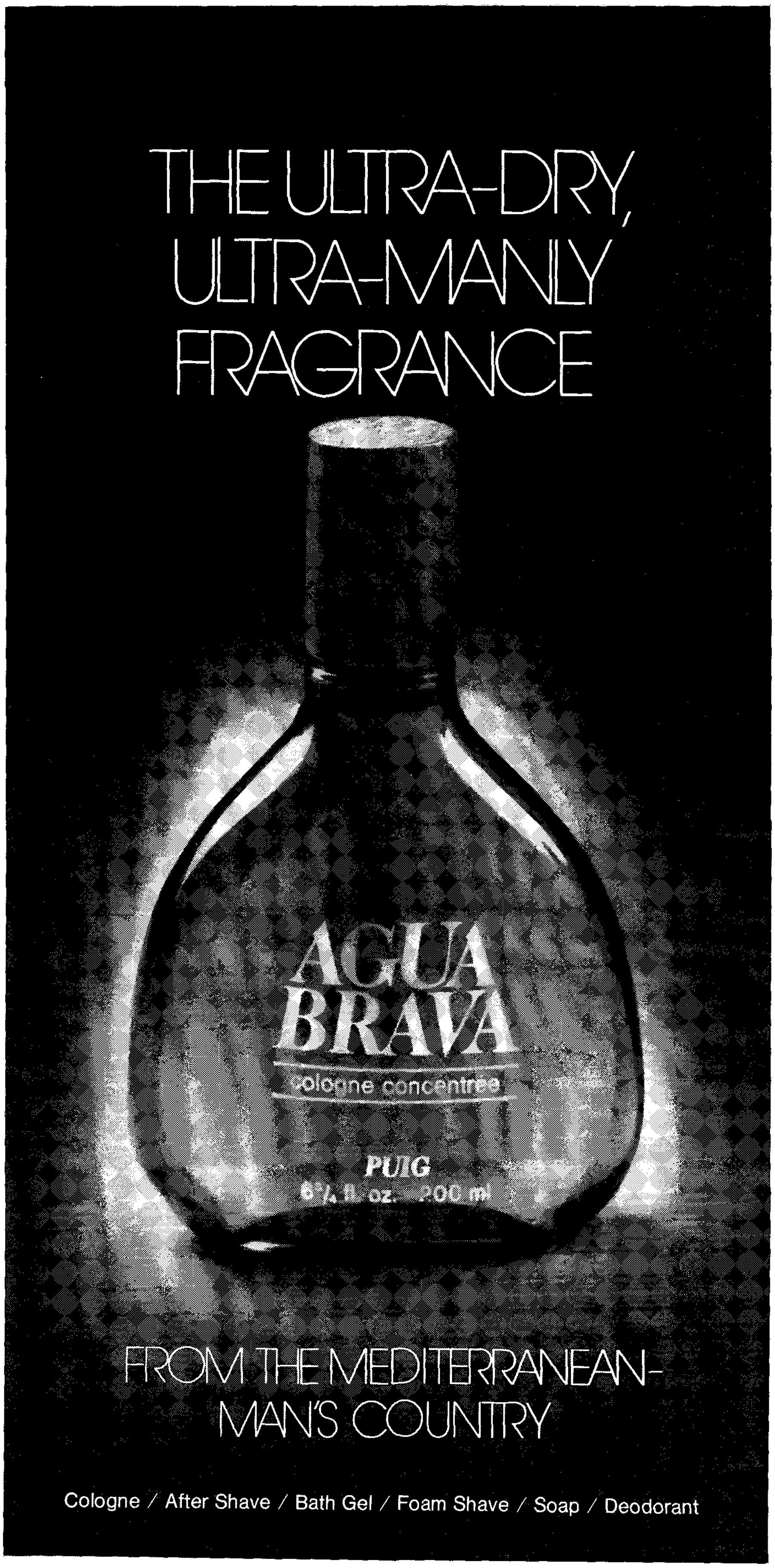
the nation's largest manufacturer of domestic and commercial microwave ovens—assured the committee that microwave leakage from its ovens was substantially less than ten milliwatts per square centimetre, and that, in any case, unlike X-rays, microwaves did not have a cumulative effect. On the other hand, Professor Carpenter, of Tufts University, wrote the committee, "We have clearly demonstrated a cumulative harmful effect of microwave radiation on the eye, so that single exposures to radiation which are not of themselves harmful may become truly hazardous if they are repeated sufficiently often."

Faced with testimony that was inconclusive, incomplete, and often contradictory, Congress, not surprisingly, threw up its hands over the enormously complex and long-neglected problem of exposure to microwave radiation and passed the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act of 1968. Basically, the act authorized the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to establish a broad program to coördinate, conduct, and support research on radiation hazards, and to develop and administer performance standards that would minimize unnecessary emissions of X-rays and other radiation from electronic products. However, it contained no provision whatever for the development and promulgation of standards governing the actual exposure of not only consumers but the general population to microwaves and other non-ionizing radiation. Nor did it give anyone any statutory authority to develop emission standards for electronic equipment under the control of the federal government, though the government was then (as it is now) far and away the largest single user of microwave devices in the United States. The extent to which Congress's hands were tied in this regard was clearly stated in a letter sent on June 5, 1968, to Senator Warren G. Magnuson, chairman of the Commerce Committee, by the acting general counsel for the Department of Defense:

> It is understood, however, that the development of product standards to protect the public health will not necessarily preclude the use of devices, e.g., radars, communications transmitters, etc., which are designed to intentionally emit large quantities of radiation. The use of such devices is often essential to meet requirements of the national defense. It is anticipated that in developing standards, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare will give consideration to the use and purpose of these devices and will consult with other federal agencies on the development of standards which could have such an effect on these devices. Moreover, if standards are developed that do have an effect on the oper-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ation of devices essential to the national defense it is understood that this will be a matter subject to exemption under section 360 (A) (b).

After the 1968 act was passed, the Environmental Control Administration's Bureau of Radiological Health was given responsibility for administering its provisions, and dutifully set out to establish performance standards for television sets, microwave ovens, certain kinds of electron tubes used in schoolrooms, and diagnostic X-ray equipment. The work was necessary, of course, but it hardly began to deal with the real dimensions of the microwave problem. This had been described for the Commerce Committee by James G. Terrill, Jr., director of the National Center for Radiological Health, who had testified at the outset of the hearings that as a result of the widespread use of microwave generators for military purposes, radio navigation, tracking, communications, food ovens, and various industrial processes, the entire population of the United States was subject to some microwave exposure, and that the number of persons exposed to excessive levels of microwave radiation was unknown. Indeed, the Radiation Control for Health and Safety Act, with its narrow focus and its many limitations, amounted to little more than a license for continuing the vast proliferation of microwave devices that, having gone on unabated since the Second World War, had brought about this very situation.

ONE of the most significant contributions of the Bureau of Radiological Health in carrying out the provisions of the 1968 act was to propose a three-day symposium on the Biological Effects and Health Implications of Microwave Radiation. Sponsored by the Medical College of Virginia, the symposium was held in Richmond in September of 1969, and it marked the first time since the final Tri-Service conference, in 1960, that leading microwave scientists had gathered to discuss their work. As might be expected, there was plenty to catch up on, for in the nine-year interval the notion that the only serious hazard posed by microwave radiation was thermal had been seriously challenged both here and abroad, and the need for additional research had become apparent.

Practically everyone who attended the Richmond symposium agreed in principle that studies should be undertaken to determine whether biological damage could occur from the effects of microwave radiation at the cellular or molecular level; whether the bio-

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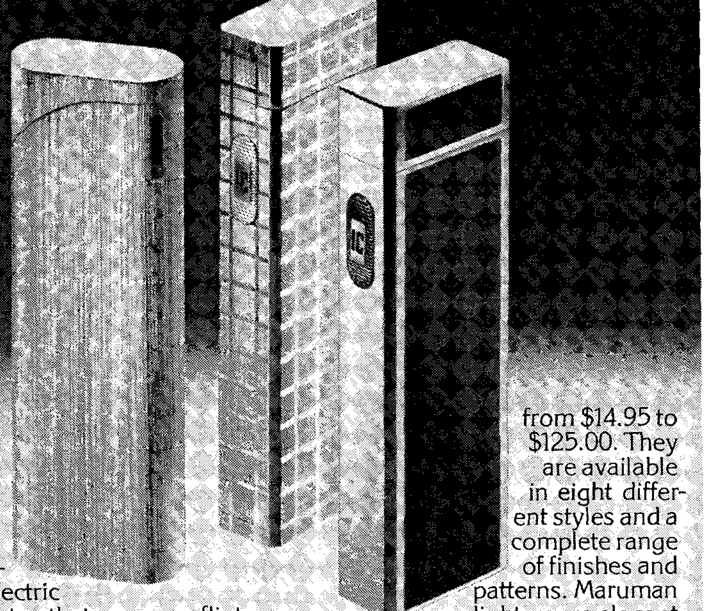

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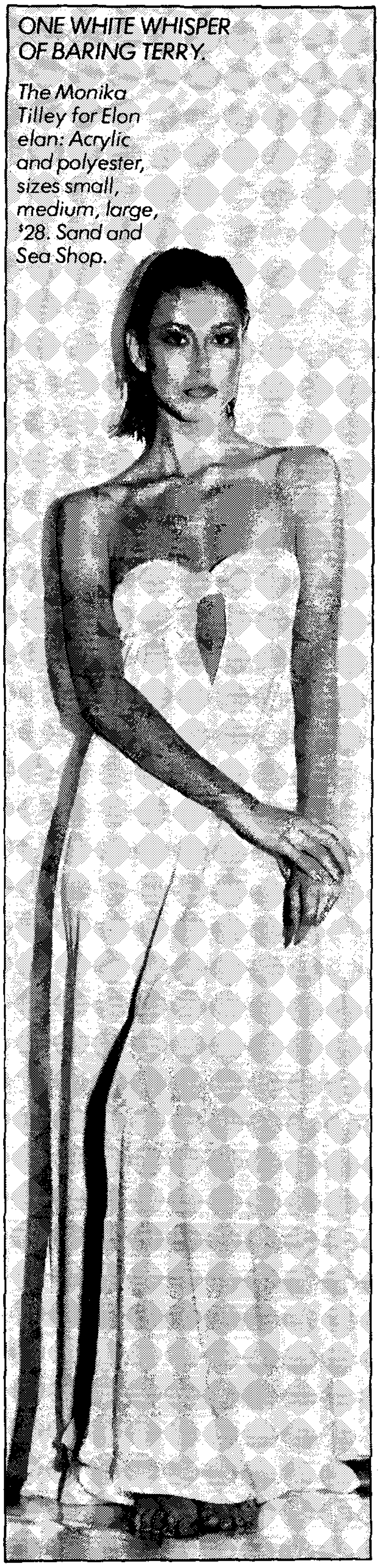

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logical effects of microwaves were cumulative; whether microwaves could influence the central nervous system and alter the behavior of human beings; and whether they could cause genetic damage. In some ways, therefore, the symposium marked a long-overdue turning point in the general attitude of American scientists toward microwave research. In other ways, however, it marked a drawing up of battle lines between scientists who tended to discount the possibility of nonthermal, or low-level, effects—in some cases, apparently, because their research was being financed by the military or by the microwave industry—and scientists who, no matter who was financing their work, believed that the possibility of such effects should be thoroughly investigated. To a great extent, the symposium also reflected a continuation of the ambivalence and uncertainty that had always characterized the efforts of scientists to come to grips with the biological problems posed by radio-frequency energy. This ambivalence was nowhere more apparent than in the attitudes expressed toward the Soviet literature on microwave effects—attitudes that ranged from outright dismissal of the Soviet findings, through doubts about the methodology employed to arrive at them, to a plea by one scientist who, after reminding his listeners that Soviet work on the low-level effects of X-rays and other ionizing radiation had first been ridiculed and then acknowledged as accurate by American investigators, urged them to "accept your Russian colleagues as co-equal scientists of integrity" and to use the Russian findings as a lead in conducting further research.

Although no Soviet scientists were able to accept an invitation to the Richmond symposium, Dr. Karel Marha, director of the department of high frequency of the Institute of Industrial Hygiene and Occupational Diseases in Prague, was on hand to describe research that had been undertaken in Czechoslovakia. According to Dr. Marha, investigators from his department had visited some two hundred workplaces—including factories where microwave devices were manufactured, radio and television stations, and radar centers—and had found a wide variety of neurological problems among the people who were employed in them. "Typical symptoms are pains in the head and eyes and fatigue connected with overall weakness, dizziness, and vertigo when standing for a long period," Dr. Marha told the symposium. "Sleep at night is restive and superficial, and there is sleepiness during the day. Exposed individuals are subject to changing moods; they often become irritated to the point of becoming intolerable. Hypochondriac reactions are manifested along with feelings of fear. Sometimes those affected feel nervous tension, or, on the contrary, mental depression connected with inhibition of intellectual functions—mainly decreased memory. The afflicted workers complain of a feeling of strain in the skin of the head and forehead; their hair falls out; they complain of pains in the muscles and in the heart region connected with irregular heart beating and breathlessness."

According to Dr. Marha, Czechoslovak investigators had found that some of these effects could be induced at power densities as low as one-tenth of a milliwatt per square centimetre—a hundred times less than the American standard. He went on to explain that because the effects of repeated irradiation were thought to be cumulative, and because large variations had been found in the sensitivities of different people, the Czechoslovak standard for exposure to microwaves incorporated a safety factor of ten, and was thus similar to the standard that was in force in the Soviet Union. He also declared that pregnant women were specifically prohibited from working in areas where these levels were exceeded. When asked how limiting microwave radiation to intensities that precluded the smallest possible effect by a safety factor of ten could conceivably be justified, Dr. Marha gave a reply that epitomized the profound difference in thinking and approach between scientists in the countries of Eastern Europe and those in the United States. "Our standard is not only to prevent damage but to avoid discomfort in people," he said.

In emphasizing the human factor, Dr. Marha put his finger on a strange deficiency in the microwave research that had been carried on in this country. For more than twenty years, countless dogs, cats, rabbits, rats, and other test animals had been irradiated (or zapped, as some American scientists are fond of saying) with microwaves of various frequencies and power densities in order to induce cataracts, sterility, or sleep, or to produce fever, brain damage, or death. All this experimental work had, of course, been performed with the idea of ultimately determining a safe level of exposure for human beings. Yet, curiously, except for a study limited to the ophthalmological effects for the first one-year subscription (your own or gift)

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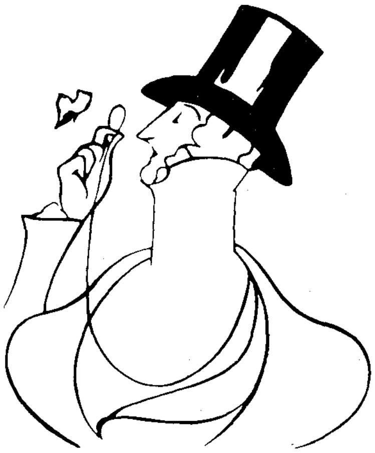

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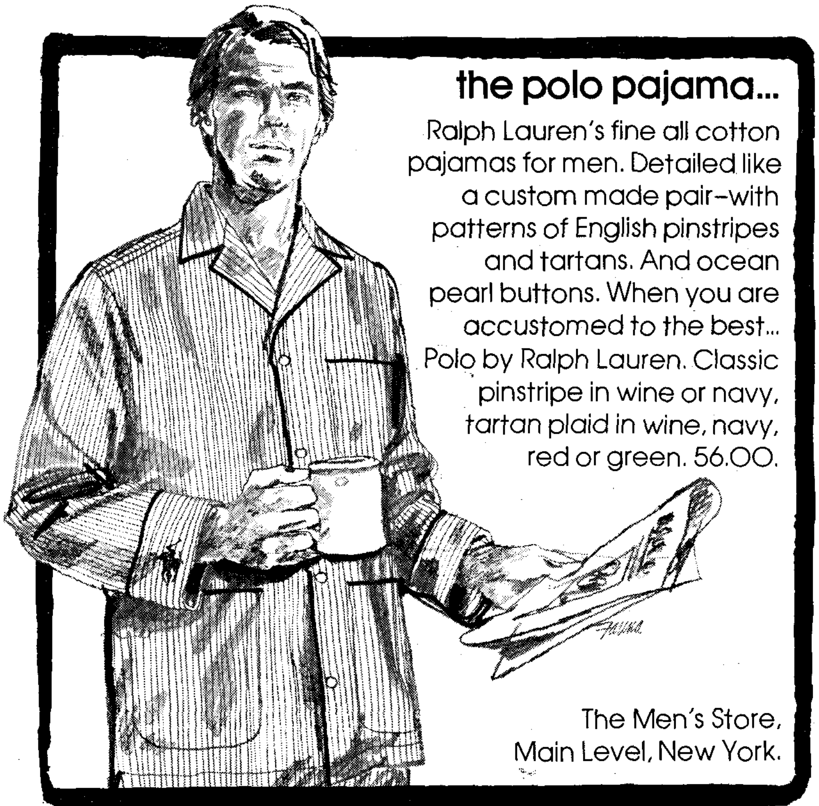

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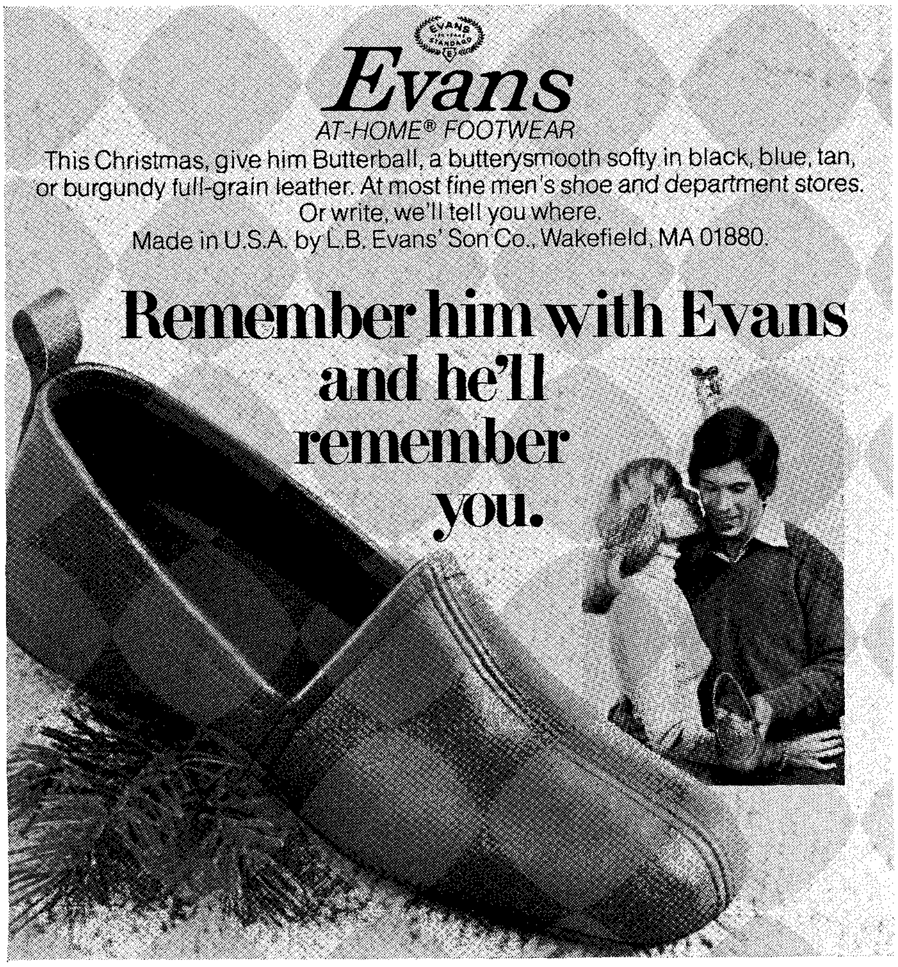

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of microwaves, no broad survey had ever been undertaken in the United States to determine the health experience of radar workers and other people who had been exposed to microwaves over long periods. In short, during the whole of these two decades—a time in which there had been an incredible drive to exploit the commercial and military importance and uses of microwaves—the actual biological effects of microwaves on human beings had been virtually ignored by all but a few of the researchers who were investigating the problem.

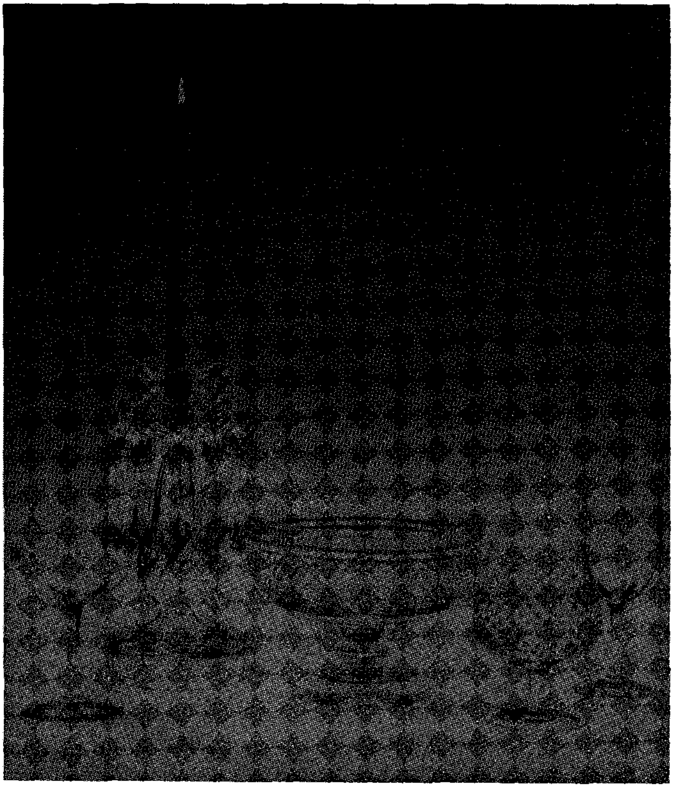
As it happened, the Richmond symposium was attended by several scientists who had chosen not to ignore the effects of microwaves upon human beings. One of them was Dr. Allan H. Frey, a biophysicist working for Randomline, a research firm in Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania, who had done some pioneer research in the effects of microwaves upon the nervous system. Frey's interest in microwaves had begun in 1961. At the time, he was working in the General Electric Company's Advanced Electronics Center, at Cornell University, and he also held a contract from the Office of Naval Research to investigate the effects of radio-frequency energy on the nervous system and on behavior. By chance one day, he met a technician from General Electric's radar test facility in Syracuse, who told Frey that he could hear radar. Frey knew that people were supposed to be able to hear only acoustical energy, but instead of rejecting the man's contention out of hand he arranged to visit the test facility. "The fellow worked near a radar dome," Frey has since recalled. "And when I walked around there and climbed up to stand at the edge of the pulsating beam, I could hear it, too. I could hear the radar going *zip-zip-zip*."

During subsequent field tests, Frey determined that human beings could indeed hear pulsed microwaves at frequencies ranging from three hundred to three thousand megahertz—the portion of the radio-frequency spectrum at which electromagnetic energy passes into and through the head, and which includes the frequencies used for radar, television, shortwave radio, microwave ovens, and microwave communications-relay towers. He also found that, depending upon the width of the pulse and its rate of repetition, radio-frequency sound was perceived as buzzing, ticking, hissing, or knocking; that it could be induced several hundred feet from an antenna the instant the antenna's transmitter was turned on;

that it could occur at average power densities far below the ten-milliwatt level; that it could be perceived by people who were blindfolded and people who were deaf; and that it always seemed to come from within or a short distance behind the head.

When Frey published these findings, in the early nineteen-sixties, in *Aerospace Medicine* and in the *Journal of Applied Physiology*, he was laughed at by most of the people who were investigating the biological effects of microwaves. "It was as if none of them was prepared to accept or even listen to what I had hit upon," he has said. "But I knew that my data were correct and that I was right. There was no question about it. Incidentally, I wasn't the first person to report the perception of sound in a radar field. Just after the Second World War ended, some engineers who were developing radar for the Airborne Instruments Lab wrote up a one-page report on the phenomenon and brought it to the attention of an expert on hearing. The expert proceeded to assure them that it was impossible to hear radar. He told them the whole thing was probably just a question of teeth rattling, and to forget about it. So they did. Ironically, somebody in the company's promotion department got hold of the paper and ran it in an advertisement—a believe-it-or-not, look-how-wonderful-radar-is kind of thing. After I published my findings, I got some pretty strange letters. One of them came from a fellow in Chicago. He wrote that my article made him so relieved he hardly knew how to express himself. It seems he had been entertaining grave doubts about himself for years—ever since 1943, in fact, when he was in the Air Force and, while strolling along the perimeter of his base one day, distinctly heard the radar antenna. When he told the base medical people about it, they hospitalized him for psychiatric examination. Finally, after a series of exhaustive tests, they told him that his skull must be some kind of resonating cavity, and let him go. I've often wondered how many other stories there are like that."

Undaunted by the initial reaction to his findings, Frey set out to try to determine how microwaves could produce the sensation of sound. He soon demonstrated through human and animal studies that the sound of radar could not be conveyed to the ear by any mechanical vibration of the teeth, eardrums, skin, bone, or muscle. Since he knew that the microwave frequencies that induced the perception of sound could penetrate into the brain, he de-



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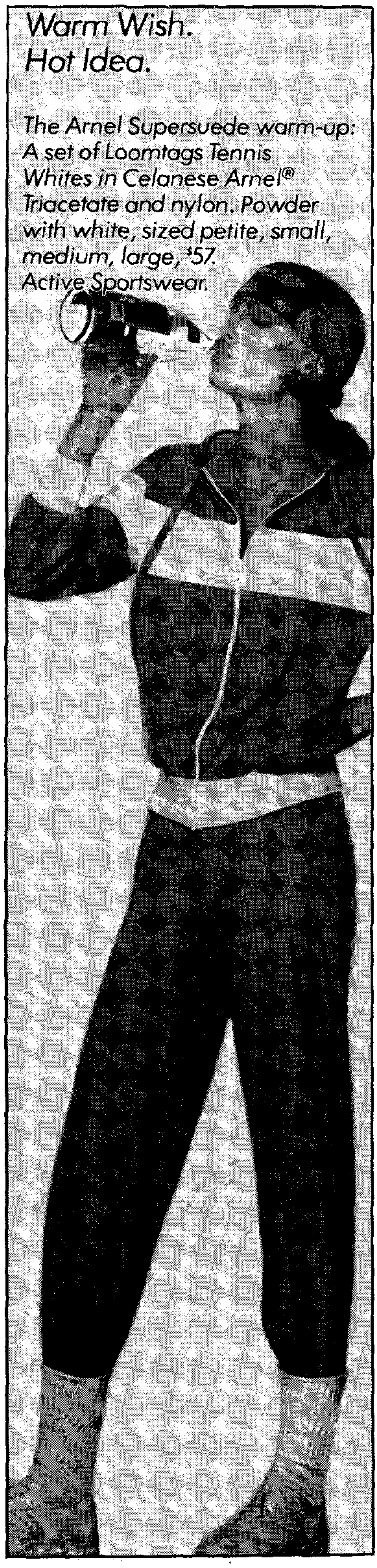

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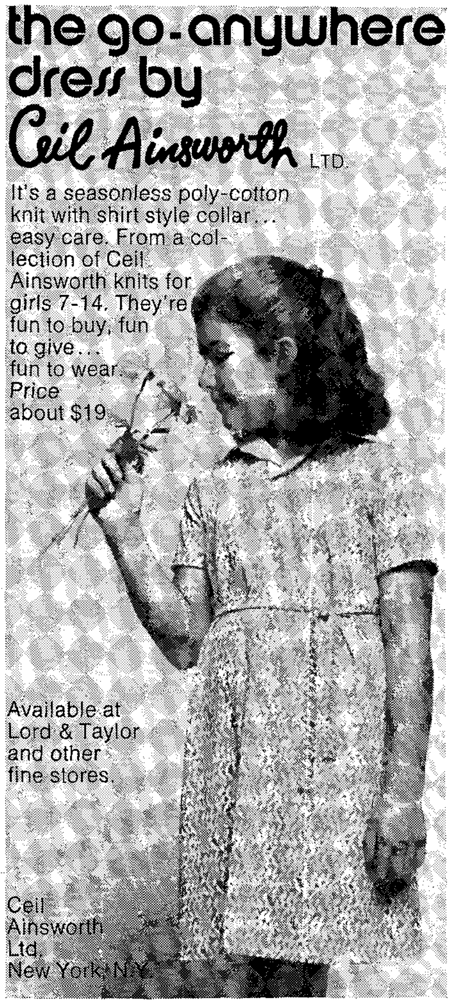
cided to explore the possibility (already under investigation by Soviet scientists) that electromagnetic waves might be able to excite the nerve tissue of the brain directly. To investigate this possibility, he implanted electrodes in the brains of cats and began to record their brain waves as light traces on an oscilloscope. He then irradiated the heads of the cats with pulsed microwaves at average power densities as low as thirty microwatts per square centimetre—a level of intensity nearly three hundred and fifty times less than the ten-milliwatt standard. When he did so, there was unmistakable and incontrovertible evidence on the oscilloscope that the brain—including the hypothalamic area, where emotions are believed to originate—shows a strong reaction to stimulation by microwave energy.

In addition to studying the effects of microwaves on the nervous system, Frey performed experiments on the hearts of frogs. During these experiments, he found that when he synchronized pulsed microwave energy with the heartbeat cycle he could not only alter the rhythm of the heartbeat but cause the heart to stop beating altogether. By the time of the Richmond symposium, in 1969, all this work had been published, and Frey was finally beginning to win the respect of his colleagues. This did not deter him from admonishing them about the narrowness and rigidity of their thinking and their approach to microwave research. Frey urged his fellow-scientists to forget mathematical calculations that supposedly proved microwaves could not affect nerves and to recognize that very little was known about the workings of the nervous system, and even less about the possible interaction of radio-frequency energy with neural function. Commenting on the headache phenomenon described by Dr. Marha, he said his own work had convinced him that it was a real effect, and one that should be further explored. "I have not done so with humans because I think there is an ethical question," Frey continued. He then made a statement that no other American microwave researcher had ever made in public. "I have seen too much," he said. "I very carefully avoid exposure myself, and I have for quite some time now. I do not feel that I can take people into these fields and expose them and in all honesty indicate to them that they are going into something safe."

—PAUL BRODEUR

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)



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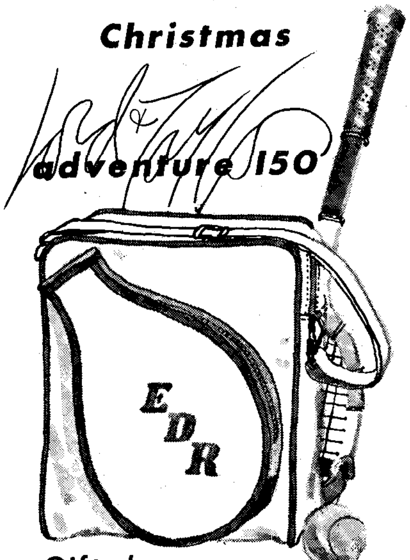

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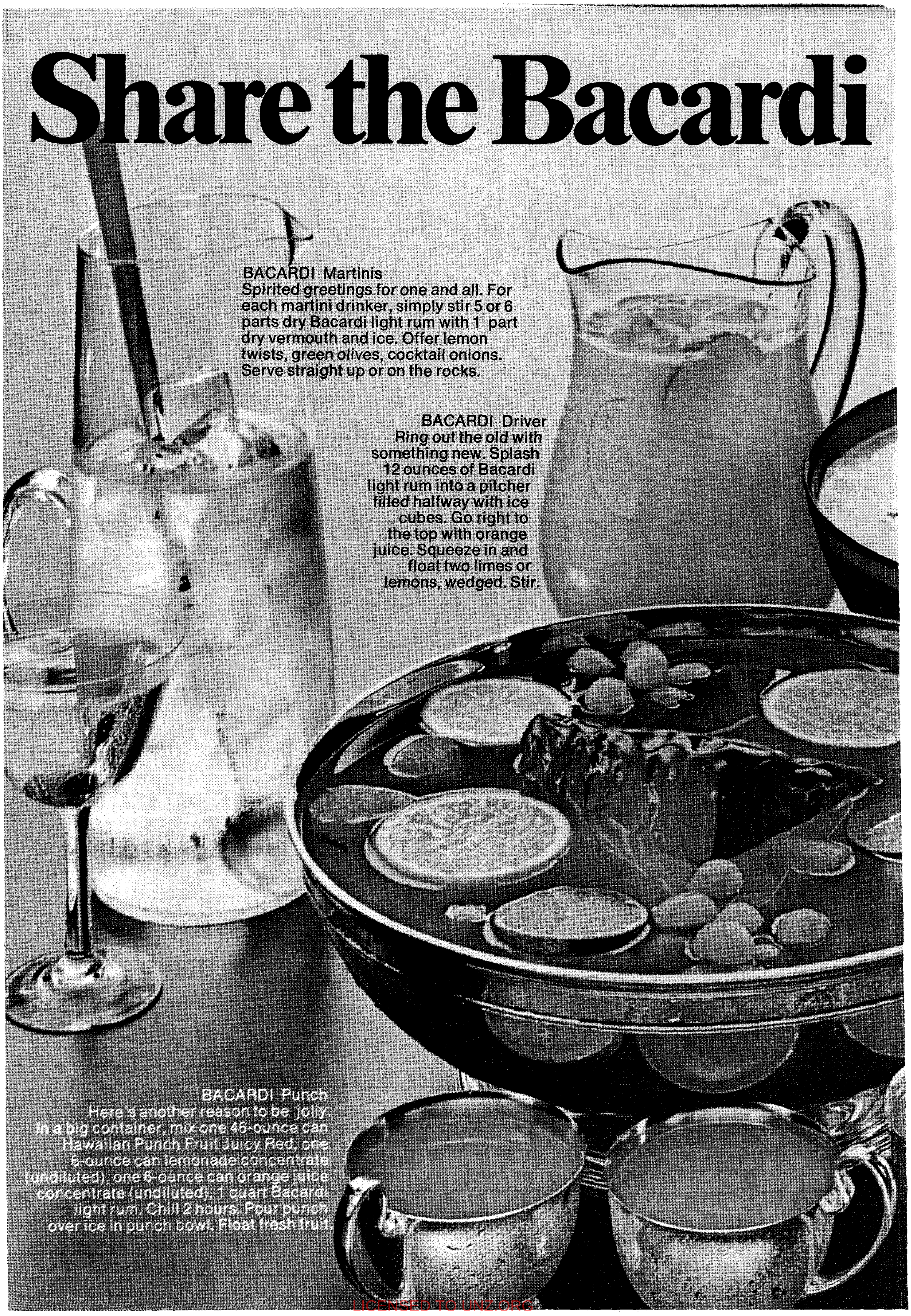

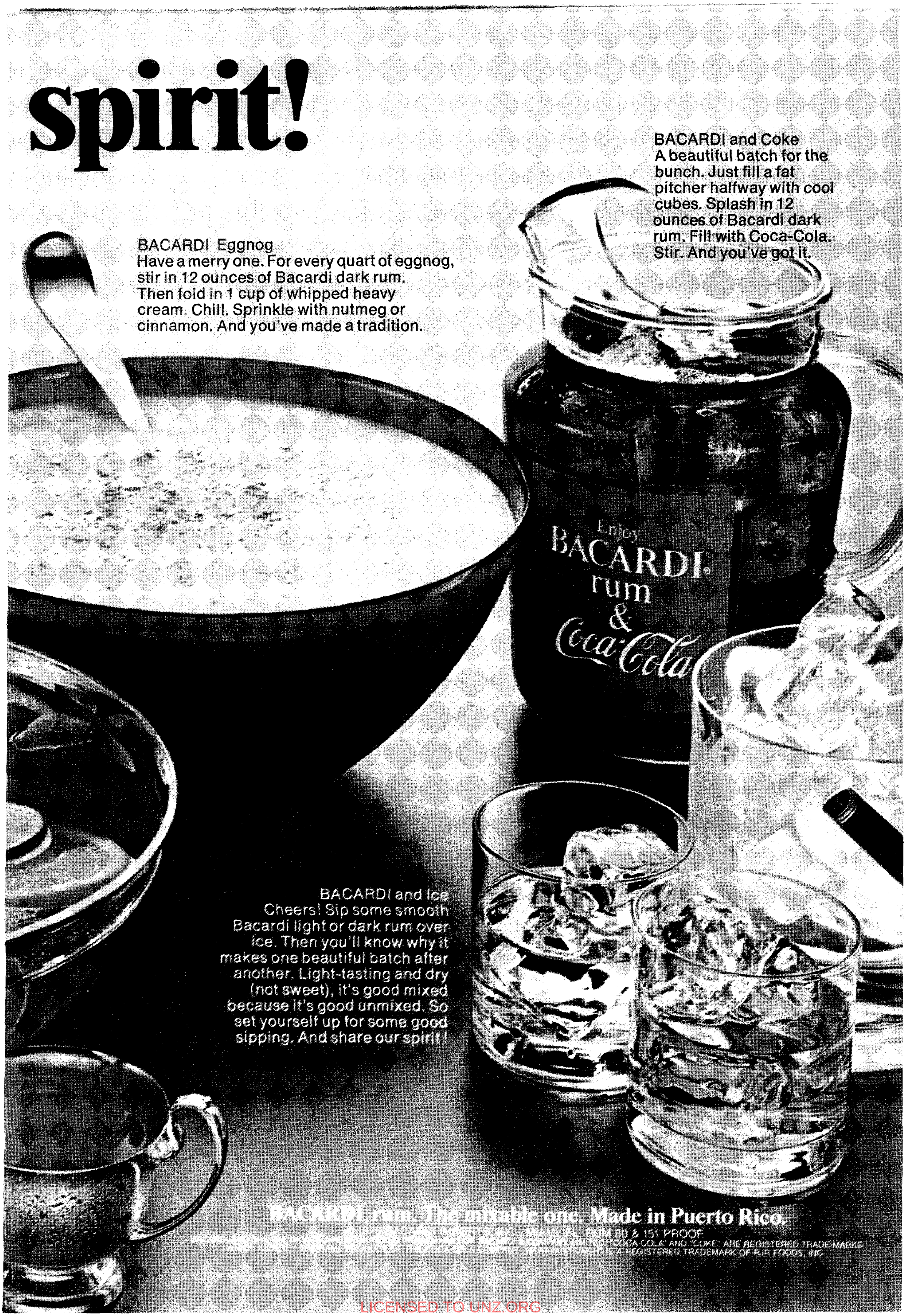

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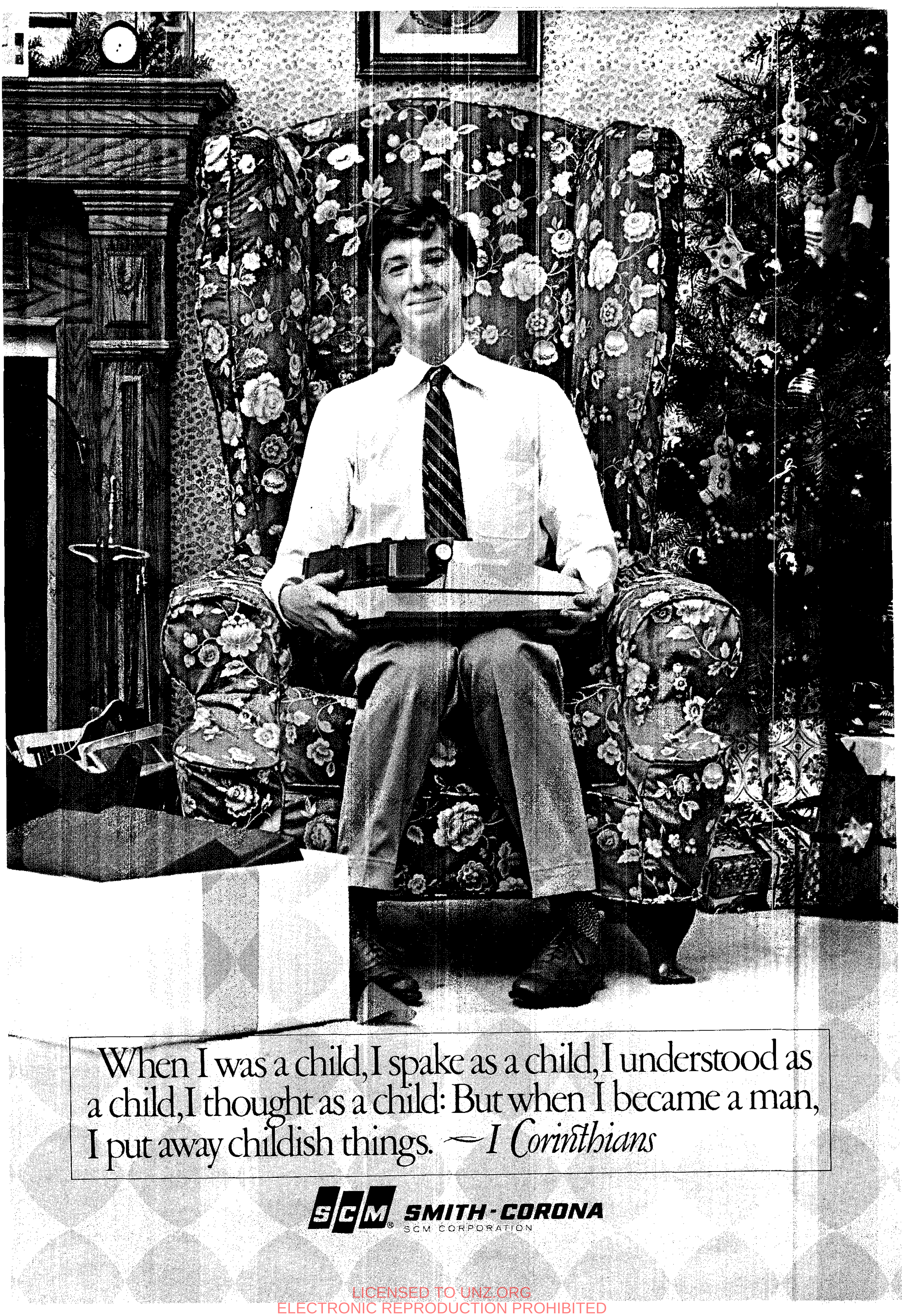

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: But when I became a man, I put away childish things. —*I Corinthians*

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

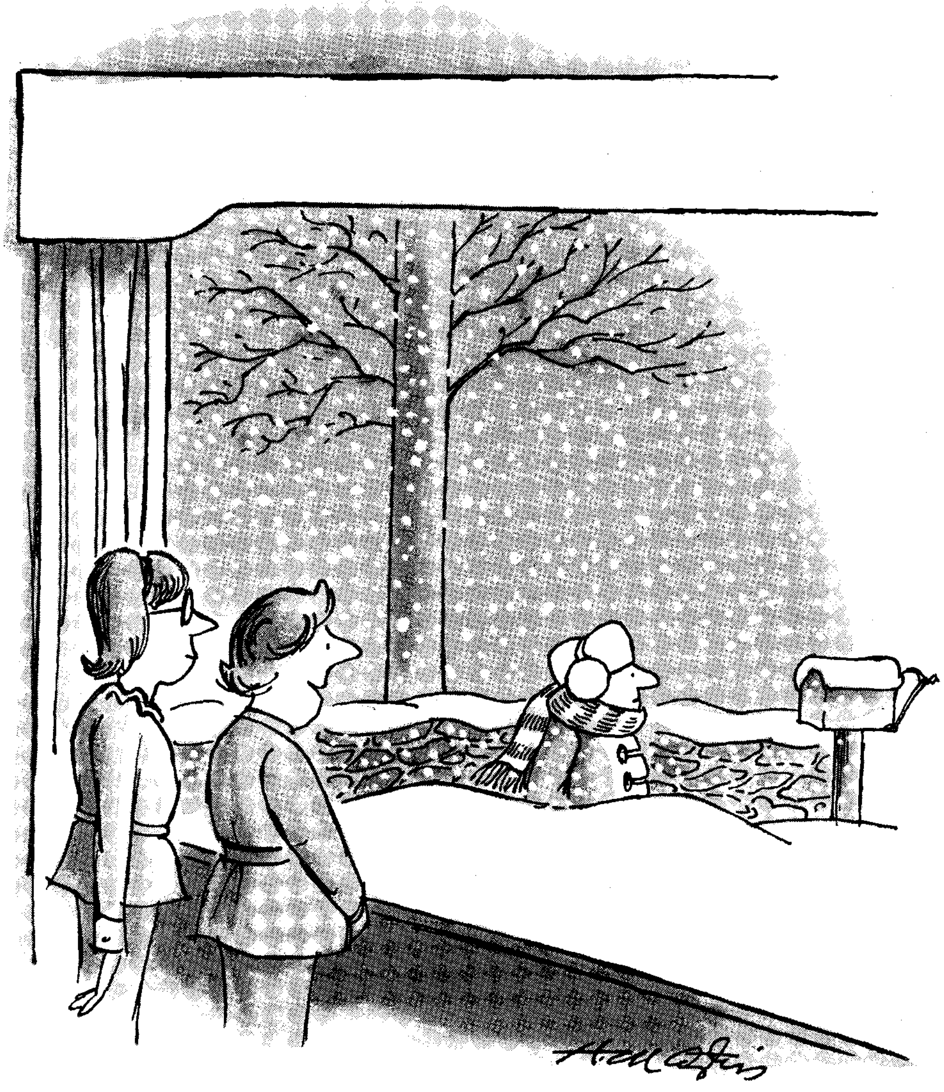
William Hauptman's "Domino Courts" and "Comanche Café," at the American Place, are a pair of linked one-acters, presented in reverse order, since the second is the prologue to the first. The setting is southern Oklahoma in the thirties—Dust Bowl and Depression. Comanche Café is a roadside diner, and the entire action of this prologue is the seemingly desultory conversation of two waitresses sitting in the diner's back yard and peeling potatoes on a Sunday morning. Mattie, fat and listless, has worked there for years and is quite content to remain on the job forever; Ronnie, young, pretty, and restless, dreams of seeing the whole country—New York, Chicago, California (as exposed on local movie screens). She wants boys—lots of them—and travel, and Mattie, coming out of her apparent torpor, correctly guesses that Ronnie has never had a man. She herself once ran off with a fellow who came into the café, and spent a few days with him in Fort Worth, but the affair quickly ended, and by Monday she was back at her chores. Every place is the same, Mattie insists. No place is like its postcard, and only work fills up living. This is obviously not the life for romantic Ronnie, and their talk continues as the lights fade.

"Domino Courts" is set in a tourist cabin four years later. Ronnie (red satin dressing gown over a bikini) is now married to a fellow named Floyd, a former small-time bank robber. The two of them are waiting for Roy—Floyd's partner in crime, his hero, his idol—and Roy's wife, whom they have never met. Ronnie hardly knows Roy, but she has been hearing about his intrepidity and daring since the day she married. In short, Floyd's veneration of Roy and their criminal past is as romantic, as hand-me-down Hollywood, as was Ronnie's dream of the future in the prologue. Enter Roy—suitcases in hand; closed, dangerous face—and his mousy little wife, Flo. The action is the reunion, and by the time it is over nobody is romantic about much of anything or anyone. The legendary Roy has been trimmed to human size, at some emotional expense on the part of Floyd and Ronnie but at none whatever on the part of Flo. Roy claims to have owned a night club that burned down. Nonsense, says Flo; he swiped the idea from that disaster in Boston. There never was a night club, and they've just been driving around for years. At the outset, Ronnie feels attracted to Roy, but before long any spark between them has admittedly become as false as one of Mattie's picture postcards. Floyd, in his disillusionment, simply goes to sleep. At curtain (there is no curtain), the men are all but wiped out, and their chipper women are busy at a game of dominoes and telling ghost stories.

As you can see, Mr. Hauptman's themes—among them the fantasy of the desperado West and its drab reality—are pretty frayed by now, and he does seem to condescend to his characters. Like God knows how many other youngish playwrights, he has a dreadful weakness for reminiscent or expository or self-expository monologues, which always sound like audition material to me. On the other hand, he is never boring, his humor is original, and his lines—even in those damn monologues—are believable. He can write parts, and in this production, under Barnet Kellman's direction, the actors never let him down. As Mattie, Sasha von Scherler—her eyes distant and barely focussed, her movements slow, almost bovine—is absolutely first-rate. The others are good, too: Jane Galloway as Ronnie, Guy Boyd as Floyd, Conard Fowkes as Roy, and Regina Baff as Flo. Sets by Henry Millman, costumes by Carol Oditz, lighting by Edward M. Greenberg.

By the way, the policy at the American Place has changed. It's no longer for subscribers only; everybody is now welcome.

—Edith Oliver



"I rest a lot easier knowing Archie has been fully winterized."

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 2

ON the surface, London looks cheerfully full of money and of well-dressed shoppers (who cannot all be tourists) making the stuff fly with their preparations for a merry inflationary Christmas as usual. The thoughts of few British over the stocking age are festive at the moment, however. Everyone is waiting apprehensively to find out what Denis Healey, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is expected to unwrap later this month in his emergency budget, packaged to the advice of the International Monetary Fund creditors, who have been here looking at the books. In the last few weeks, the air has rung with conflicting voices, some warning Mr. Healey and his visitors that really savage cuts in government spending would send the economy spinning deeper into unemployment and perhaps social chaos, others fearing that the measures will not be Draconian enough. To add to the bewilderment of the ordinary citizen, who thinks that things are just as bad as they can be, every other day still one more body of economic pundits, it seems, reports its widely differing views on Britain's future, varying from utter gloom to positive optimism. Yet another of the question marks that are looming large and unanswered so far is how high a place on President-elect Carter's crowded agenda the solving of Britain's problems may occupy. Any current decision, of course, still rests with President Ford, but people are looking ahead to January 20th, when a man who is still very much of an unknown quantity here will be moving into the White House. During the television coverage of the campaign, Mr. Carter's soft Georgian accent was apparently foxing to many English ears, and the photograph that made the biggest local impact was one showing, with disobliging clarity, the "England Get Out of Ireland" button in his lapel. At this uneasy moment of quiet before the storm that will probably break over Mr. Healey's cuts, Britons are waiting for President Carter with some apprehension as well as intense curiosity.

LAST week's sudden news that the Sunday *Observer*, one of the prides of Fleet Street, is nestling in safe solvency under the wing of Mr. Robert Anderson, head of the Atlantic Richfield Company, was hailed somewhat cautiously by the rest of the press, entirely jubilantly by its staff, and certainly with relief by its readers, who had been anxiously following all the recent cliffhanging episodes of its search for a new owner. If it had died of financial anemia, as it nearly did last year, its demise would have seemed truly tragic to very many English of all parties, who do not consider that any other paper speaks with quite the same lively and uninhibited voice. It has existed for a hundred and eighty-five sometimes rocky years, and is the doyen of the Sunday journals. Since the war, its hardy championing of such unpopular causes as the abolition of the death penalty and the reform of the laws on homosexuality certainly dropped a packet of circulation overboard, and it never recovered from the indignant desertion that followed its anti-Eden editorials on the Suez adventure. Its radical views are highly respected but impartially unpredictable, and it has lost out heavily of late to the more moderate *Sunday Times*, where readers feel comfortably sure that they know in which camp they are. The *Observer's* public was therefore much disturbed when the latest cries for help from the paper appeared to be about to be answered by Mr. Rupert Murdoch, the Australian press magnate. Mr. Murdoch is the owner here of the tabloid *Sun*, which he has briskly made the hottest and most prosperously beaming body in the mostly overcast Fleet Street heavens since it began to run its famous daily feature of photographs of shapely girls posing charmingly in nothing much but their skins. The still more sexily sensational Sunday *News of the World* also belongs to him. In spite of all soothing assertions to the contrary, nobody could feel that the *Observer* would be likely to keep its lofty independence or its editorial staff intact after entering into such a ludicrously ill-matched marriage of dissimilar minds. Great was the rejoicing as well as the surprise on Wednesday evening when the amiable-looking Mr. Anderson appeared on television as the man in possession of Fleet Street's leftish intellectual daughter (Mr. Murdoch having transferred his attentions to the New York *Post*) and voiced his firm policy of not meddling with the running of any part of his business empire if it was doing all right. The spectators were impressed, though it gives some of the *Observer* faithful a rather painful twinge to think of the control of the old paper going out of the country to become a minor prestige item in the annual report of an American oil company. This is not in the least the opinion of its delighted staff writers, it should be said. As one bright young woman put it last week, "Ideally, of course, we should like to have been taken over by the Warden of All Souls, but he hasn't got the good old hard cash. So we were more than happy to find out that Mr. Anderson was the new boss. After all, it could easily have been Sheikh Yamani."

COG
Richter

THE Royal Academy's much heralded Pompeii exhibition is the big winter art event, rounding out a year of memorable ones. It will be on view until the end of February. The long queues snaking their way round the Academy forecourt may have been drawn to it by the quite exceptional advance publicity, but more likely by its fascination for all of us—hardened though we are to imbibing reports of violent mass disasters with our breakfast coffee—as an uncanny time-capsule intimation of mortality. The selection of exhumed objects, mostly from the Museo Nazionale, in Naples, is the largest ever seen outside Italy. Even with only models and a few photographs to provide the ghostly sense of place, they give an astonishingly vivid idea of the kind of comfortably well-to-do, civilized everyday life that was cheerfully going on in the town when it got up on the morning of August 24, 79 A.D., and that had disappeared under twenty feet of hot pumice and ash by the following evening. The natural guardians of the place lie side by side at the entrance—the mummified shapes (preserved by the technique of filling their hollow outlines in the ash with plaster) of a convulsively writhing watchdog, still wearing the smart studded collar by which he remained chained up when his forgetful owners fled, and of a girl who had flung herself face downward and pulled her tunic up over her mouth in a frantic effort to keep out the poisonous fumes. The exhibition's special richness is the abundance of portraits, in paint, mosaic, or marble, of its living citizens, and the abundance of wall paintings—mostly airy, idealized landscapes and architectural fantasies, oddly modern and voguish—with which wealthy villa owners adorned their homes. But what brings the place and the people so startlingly close is the mass of pathetic, ordinary trivia—tavern junk of wine jars and gambling dice, women's gold gewgaws seemingly fresh from Bond Street, carpenter's tools, silver coins welded by the heat like lumps of popcorn, and several explicit reproductions of the popular Priapic phallus that was hung up in doorways as a mobile, equipped with jolly little tinkling bells, and was supposed to bring prosperity and ward off evil spirits. None of the graceful household gods included in the exhibition were powerful enough to avert the catastrophe, as it turned out, but their own marble limbs have survived it handsomely.

THE serious London theatre is in a poor way at the moment. Irving Wardle, the *Times'* drama critic, has just despairingly attacked the unwillingness of West End managements in these hard times to risk a new work by even a known playwright, opting cautiously instead for handsome classical revivals, or plays with an economical cast of two and a single set, or the present sticky flow of comedies with

Would Looking Younger Please You?

DON'T you feel the need to be just a tiny bit selfish once in a while? You work hard at your job so that your boss will be satisfied and his professional life made easier. You've concentrated on becoming a good cook, knowing that both family and guests appreciate your almost-gourmet meals. You've even taken up chess, so you can be a challenging partner for a special man. Isn't it time to do something self-satisfying, with only yourself in mind?

What could be more self-pleasing than looking younger? It's a delight to look in the mirror and see a more radiant, younger-looking you. And it can happen so easily. Simply discover the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger. This beautiful secret, shared by fortunate women in many parts of the world, is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Oil of Olay penetrates your skin remarkably quickly to begin helping you look younger. An abundance of pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients work mysteriously with nature to help ease away dryness. It's dryness, of course, that accents little wrinkle lines that can easily make you look older than you like. From the very first day with Oil of Olay, those lines show less. The difference is noticeable not just to you, but to other people as well.

Smooth the skin-loving liquid on your face and throat. Watch as your skin seems to drink in Oil of Olay. Within moments, your face takes on a renewed lustre and radiance, a look you may have thought you'd never again see. Isn't that a pleasure? Oil of Olay helps maintain your skin's natural moisture balance and lets your skin become softer, smoother and more glowing. It shouldn't be surprising that Oil of Olay can help you look younger.

When do you want to use Oil of Olay? Whenever your skin feels dry and you'd like to raise its moisture level is a good time for the beauty fluid. Exposure to weather, sudden changes in temperature, some cosmetics . . . all these things can dry your skin and cause you to look older just as surely as added birthdays.

Most dedicated users of the beauty fluid wouldn't think of letting a day pass without using Oil of Olay at least twice. At bedtime, to cherish and pamper your skin into the quiet night. In the morning, before doing your face for the day (Oil of Olay is so fast-penetrating and non-greasy, it's marvelous under makeup) or simply to let your skin live in a moist climate. A number of women, who like a natural, glowy look, use the beauty fluid instead of makeup.

Would looking younger please you? Be honest. Of course it would. And it's nice to know that your younger look will probably bring pleasure to other people you care about too. So you're not really being selfish after all!

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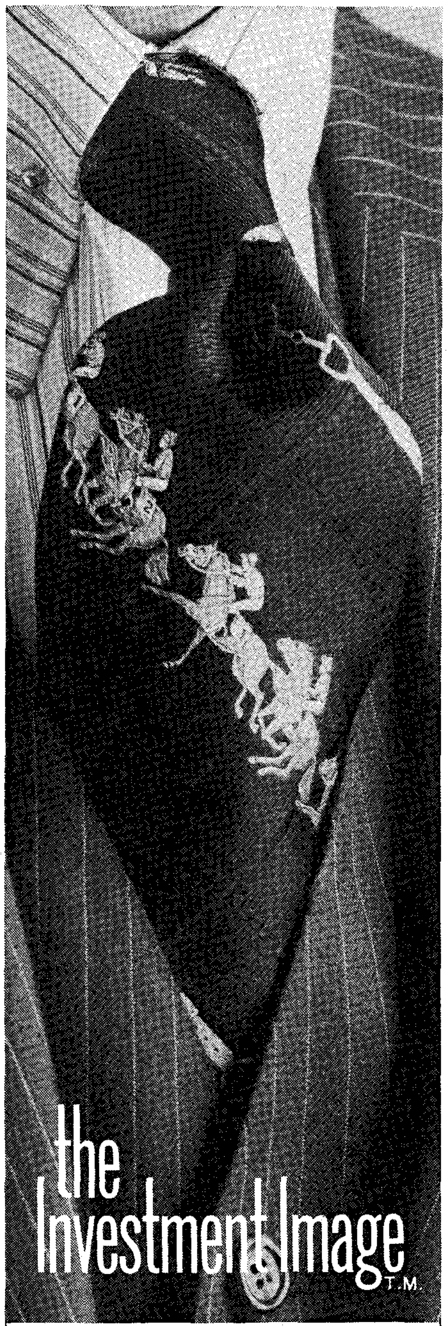

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titles like "The Bed Before Yesterday" (though Mr. Wardle punctiliously congratulates its nonagenarian author, Ben Travers, now basking in this really amazing Indian-summer success). Perhaps managements are less to blame than the public, which gets the theatre it deserves. Londoners, thinks Mr. Wardle, do not deserve much. In other countries, he says, the drama has sometimes provided strong, invigorating fare for moments of national crisis, but here "the more the skies darken, the more do the thoughts of English playgoers turn to warm fires and plates of buttered toast."

Tom Stoppard's pair of short comedies, "Dirty Linen" and "New-Found-Land," now a sellout at the little Arts Theatre, were first commissioned by Ed Berman, the go-ahead director of the Ambiance Lunch-hour Theatre Club, which, hardily indifferent to what the commercial West End thinks is a good risk, has in the past year put on new plays by Stoppard, Edward Bond, and John Arden. "Dirty Linen" seems to be cut to the buttered-toast order of the day, all the same. The promising setting (for both playlets) is a dusty committee room so high up in some aerie of the House of Commons that Big Ben, chipping in deafeningly every now and then, like a character heard offstage, temporarily drowns out the deliberations of the M.P.s meeting to discuss press allegations of scandalous sexual goings on at Westminster. The comely young woman from the typing pool called in to record the minutes turns out to be the charmer who has worked through Parliament from besotted backbenchers to bewitched Cabinet ministers. Well, it is all pretty good fun, and the young lady's satin panties change hands among the guilty legislators faster than in a lingerie-department sale, but the usual dazzling Stoppard verbal fireworks seem to fizz rather damply in this one. The best moments are in "New-Found-Land" (apparently written as a genial celebration of the Bicentennial), when things get down to recognizable terra firma with a deliciously garrulous, drowsy old politician (beautifully played by Richard Goolden) who insists on boring a young colleague yet again with his favorite reminiscence of how he once won a five-pound bet off Lloyd George. Finally, his drooping junior (Stephen Moore) leaps up and declaims a sort of torrential prose ballad about a tour around the United States, which brings down the house.

Certainly one of the rare entirely satisfying bits of nourishment to be had in the present disappointing theatre season is not a new play, or even a play at all. "Yahoo," at the Queen's, is an entertainment based on the life and writings of Jonathan Swift, ingeniously put together by Alec Guinness and Alan Strachan—an obviously relished collaboration—which is excellently directed by Alan Strachan and acted by Alec Guinness (perhaps the most sinewy intelligence on the English stage today) as Swift. It is a tremendous performance, perfectly weighing the harsh pride, the ferocious wit, and the tender heart. Stella and Vanessa, his apt pupils, whom he "taught how to distinguish," as Vanessa bitterly accused him shortly before her death, but not how to rationalize their too ardent passion for him, are well played by Nicola Pagett and Angela Thorne, with Mark Kingston as a narrator in modern dress filling in the occasional biographical details. These three, by donning different wigs or hats, also become Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and Gulliver and Rebecca Dingley, Stella's companion in Ireland, and a host of other personages in Swift's life. All the lines are Swift, neatly dovetailed, and the set pieces, superbly delivered by Guinness, include his resolutions for his old age, his musings on a broomstick, and his bloodcurdling "Modest Proposal" that Irish parents should relieve their poverty by selling their tender infants to be casseroled for rich men's tables. Maybe a little confusingly for non-Swiftian playgoers, the hideous obsessive vision of the Yahoo, which haunted the Dean's last years after his great wits cracked, appears unexplained at the end.

AFTER the serious summer drought, England now has too much water, like poor Ophelia. So much rain has fallen lately that roads have been flooded, suburban gardens are green sponges, and quiet little streams in the South of England are reported to have suddenly understudied Niagara. The only people who must be thoroughly pleased with the wetness are the Water Boards, contentedly eying their much-improved reservoir levels, and the pavement umbrella sellers in Regent Street, who had migrated during the drought but are now back doing a fine trade among damp Christmas shoppers.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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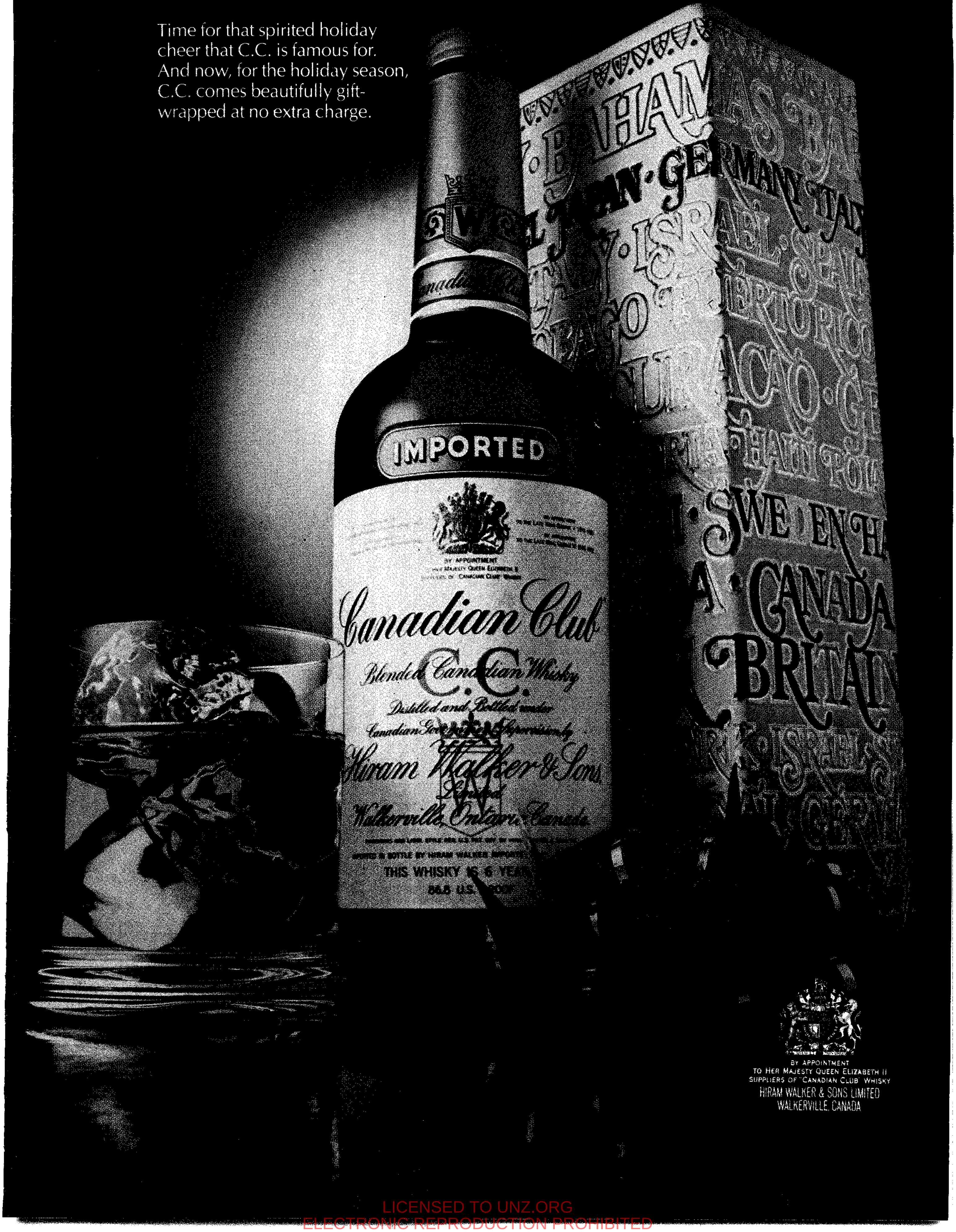
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

UNDER THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE

MANY people who set out at this time of year in search of presents for the children they love must cherish the hope that what they carry home for each child will be some marvellous gift that, long afterward, the child will look back on tenderly as the high point of his childhood. Unfortunately, on most of today's Santa Claus lists, tending, as they do, to specialize in the names of momentarily popular TV-touted toys—according to the trade paper *Toy & Hobby World*, the current best-selling items include dolls named Cher, Ballerina Barbie, and the Six Million Dollar Man, and a game called Jaws—there seems to be no room for, say, a sled called Rosebud. The situation is worse than that. Even if you had decided to settle for a sled called Flexible Flyer, it seemed for a while that you might have trouble finding one, since the manufacturer, Blazon-Flexible Flyer, Inc., of West Point, Mississippi, filed for bankruptcy last December. Apparently, in a world of combustion-engined snowmobiles simple belly flopping is out of style. Flyers are still being made, however, and we found a fine forty-eight-inch one at Rappaport's Toy Bazaar, 1381 Third Avenue (79th). But as we wrote down the price ($17.95), our elbow jostled by Christmas shoppers laden with brightly wrapped gifts that they surely thought of as symbols of joy and affection, it occurred to us that during much of the rest of the year most adults' memories of the things they played with as children appear not to be so tender. It is curious, in fact, how often in the grownup world, in seasons other than this one, the names of children's toys and games are used to express scorn and anger and suspicions of the worst. In this political year, a candidate who seemed to equivocate was often branded a "yo-yo" or accused of "yo-yoing around" on some subject (although we didn't hear any alleged waffler called a Flexible Flyer, as George McGovern was during the last Presidential campaign). In any year, a girl over twelve understands that when she is called a Barbie doll it is meant as the opposite of a compliment. And some months ago a young woman who was reminiscing on the *Times* Op-Ed page about her days as a minor employee in the Nixon White House reported that she finally became suspicious of the place when she realized that she was surrounded by Ken dolls. Exposés of the costly abuses that threaten to disable the nation's Medicaid system often include the information that the sending of a patient to eight or ten doctors for needless, Medicaid-reimbursed tests and treatments is known to the trade as "ping-ponging;" since the name is trademarked, it should be Ping-Ponging, but so far the trademark owners, Harvard Table Tennis, Inc., have not taken steps to establish an association between their healthful pastime and that other, possibly indictable kind of health game. It was also a toy-department item that came to the mind of Secretary of the Treasury William Simon last summer when he characterized the Democratic platform as "political Silly Putty." In public hearings of this city's community-planning boards, angry potential neighbors of proposed tall buildings routinely describe such projects as Tinkertoys or accuse the builder of intending "to go wild with his Erector set." On occasion, critics of the zoning policies of the City Planning Commission charge it with "playing a lousy Monopoly game with our community." Some Monopoly references at such meetings are more specific, although they involve certain hazards in this volatile, melting-pot city. When a resident of Queens complained that a builder was "trying to turn our lovely Park Place neighborhood into another Baltic Avenue," a member of the audience accused him of casting an ethnic slur. There were a good many Italian-Americans present, and Mediterranean Avenue might not have gone down any better. Last spring, when Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., described Jimmy Carter as "a combination of Winnie-the-Pooh and Mack the Knife," there was a sense that the first half of the characterization was intended to be at least as insulting as the second half: after all, a President is applauded in many circles for carrying a big stick, or even a knife, but, the question seemed to be, did the nation want a man in the White House who was forever, like Pooh Bear, thinking Grand Thoughts About Nothing and making Awful Mistakes? And when someone complains about a project's being "a lot of Mickey Mouse," it is understood that this reference to the bright-eyed cartoon friend of anyone's early years is not friendly.

What's to be done about all this adult looking back in anger on the pastimes that supposedly made people happy as children? We could hand

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around copies of "The Myth of the Happy Child," by Carole Klein (Harper & Row; $7.95), but this hardly seems the season for it. Perhaps it is another case for Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, the child psychologist who, as you may remember, in his recently published "The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales" (Knopf; $12.50), not only holds that it is all right for children to read the fairy tales that many parents have forbidden as too frightening but insists that such stories are vital to wholesome child development, since they provide a reassuring reflection of the violence and beastliness that children are aware of within themselves. It was reading "The Uses of Enchantment," wrote the columnist George Will, that made it possible for him to accept with equanimity his two-year-old son Geoffrey's occasional announcement that there was a gorilla or a porcupine in the room. Of course there was: the invader was two-year-old Geoffrey, who, his father made clear, would never be subjected to counter-propaganda such as "The Little Engine That Could," the longtime nursery favorite (of which Dr. Bettelheim particularly disapproves) that has taught so many generations of children the lesson that optimism and good intentions will conquer all. ("No wonder there are so many Democrats," commented Will—politics again.) For parents who find Dr. Bettelheim persuasive and who get the shivers themselves when they read some of the fairy tales, Caedmon has two fine Claire Bloom records, for $5.98 apiece. On one of them (TC 1266) the actress reads "Snow White" and three shorter tales, and on the other (TC 1274) it's "Hansel and Gretel" and "The Hare and the Hedgehog." (Like all the records mentioned herein, unless otherwise noted, these are twelve-inch long-playing records and can be bought almost anywhere children's records are sold.) Miss Bloom reads the stories without any heavy breathing or gasps of terror, leaving the children to make of them what they please, as Dr. Bettelheim prescribes. At Macy's you'll find a good selection of puppets from the fairy-tale world, including a princess, a wicked-stepmother type, a prince, a frog, and so on. These are about eleven inches tall and range in price from $10 to $15. To make it even easier for the kids to act out the gory stories for themselves, Childcraft (150 East 58th Street and 155 East 23rd Street) has a pressed-board puppet theatre, twenty-eight inches high and eighteen inches

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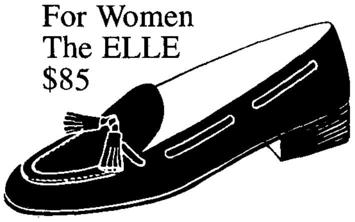

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wide, with a hinged wooden frame so that it can be folded flat for storage; $19.95. Also at Childcraft, for ten dollars less, there's a doll that is a whole fairy-tale plot on its own, though we don't know what the psychoanalysts would make of it. It's a nineteen-inch Red Riding Hood in a red dress, cape, and hood. Pull Red Riding Hood's skirt over her head and there's Grandmother. Flip Grandma's cap and it's the big bad wolf in Grandma's dress. On the other hand, if you'd rather stick with the "I-think-I-can-I-think-I-can" approach, you don't have to be a registered Democrat to buy a record that is a musical version of "The Little Engine That Could" (Golden 193; $2.49). The book itself is $3.95 at Altman's. There's another problem, which you may not have thought of, however. Last spring, Judith L. Weinstein, of Holmdel, New Jersey, complained, in a letter to the *Times Book Review*, that "the 'happy little train' which carries the dolls and toys over the mountain and the merry 'Little Blue Engine' which assists her are both 'she.' But the shiny new passenger engine and the big strong freight engine which are too busy and important carrying people and machinery to help . . . are described as 'he.' " The letter asked, "Are we going to give this same message for another fifty years—that the 'big, strong' males do the important work in the world and can't be bothered with children's concerns and that only the 'little, kind' females can be relied upon to help out children and become a part of their world?" Perhaps you'd rather just buy the children a train and let them take it from there. At Federal Smallwares, 85 Fifth Avenue (16th), you'll find a hand-painted wooden train set from Czechoslovakia. The engine is five inches long, there are seven cars, all different, and the price is $8. A four-section wooden train—an engine and three cars—that comes with twelve feet of interlocking wooden tracks, a trestle, and a station is $19.99 at Childcraft. And a really big wooden train, three feet long, which, besides an engine, has three open gondolas ready to be loaded with dolls and toys for the trip over the mountain, is $45 at F.A.O. Schwarz. As far as we could tell, all these trains are entirely sexless.

IN the matter of that adult practice of calling one's opponents yo-yos or using the names of other toys and games for abusive purposes, perhaps the solution is not to bring in Dr. Bettelheim (after all, Christmas is a time of

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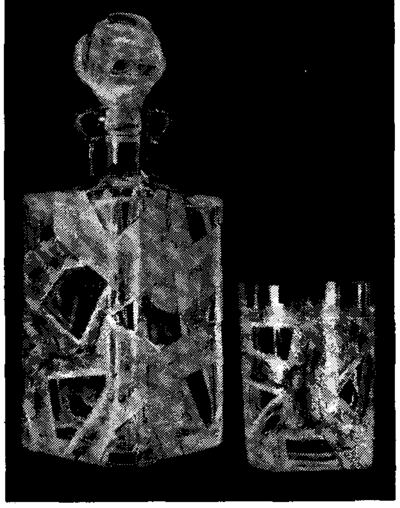

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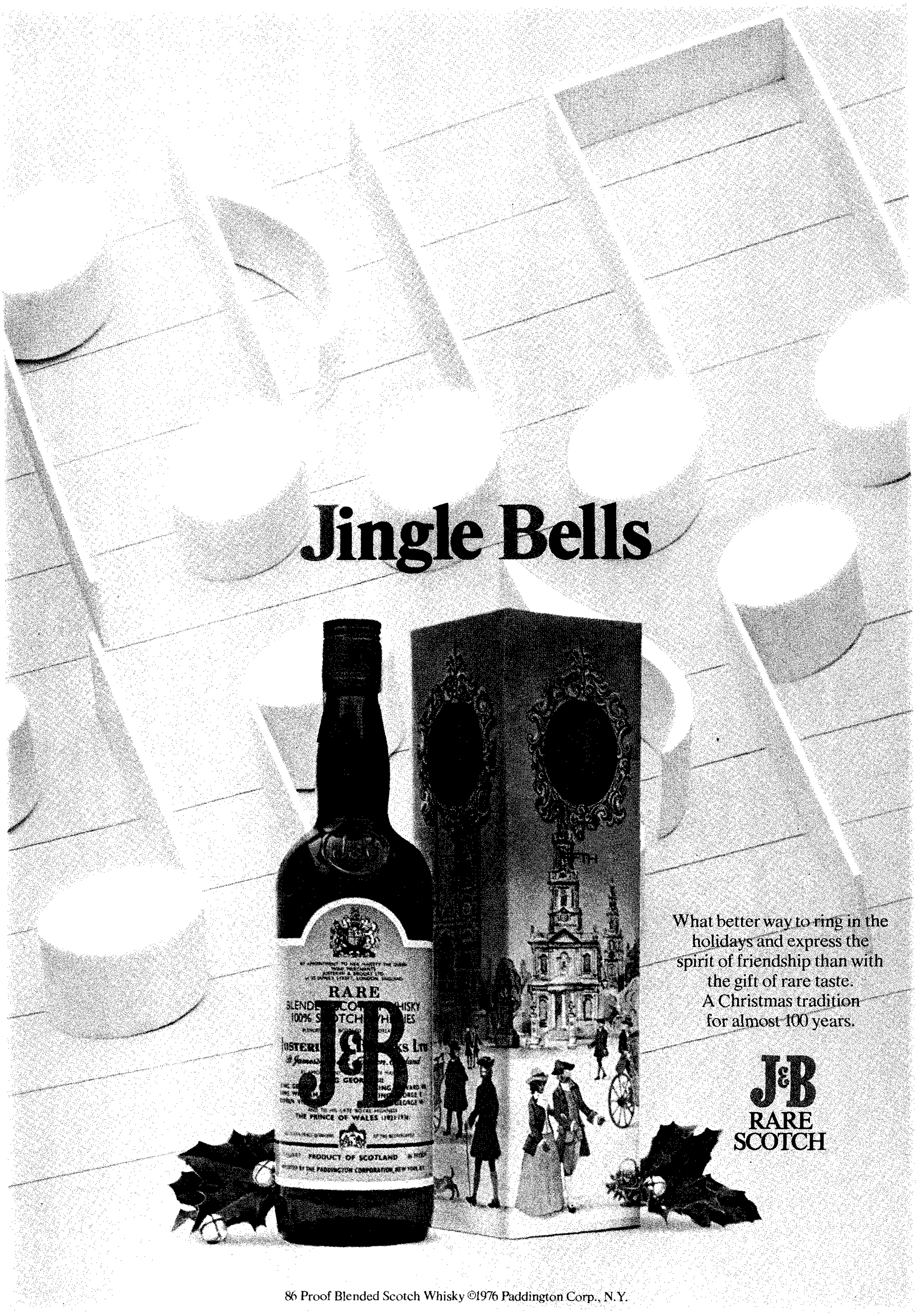
emotional strain, and this is probably his busy season) but just to move ahead, trying to make sure that the children on one's list receive the kind of presents that will provide them with appropriate points of reference if their invective should take this particular turn when they grow up—and trusting, of course, that they'll have a good time with the source material along the way. Surely that should be the case with a Tinkertoy Junior Architect Set—$5 at Polk's Hobby Department Store, 314 Fifth Avenue (32nd)—which has a hundred and twenty-five white-birch rods and cylinders that children can fit together to build one of those antic-looking Tinkertoy structures which delight a first-grader, whether or not he would welcome that style of architecture into the neighborhood later in life. Also great fun for this age-group—"three to eight years" is the recommendation—is a Young Erector set with about sixty plastic pieces and the requisite number of nuts and bolts to enable the owner to build several items, including a working crane, a flat-bed truck, and the frame of a house; $28.95 at Rappaport's. Ping-Pong is, of course, a different kind of fun. Gimbels has a regulation-sized table for table-tennis (that's five by nine feet) at $69.99. This one has wheels, so that it can be moved easily, and half of the table folds upward to serve as a backstop for practice purposes. A package of the necessary gear—net, three balls, four paddles—comes to $7.99, also at Gimbels. As for those yo-yos, we found a lighted Duncan yo-yo of yellow plastic, about two inches in diameter, at Rappaport's. The necessary two AAA batteries are included in the price, which is $2. (In case you'd forgotten, Donald Franklin Duncan, who first marketed the yo-yo in this country about a half century ago, later put some of his yo-yo money into the parking-meter business and became the Duncan of Duncan Industries, which at one point controlled eighty per cent of all the parking meters in the country, and so caused Duncan to be called far worse things than a yo-yo.)

The term "Barbie doll" may be a pejorative in some circles, but rarely in those that include little girls. Ninety-eight million dolls in the Barbie series, most of them figures of Barbie herself, have been sold since the eleven-and-a-half-inch fashion doll first came on the market, eighteen years ago. Ballerina Barbie, now third on the list of best-selling toys, has long blond hair and flexible legs and arms, making it easy to pose her pirouetting and doing a split and that kind of thing. She comes wearing a ballet dress, and in the box with her are two other costumes, a stand, toe shoes, and a bouquet that her admirers can toss to her at the end of each performance; $9.99 at Gimbels. At Polk's, Barbie's twelve-inch boyfriend, Ken, wearing a tennis outfit, is $8.25. If you want a doll who can really give a dancing performance, Nina Ballerina is $15.30, including the price of the required D battery, at the Gingerbread House, 9 Christopher Street. An eight-inch doll in a pink tutu on a music-box stand, she gracefully moves her arms and legs in admirable prima-ballerina form—even doing a plié—for five minutes at a time, to music from "Swan Lake." Of course, Nina cannot be removed from her stand, and thus cannot be played with like an ordinary, non-dancing doll. The Mattel company, which manufactures Barbie, would be pleased if, when Barbie comes down off her toes, you would make it possible for her to move right on to Barbie's Fashion Plaza, a corrugated paper-and-plastic carrying case that folds out into a three-and-a-half-foot-long, two-story department store, the departments being a bridal boutique, a beauty salon, a fashion bazaar with fitting room, and a snack patio. Pieces of plastic furniture and some accessories are provided, and there is also an escalator, which moves up or down at the yank of a string; the price is $28.95 at Rappaport's. Some observers think that Barbie is less demimondaine-looking than she used to be, but this is not the view of a man called Bill Barton, who helped design the original Barbie. He wouldn't buy the current Barbie doll for his granddaughters, he said recently, because he has "misgivings" about "the moral implications of some of the [Barbie] product line" and, besides, Barbie has "too big a bosom." If this last complaint is one you consider important, it will not be your primary worry about the thirteen-inch Cher doll (as in television's "Sonny and Cher," of course), who is $12.95 at Rappaport's. The television performer explained in an interview last winter that she had insisted that the doll be "a reasonable facsimile" of her. "Naturally," she said, "the doll won't have much of a chest." What the doll does have



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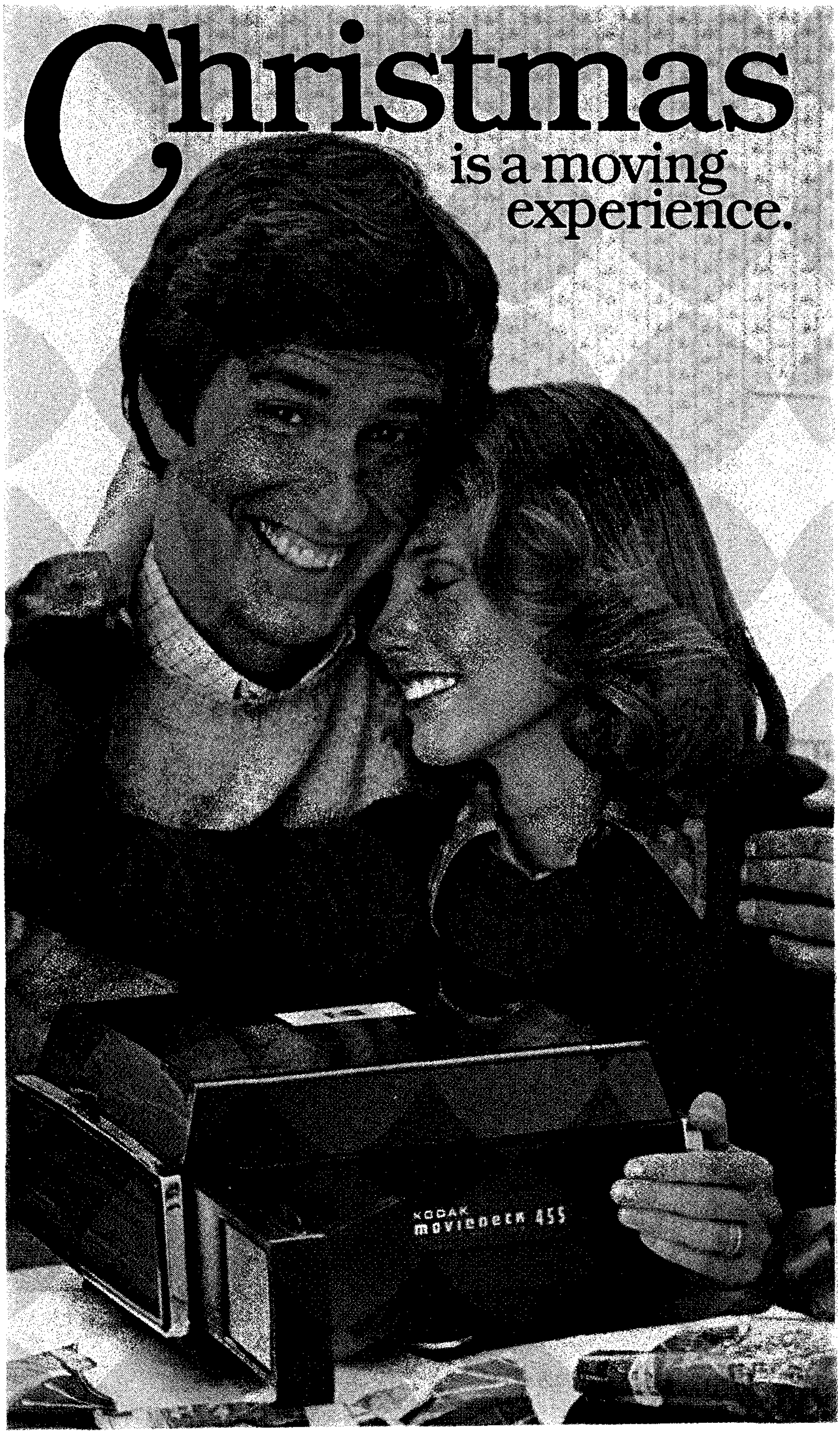

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is quantities of eye makeup; a tight-fitting pink evening dress; black hair that hangs down to the backs of her knees and can be styled in various ways; and bendable arms and legs, so that, as the manufacturer says, she can "be posed in any exciting position." According to that list of best-selling toys, which may be reflected in the list some little child hands you, she is the most popular toy in America.

COULD we move on, please, to Silly Putty? You'll find a half ounce of it for a dollar at Rappaport's, among other places. "The toy with one moving part," as its advertisements boast, Silly Putty is, of course, the stuff that can be stretched, bounced, broken into little bouncing pieces, used for making impressions of comic strips or whatever, and then rolled up and returned to its egg-shaped plastic container, ready for the next interval that is free for fun or for "five minutes of escape from neurosis," as it was once put by Peter C. L. Hodgson, the man who was responsible for Silly Putty's long career, and who did *not* invent the phrase "chacun à son goo." A silicone-based by-product of an unsuccessful Second World War search for a rubber substitute by scientists at General Electric's New Haven laboratories, the versatile but apparently useless substance amused guests at New Haven cocktail parties for years. Then, late in 1949, using a borrowed hundred and forty-seven dollars, Hodgson got some chemists to make up a batch of the stuff, applied for a trademark, and put it on the market at a dollar an egg, first for adults, who often found their supply appropriated by their children, and then for children, from whom it is sometimes filched by adults. Hodgson, whose only previous large-scale enterprise had been the organizing of the Wendell Willkie clubs around the country in the late nineteen-thirties, died last August, rich and unneurotic, with Silly Putty—a name now far better known, of course, than Willkie—selling in twenty-three countries at the rate of over five million eggfuls a year. Most remarkable of all, the price is still a dollar an egg.

The game of Monopoly, which we mentioned, is $8.95 at Brentano's; for $4 more, you may have a de-luxe set with a flocked case, wooden instead of plastic houses, and a double supply of play money. There is a certain air of distraction these days at the offices of Parker Brothers, the makers of Monopoly, and not only because they're busy planning next year's World Monopoly Championship Tournament in Monte Carlo, where the winner will receive the Charles B. Darrow Cup, a trophy named for the man who has usually been credited—and has certainly been credited by Parker Brothers, which bought the rights to the game from Darrow in 1935—with inventing Monopoly. Parker Brothers—or, rather, General Mills, of which Parker Brothers is now a subsidiary, in a division known as the General Mills Fun Group—has also been distracted by some no-fun legal proceedings in the Federal District Court in San Francisco, in which Ralph Anspach, a San Francisco State University economics professor who puts out a game called Anti-Monopoly, has sued to invalidate the Monopoly trademark and is counting on a ruling that no trademark should exist, since, he contends, Monopoly is a "folk game," like checkers or chess. Anspach says that a game much like Monopoly was being played under that name as early as 1910, and that it was a modification of something called the Landlord's Game, patented in 1904, to which some socially conscious professors at the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania (including Scott Nearing, who sent the plaintiff a letter) added concepts of industrial villainy by including the monopolistic groupings and the houses; they called the result Monopoly. Old boards were produced in court by the plaintiff to show that for two decades after 1910 players of the game gave the various squares street names used in their home towns, and it was also claimed that Darrow just happened to come upon a set that had started out in Atlantic City, whence the now familiar Atlantic City street names on the Parker Brothers board. General Mills feels that Darrow's game was significantly different from its predecessors and that, anyway, the history and makeup of the game are not relevant to the case. However that may be, Anspach, the deviser of the Anti-Monopoly game, points out that in most games having to do with power and money children are encouraged to believe that the only way to get ahead in the world is to drive one's opponents to the wall. In Anti-Monopoly, the winner is the player who accumulates the largest combination of money and social credits, the latter being rewards for the securing of indictments against monopolies with such board names as I.P.M. and U.S.A. Steel, but not—so far, anyhow—any variation of General Mills; $8.50 will get you this anti-monopoly lesson at Polk's. We don't

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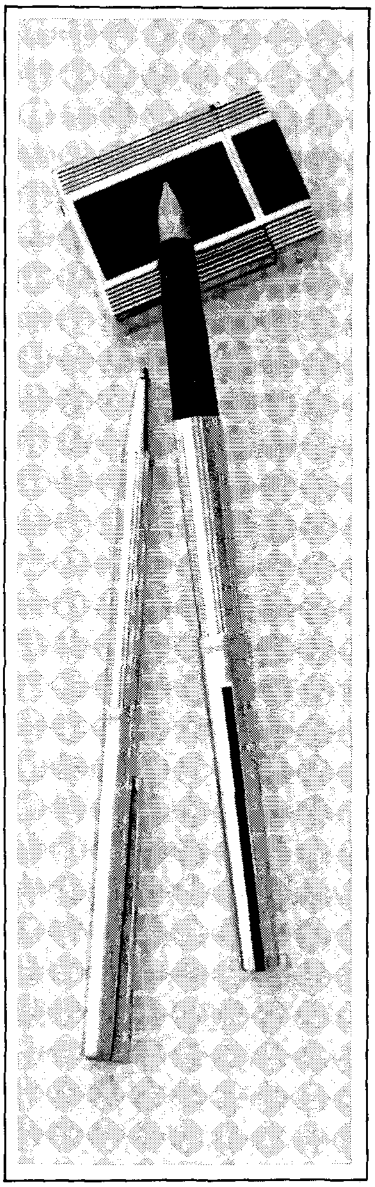

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know what either the Monopolists or the Anti-Monopolists would make of a game that, according to the *News*, is being manufactured by a Nebraska company and is called the Welfare Game. The winner in that one is the player who disposes of *all* his holdings, so that he can live off welfare for the rest of his life. As far as we have been able to discover, it is not available in this city—a deprivation that would no doubt be called a blessing by those out-of-town congressmen who are already convinced that qualifying for welfare is the average New Yorker's highest ambition. We have found a very different game, however, which should take care of Art Buchwald's complaint that since the prices of real estate on the Monopoly board haven't changed since the game began (or, anyhow, since 1935), American children are being brought up in a dreamworld, encouraged to believe that they can buy Atlantic City's Boardwalk for four hundred dollars. The new game is called Petropolis, and, if you look closely, you'll find that it bears some resemblance to Monopoly. (To be truthful, most of these board games go back to the centuries-old East Indian game of which the modern version is Parcheesi: according to the throw of dice or the twirl of a spinner, the player moves a counter along a laid-out path, hoping to land on a square that will have a benign rather than a ruinous effect on his gaming fortunes.) In Petropolis, which was devised by a young Frenchman, Baron Arnaud de Rosnay, the denominations of the play money range from thousand- to million-dollar bills, and the game involves the purchases of whole countries, such as Iran and Kuwait (which is a long way from Marvin Gardens). The square comparable to "Go to Jail" reads "Go to International Court." One difference between this game and Monopoly is that Petropolis has a time limit, and another is the price; Petropolis is $20—or $50 for the de-luxe set—at Bloomingdale's. The Baron sent two even de-luxer, eight-hundred-dollar editions to the Ford family last year, presumably to give the President some ideas about handling the next Middle East crisis, and stopped by the White House to teach Jack Ford the game, so that Jack, in turn, could teach it to the President.

It hardly seems right to have used Winnie-the-Pooh for political-cutting-up purposes this year; after all, it was an important birthday for him. It was fifty years ago this October that

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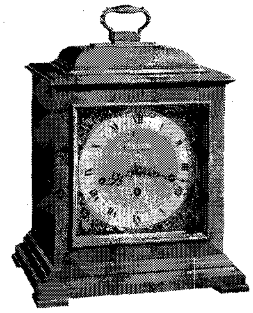

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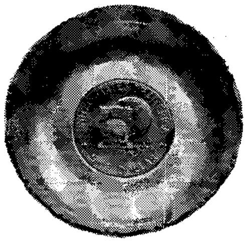

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"Winnie-the-Pooh," A. A. Milne's first collection of stories about his son Christopher Robin's toy bear, was published. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* cartoonist Tony Auth decided to use the anniversary to point up the decline and fall of the environment, drawing a picture of Pooh and his friends huddled close to an obviously dying tree and surrounded by superhighways, skyscrapers, a Holiday Inn, and the fumes from airplane and automobile traffic. But, after all, the original Pooh, an eighteen-inch golden Teddy bear, was brought home to Christopher Robin Milne by Father Milne from Harrods, which is in the middle of London, and spent most of his active years with Christopher Robin in Chelsea, which is also in the middle of London, in a period when the celebrated fog in that city was made up largely of smoke from the burning of soft coal. Pooh himself has apparently survived all of life's vicissitudes very nicely (he has a permanent home behind glass in the offices of the American publisher of the Pooh books, E. P. Dutton), but his original owner does not seem to be in very good spirits, despite all those royalties that have been piling in since his father's death. "Frankly, the exploitation of the books makes me sick" was the recent comment of Christopher R. Milne, now a Dartmouth, England, bookseller, who complained also that Pooh had "become a cult." Of course, you could turn your back on the cult, and just bring home an ordinary bear and see what lucrative vicissitudes it leads to at your house. The Gingerbread House has a Steiff bear about eighteen inches tall, wearing a cheerful expression, for $15. And this year Fisher-Price, which is the nation's second-largest toy company (after Mattel), has brought out a very nice golden Teddy bear (actually, his name is Freddy) who can go right in the washing machine. He's twelve inches tall, and Rappaport's has him for $9.95. Decorating his blue bib is a big apple, Mayor Beame will be pleased to know. On the other hand, you will probably find that a handmade bear patterned after Pooh himself at the Gingerbread House will bring you right back into the cult fold. Made of tan felt with a bright-red felt vest, he's twenty-one inches tall and costs $16.95. Pathways of Sound, contributing to the cult, offers a set of three records on which Maurice Evans reads the first edition of "Winnie-the-Pooh." The records may be ordered from Pathways, at 102 Mt. Auburn Street, Cambridge, Mass., 02138. The price is $23.94 including postage. And what

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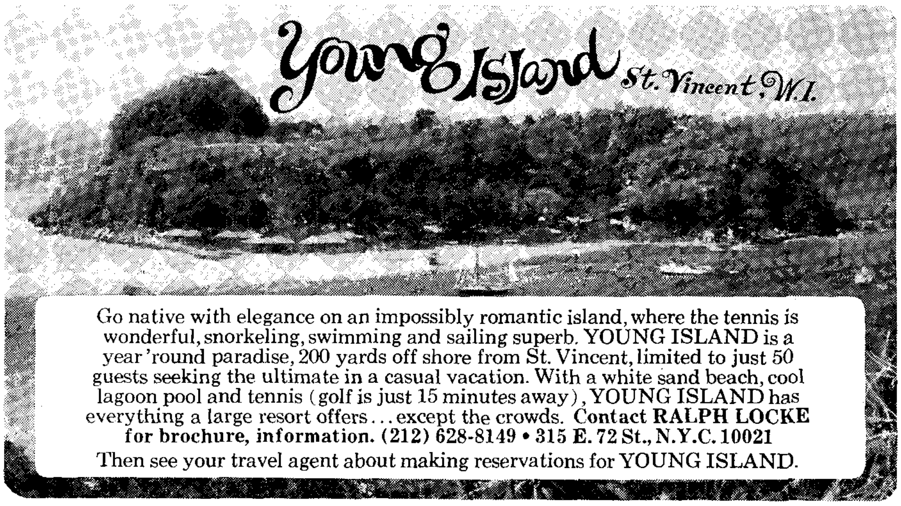

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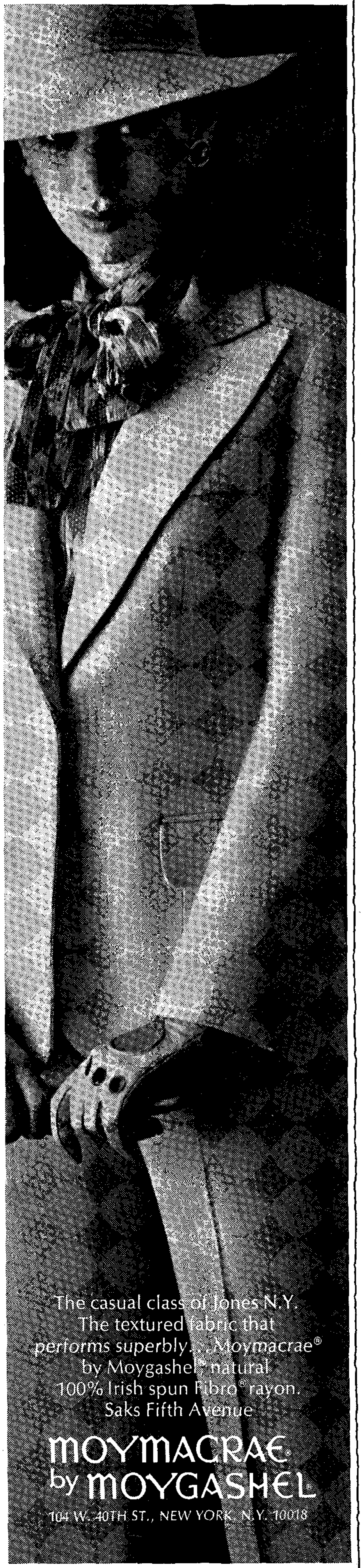
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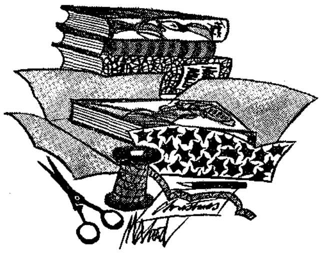
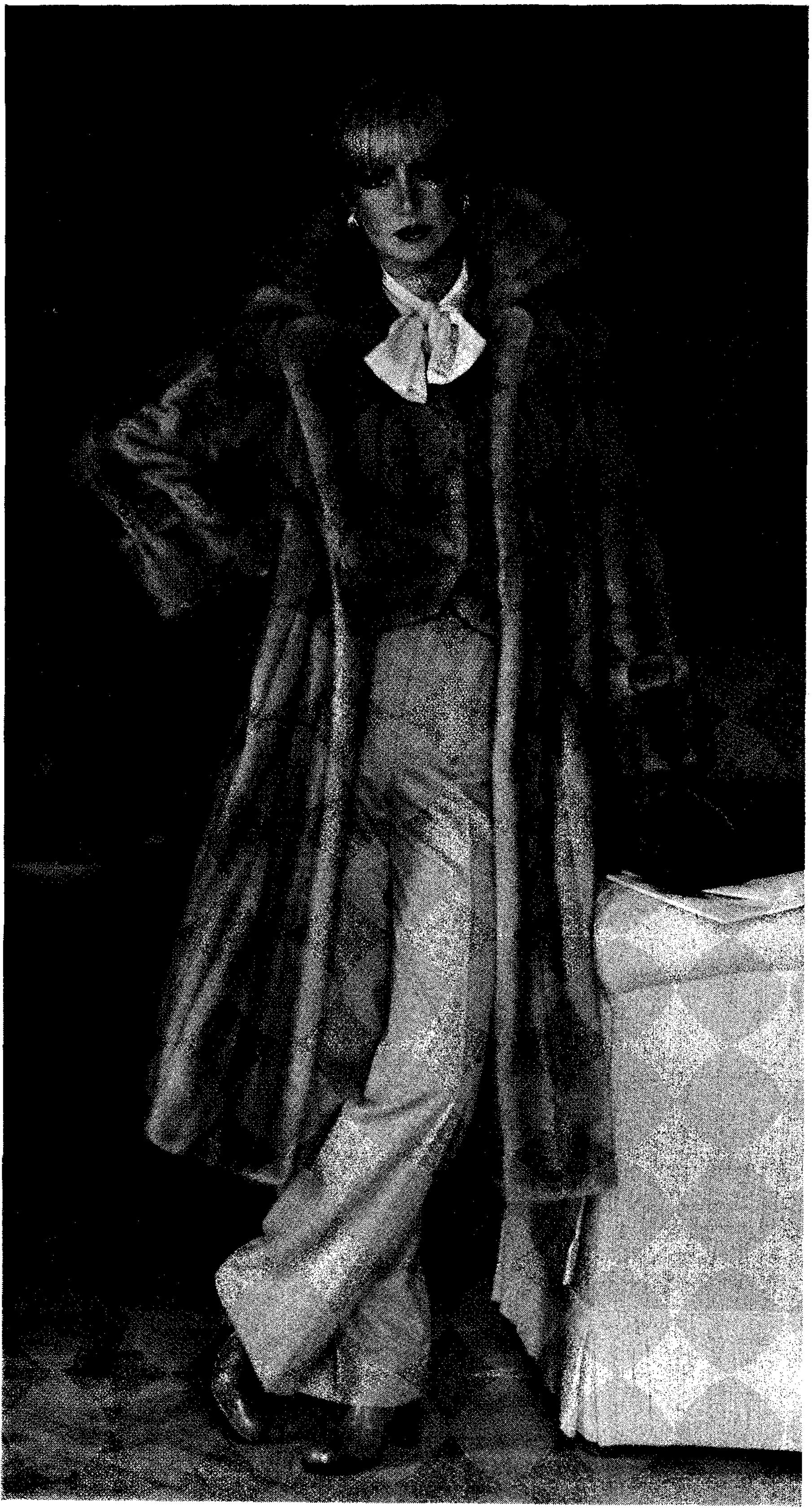
Dutton calls the Pooh Library, a set of the four Milne books for children ("Winnie-the-Pooh," "The House at Pooh Corner," "When We Were Very Young," and "Now We Are Six"), comes to $16.50 at Brentano's, the price for the individual books being $4.50. At the same place, a Winnie-the-Pooh Calendar for 1977, with the familiar illustrations by Ernest H. Shepard (who died this year, at the age of ninety-six, with no complaints about the cult at all) and excerpts for each month from the Grand Thoughts of Pooh and his friends, is $2.95.

The people responsible for Mickey Mouse, in all his manifestations, seem not in the least concerned about any implications of a Mickey Mouse cult—or a Winnie-the-Pooh cult, either, for that matter. Wouldn't you know: Walt Disney Productions owns the merchandising rights to Pooh paraphernalia; its contract for such items as Pooh toys and clothes with just one company—Sears, Roebuck—is said to bring in several million dollars annually. As for Mickey Mouse (the one with the big ears and long tail, not the synonym for silly regulations and make-work), Polk's has, for $19, a nineteen-inch Marching Mickey, who lifts one foot after the other when you squeeze his hands. ("No batteries needed—Mickey runs on love," says the manufacturer, but actually it's a pneumatic arrangement.) A set of twelve small puzzle blocks with part of a different Mickey Mouse puzzle on each side is $3.98 at Rappaport's. Put together in proper order, they show six different scenes, about five inches square, in which Mickey is in various dire or delightful straits. The set comes in a neat little cardboard carrying case with a handle. And at Korvettes you'll find a twenty-inch Minnie Mouse rag doll, which we mention because we never saw a Minnie Mouse rag doll before; $2.88. According to the compilers of "The Kovels' Complete Antiques Price List" (a couple named Terry and Ralph Kovel, of Shaker Heights, Ohio), Mickey Mouse items are now the hottest thing on the antique-toy list; an uncut paper doll of Mickey Mouse has brought $40, for example. Toys from the nineteen-thirties are in especially large demand, the Kovels have said, the biggest customers being middle-aged men, who are buying what their families couldn't afford when they themselves were children, during the Depression—in this case, looking back not in anger but in memory of long-ago Christmas-morning disappointments. A sense of early deprivation also encouraged H. Samuel Gold, a local businessman and gift-premium manufacturer, in a toy-collecting project that he began after he started to make money, in the nineteen-twenties, and has continued ever since. Two hundred of a total of two thousand items that he ultimately gathered together are on exhibit at the Museum of the City of New York through January 9th. All of the toys in the exhibit have something to do with illusion or apparent magic; some have intricate mechanisms, some are animated by clockwork or sand; and some have funny names such as Phenakistiscope. A welcome stocking present might be a folded note promising the recipient an afternoon among them at the museum, which is open from ten to five Tuesdays through Saturdays and from one to five on Sundays and holidays, and which is free at all times.



IN the early days of the Kennedy Administration, John Steinbeck asked Adlai Stevenson, who had been recently named as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, if he would use his influence with the new President to get Steinbeck an appointment as Ambassador to Oz. Steinbeck promised that, if chosen, he could think of "quite a few people who would be better melted down," and could "get the Winkies to fighting the Munchkins, which would open up a whole market for our obsolete weapons." The *Times'* review of L. Frank Baum's first Oz book, "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," in 1900, pointed out that "a scarecrow stuffed with straw, a tin woodman, and a cowardly lion do not, at first blush, promise well as moving heroes in a tale." As it turned out, of course, these heroes have had a longer life than those of almost any other book published that year. In 1976, the International Wizard of Oz Club is flourishing at an address (Box 95) in Kinderhook, Illinois. It has fifteen hundred members, who come from all over the United States, which the Oz Club has divided up, for membership purposes, according to Baum's map of Oz: Californians are Winkies, for instance; New York is the land of the Munchkins; and Kinderhook would fall somewhere in Gillikin country. Three times a year, club members publish *The Baum Bugle*, a collection of the latest news from and about Oz. An indirect result of the club's work which would make a great gift for any Oz addicts you know is "The Annotated Wizard of Oz;" $7.98 at the Marboro stores. Its editor, Michael Patrick Hearn, did not need to look back from any distance on his childhood pleasure in Dorothy and her friends. Taking his first Oz book out of the library when he was nine, Hearn began reading his way through the series, joined the Oz Club, started writing regularly for *The Baum Bugle*, and published his definitive survey of the Oz world three years ago, when he was twenty-three. His annotated Oz contains a facsimile of the first edition of the first Oz book, as well as considerable lore about the thirteen other books in the series (all of which are still in print), and much enlightening information about the creator of Oz. During his lifetime, Baum was considered the author of the first modern American fairy tales, but he disapproved of what he called "the horrible and blood-curdling incident" in the Grimm and Andersen stories. Good intentions only got him into trouble, however. The Oz books were banned for decades from many libraries, possibly because some of the later books in the series showed the Oz inhabitants living in a society without rules—settling matters of work roles and rewards among themselves in a subversive style that caused Baum to be denounced in some circles as a Communist. There are several of these annotated versions of children's classics, published by Clarkson N. Potter (they include an "Annotated Mother Goose," an "Annotated Alice," and another one, just out, which we'll tell you about later), and they are wonderful to have around even when children are only six or seven; during intervals between sessions of reading the original text aloud, parents can attend happily to the footnotes while the children look at the pictures. Also available for these younger Oz enthusiasts are two play sets. One of them is called the Emerald City Playset and the other the Munchkinland Playset, and they are both $17.95 at Rappaport's. The Emerald City Playset opens out to a forty-two-inch play area that includes the castle, and various plastic props, such as the Wizard's spinning crystal ball, a folding yellow brick road, and a figure of the Wizard. The Wizard is eight inches tall, like six other flexible play figures, which are available for $3.98 each, all of them modelled on the members of



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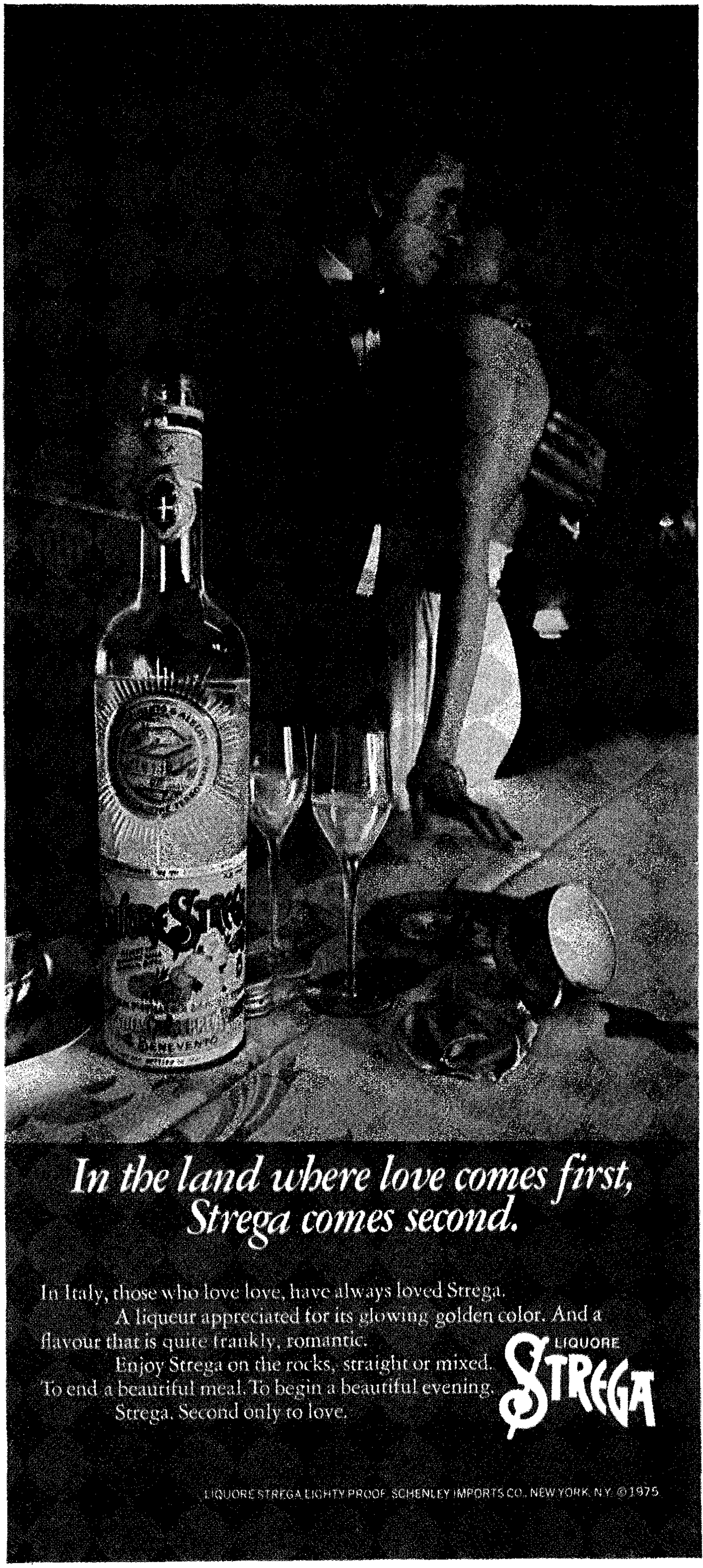
the cast in the 1939 movie. The six are Dorothy and her three good friends, as well as the Good and Bad Witches. ("The one I like best is Wicked, the Witch," we heard a little girl say on her way out of the toy store.) The other Oz set has two parts—one showing Munchkinland and providing a four-inch Mayor of Munchkinland (three other four-inch Munchkins are available separately at $3.98 each), and the other showing the old farmhouse in Kansas—which is a long way from Barbie's Fashion Plaza. Another possibility for Oz admirers is Caedmon's abridged, one-record version of "The Wizard of Oz," read by Ray Bolger (TC 1512; $6.98). It's nice to hear all about the place from someone who, like the Scarecrow, has been there. For that matter, the original sound track of the 1939 movie is $6.98 at F.A.O. Schwarz. Or you could take the older kids to see the black musical version, "The Wiz," at the Majestic, even if you aren't sure that, whether they are black or white, they will agree with the interpretation offered by Bryant Rollins in the *Times* last year that "the main themes running through the show are slavery and emancipation, the black church and religion, the great black migration from rural South to urban North," with the Wicked Witch of the West representing slavery; the poppy field along the yellow brick road the peril of drugs; and Dorothy's yearning to go back to Kansas the Northern black's desire to return to the South—all of which would have greatly surprised L. Frank Baum when he was writing the book seventy-six years ago.

THE big news in the baby-doll field is the two "anatomically correct" boy dolls that are now widely available. Similar dolls, imported from Europe, have been on the local market before, but this is the first year that two major American toy companies, Mattel and Ideal, have decided to be so daring. The two newcomers are both very nice dolls, although neither is on that best-seller list—possibly because some parents and grandparents who do the toy buying are still a little nervous about asking for them. The Mattel doll, Baby Brother Tender Love ("He's a real boy!"), is a fifteen-inch blond fellow with very soft skin and brown eyes, who arrives wearing a striped T-shirt and short pants and carrying his own bottle. He's $15.98 at Polk's. There is also a Black Baby Brother Tender Love, in a similar outfit. The anatomically correct Ideal doll, identified on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the box as "Archie Bunker's Grandson Joey Stivic," is a fourteen-inch blond with blue eyes, and wears only a disposable diaper and a baby blanket—blue, of course. Macy's has him for $15. There is no black Archie Bunker's Grandson. The name of another new Ideal doll is Baby Baby. We're thinking of working up a board game based on the players' progress around the table at a toy-company sales conference, the big winner being the player who comes up with the name Baby Baby. A seven-inch doll, Baby Baby wears a white diaper and a pink blanket, and really seems to suck on the bottle she brings with her; when you turn the bottle in her mouth, her eyes open and close. Rappaport's has her for $7.95. Baby Baby comes in both black and white versions, the white Baby Baby being a blonde with blue eyes. We also like to imagine the toy-company sales conference that resulted in the naming of another doll, Laughing Allegra. We see it as one Longfellow scholar standing off about a dozen "Laughing *Who?*"s. The confusing part is that Laughing Allegra is an Italian doll; you can prove it by her white pinafore, which says, "*Io sono allegra.*" Well, Longfellow always did have a big overseas following; he was the first American to be honored in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. In any case, this Allegra, who costs $26.95 at Schwarz, is eighteen inches tall and soft-bodied, if you don't count the battery in her middle; the battery is included in the price. The reason for the first part of her name is that when Allegra is thrown in the air she makes a chuckling sound. We confess we rather like the idea that children in 1976 may be playing with a doll of this name just because a hundred and twenty years ago or so a little girl called Allegra and her two sisters came running down the stairs of an old house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at twilight, and their father wrote a poem about it called "The Children's Hour." (No royalties for Allegra's descendants no matter what, however, Longfellow being in the public domain.) Perhaps next year we'll have a Grave Alice (no batteries needed) and Edith with Golden Hair (washable, restylable, and with, as an available accessory, her very own plastic beauty salon). We tried to find one of the old dollar Authors games to see if the author of "The Children's Hour" was smiling, but that educational exercise in identifying Longfellow, Dickens, Thackeray, and their works didn't seem to be available. We then tried

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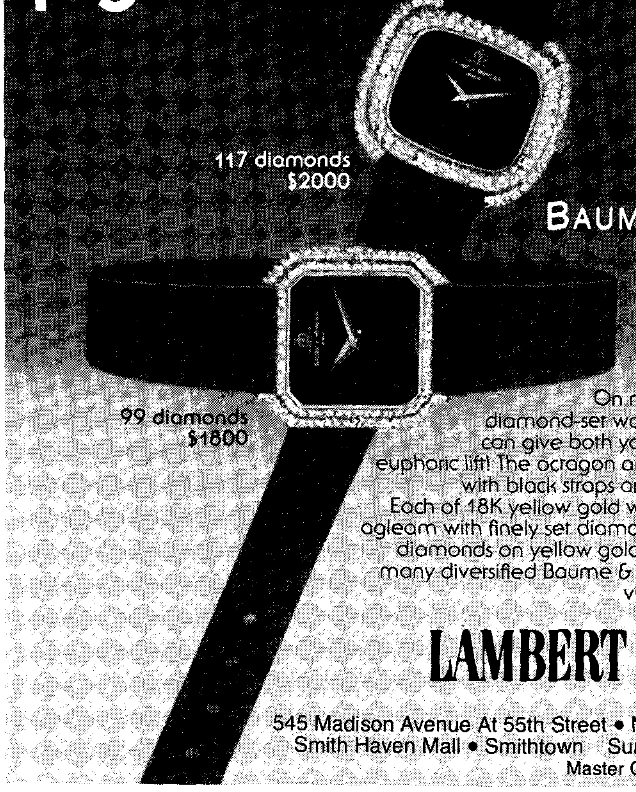

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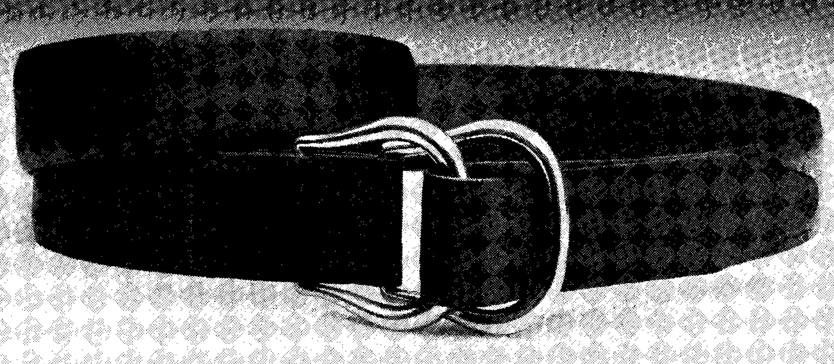

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to think of the names and faces that might be chosen for a contemporary version of Authors—but that's another kind of game.

THE one game on the list of best-selling toys also has a literary background, of sorts—Jaws. "It's you against the great white shark. . . . One wrong move—and the jaws go snap!," it says on the box. Actually, this game will do less to prepare a child for his first confrontation with an oceangoing predator than it will to remind him of his last game of jackstraws. (If he doesn't have one of those, Jack Straws is $2.95 at Bloomingdale's.) The game consists of first assembling a fourteen-inch plastic shark with gaping, spring-wired jaws—a part of the game you might not have counted on—and placing inside his mouth various small pieces of plastic jetsam: a camera, an anchor, a fish, and so on. The players then take turns trying to remove four pieces of the debris with a plastic gaff hook without causing the jaws to snap shut. When they do snap shut, the player responsible has to put everything back and start over; $8.95 for this at Brentano's. In spite of all those teeth, Jaws is not a grisly game at all—which is more than we can say for the country's second-best-selling toy, the Six Million Dollar Man. The question might be: What happens to former astronauts who don't get elected to the United States Senate? If you're an imaginary character named Colonel Steve Austin and get in a terrible accident, you're rebuilt bionically (bionics: the application of biological principles to engineering), at a cost of six million dollars. Then you go into a television series called "The Six Million Dollar Man" and also become a doll—or, rather, an "action figure," since that phrase is more acceptable to little boys, the ones who generally play with action figures. This Six Million Dollar Man action figure, which is $11.99 at Polk's, is thirteen inches tall and comes in what is described as a "NASA-style jump suit" and sneakers. One of his eyes looks pretty weird, because it is equipped with a wide-angle lens a child can peer through from the back of the action figure's head. If you press a button on his back, his right arm pushes up, allowing him to lift a plastic engine block that he brings with him. The arm can also be removed, so that other accessories, such as a battery-powered laser arm, can be snapped on. On the whole, ugly as he is, we prefer the Eagle Eye G.I. Joe with Eyes That Move from Left to Right. This twelve-inch action figure has engaged mainly in civilian pursuits for a few years, though he still wears a camouflage suit and comes with his own rifle. (The right to bear arms, you know.) Eagle Eye has eyes that are controlled by a lever at the base of his neck. "Watch closely . . . it almost appears as though G.I. Joe is going through a thought process . . . adding an exciting new dimension to a child's world of play," says the manufacturer; $8.95 for this intellectual at Rappaport's.

The Corgi people, who make those meticulously designed four- and five-inch models of cars and trucks and—this year—Batcopters, continue to encourage everybody to think small, with eminently satisfactory results all around. You may have been under the impression that Batman items went the way of Davy Crockett gear—that is, right into the pages of "The Kovels' Complete Antiques Price List." Not so. The five-inch Batmobile has been the best-seller of the Corgi line for nearly a decade, and now there's the Batcopter, which is half an inch longer and has four-inch rotors that spin around at the flick of a wheel; a working winch; and a three-quarter-inch Batman himself at the controls—or, anyhow, visible behind them. This is $14.50 at Bloomingdale's, among other places. At the same store, you'll find a set of seven vehicles known as Corgi Juniors—these are about two inches long—suitable for road building. There's a steamroller, a bulldozer, and so on, along with four inch-high figures equipped with pickaxes and shovels, for $12.50. Our favorite common carrier in the Corgi line is, as usual, the red double-decker bus. It's five inches long—a No. 11, headed for Liverpool Street by way of Chelsea, Charing Cross, and Fleet Street; among the signs on its side is "Keep Britain Tidy," and it's $5.50 at the Gingerbread House. If you know a child who would like to build his own red double-decker bus, the Lego people will be glad to oblige. A Lego set with a hun-

dred and ten interlocking pieces can be turned into a very nice six-inch-long rolling double-decker by a five- or six-year-old. Decals and that kind of thing are provided, so that it's clear that the bus is a No. 7, headed for Piccadilly by way of Hyde Park, Oxford Street, and Regent Street, and the sign on the side says "Read the Lego *Times* Daily."

YOU may have the impression that less room is being made on the counters this year for toys for the newer names on your list—that is, babies and preschool children—and you may be right. In 1970, there were seventeen million two hundred thousand children under five in this country, and by last year the total was down to fifteen million nine hundred thousand and dwindling fast. The most populous age category in the country now is sixteen-year-olds. For a while, Fisher-Price Toys, which has concentrated in the past on toys for infants and preschool children, kept explaining that there was no cause for panic, because if fewer children were born there would be a higher proportion of first children—the ones that, as later children in a family are forever complaining, the parents go all out for. This year, however, Fisher-Price ("Our Work Is Child's Play") announced that it was "breaking with a forty-five-year tradition" by introducing eleven toy sets in a series that features jointed plastic three-and-a-half-inch characters called Adventure People, who are provided with equipment and accessories that will allow them to go on safari, on wilderness patrol, on mountain-climbing expeditions, and so forth—all clearly some distance from the pull-toy crowd. In a set called "The Adventure People and Their Sea Explorer," for instance, two adventurers named Dave and Mary come equipped with an "unsinkable" boat, nearly a foot long, that also rolls on land on a plastic wheel; a sea sled; clip-on scuba tanks that can be filled with water; water skis; a towrope; and a friendly-looking dolphin, perhaps to give directions. The Sea Explorer set is $8.50 and Dave and Mary are $3.50 apiece at Macy's. Ironically, the Fisher-Price company's big seller so far this year, according to those *Toy & Hobby World* charts, is a riding horse on wheels for the toddler age-group. It is about eighteen inches long and nearly as tall, and as its wheels spin they make a clippity-clop sound; when the rider pulls the reins, there's a whinnying noise. A tray between the wheels can hold blocks or

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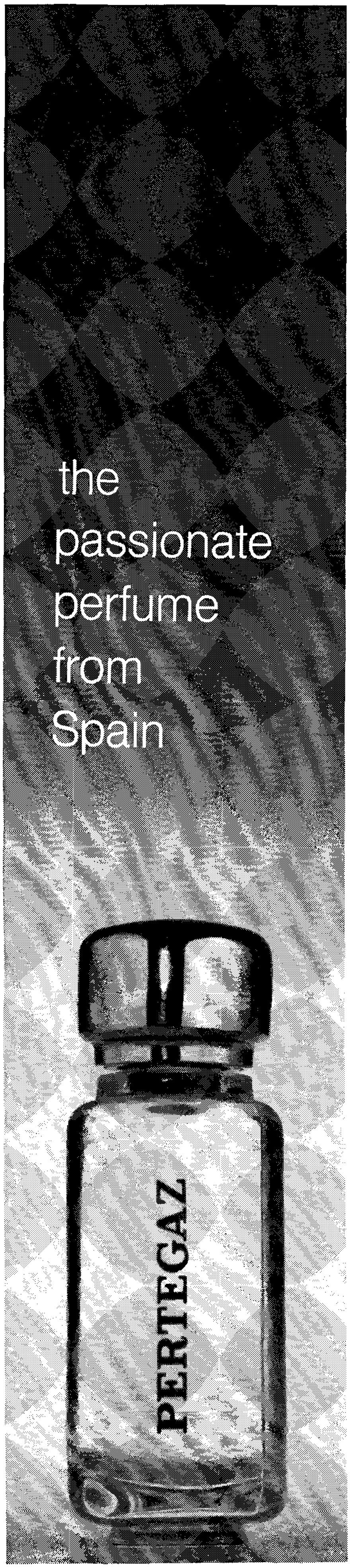
whatever, and if the rider starts to fall off, he's only ten inches from the floor—hardly even an adventure. For about the same age group, a Greek company named Kouvalias has lately been sending us some gifts that you don't need to be at all wary of. These are marvellous enamelled wooden pull toys, of which our favorite is a white swan about ten inches high with an orange beak. Its body is shaped like an egg, and as it's pulled along, the egg revolves gracefully and comically; $12 at Bloomingdale's. At the same place, you'll find a seven-inch-high red-and-yellow elephant with rather similar anatomical arrangements; $13.50. Another Kouvalias toy, at the Gingerbread House, has nine bright-colored wooden knobs on coiled springs, which a little kid can watch as they bob about or can grab hold of. When the base of the toy is turned, it plays a Greek folk tune; $15. For even smaller babies (honestly, there still are a few of these around), dollsandreams, 454 Third Avenue (31st), has two very smooth five-inch wooden toy people, designed by Antonio Vitali, which a very young person can hold on to and chew on; $5.75. And, for hanging over a crib, the Fisher-Price Music Box Mobile ($15.95 at Bloomingdale's) features nine farm animals that turn slowly as the music box plays Brahms' "Lullaby" for ten minutes before it has to be rewound.

TO start off a rather miscellaneous roundup, the best collection of doll houses and doll furniture in town can be found at 970 Lexington Avenue (72nd), the address of a store called Mini Mundus, which is only appropriate, of course, since the name means small world. Mini Mundus will also sell you the lumber and design for making your own doll house. If the style of the house you settle on is nineteenth century, Federal Smallwares, which also has an ample supply of doll-house furniture and accessories (they even offer a doll house for the dolls in a doll house: three inches high, with four furnished rooms, for $6), has something for the hall table—for $1.25, reproductions of 1865 editions of the New York *Times* and the New York *Tribune*, one and a half inches wide. Each has four pages and they can be read with a magnifying glass. At the same place, a doll's tea set, iridescent purple with gold trim, has a three-and-a-half-inch-in-diameter porcelain tray, teapot, sugar and creamer, and two cups and saucers. It's $10. At the Gingerbread House, a less elaborate but much



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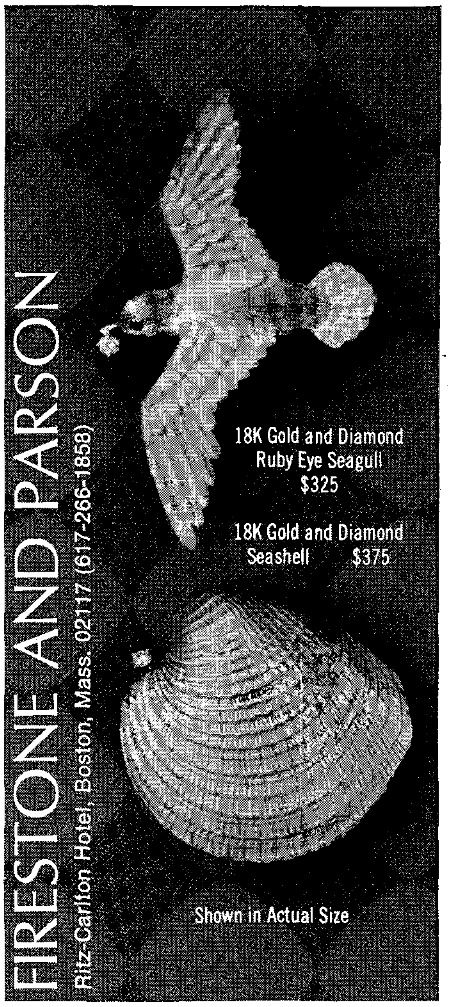

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bigger set, large enough for a child and her (or his) friends to drink out of, is $9.95. This set—six cups, saucers, and plates, a teapot, and sugar bowl and creamer—comes packed in a wooden hutch, twelve by fifteen inches, that has three shelves and a drawer, and could serve some useful purpose long after the last cup is in several pieces.

The news from Sesame Street is that Bert and Ernie were honored with a place in the Smithsonian Institution, in an exhibit on changing approaches to American education. If you know some children who would like to have them on their own private exhibition shelves, stuffed versions of the pair, a little over a foot tall, are $5.50 at Macy's. "Who would have imagined that the time would come when you'd know the name of every one of the Sesame Street characters?" was the recent question of the actor Tony Perkins, who came to fatherhood a little later than the average. Rappaport's has a blue plush hand-puppet version of the Cookie Monster for $8.95. The Cookie Monster ran for President this year on a platform of free cookies for every American; he lost.

People keep saying they don't feel they know the person who *won* the Presidential election. The only clue we have from the toy-and-game department is last summer's report that in spare moments Carter was playing Payday, said to be his favorite children's game, with his daughter, Amy. The subtitle of the game is Where Does All the Money Go? and in the course of it players collect paychecks as they move around "the unique calendar playing board." However, "the bills keep rolling in," as the manufacturers describe it. "There's ample opportunity to take out loans, save up for emergencies and try to make big deals, but winning is a challenge that takes a lot of budget-juggling until you get to payday." The price for this game is $8.50 at Brentano's. Incidentally, those parents who think that their need to concern themselves over sibling rivalry will vanish with the deciduous molars may have been interested in seventy-eight-year-old Mrs. Lillian Carter's response to a television interviewer's question the day after Jimmy Carter's election. Asked about the differences in her two sons, she said quickly, "Oh, of course, Billy's the most interesting." Schwarz has a very nice book about sibling rivalry, for $6.95—all about a girl and her little brother and the terrible trial they are to each other. The title is "It's Not Fair!" No doubt by this time next year the market

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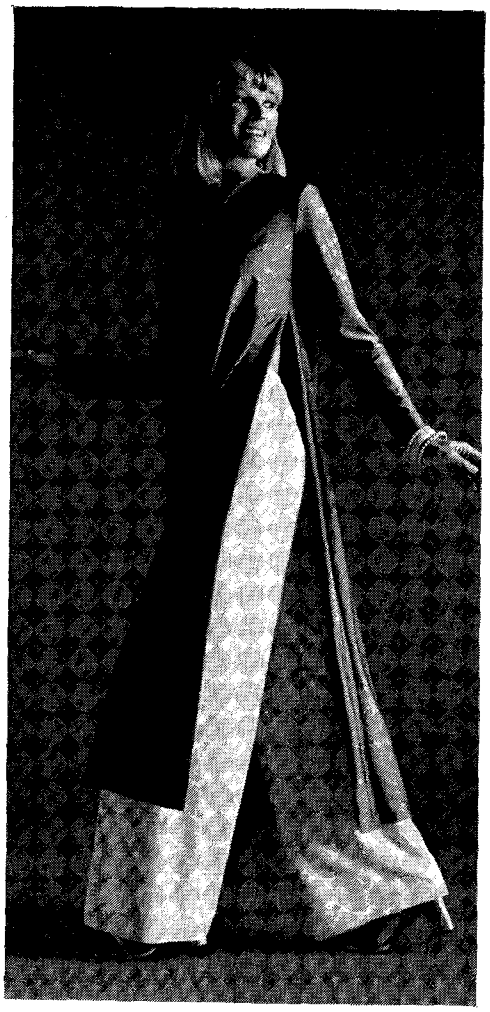

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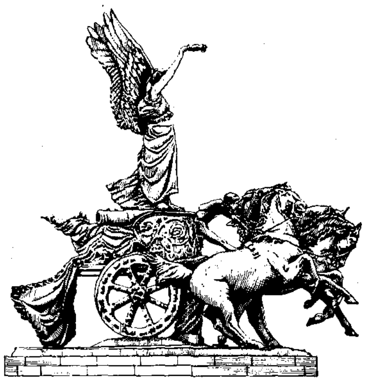

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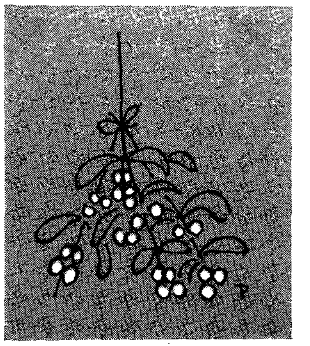
will be flooded with plastic Amy Carter Lemonade Stands and so forth. (An uncut Tricia Nixon paper doll, listed last year for $8.50 in that antique catalogue, is now $4.) However, you can buy the new doll called Amy without making a political commitment. She's been on the market since early last winter—long before the toymakers had even heard of Plains, Georgia. Actually, this is quite a nice doll—one of those soft, stuffed rag dolls with yarn hair and old-fashioned clothes. She wears a green pinafore over a print dress with a matching sunbonnet, and comes in several sizes. In the sixteen-and-a-half-inch size, she's $5.50 at Macy's. One afternoon when he was living in Princeton, during the last years of his life, Albert Einstein put off getting down to work with a couple of scholarly visitors until he had solved the puzzle he was holding in his hand when they arrived. It was one of those small plastic-windowed games in which the player tries to maneuver tiny metal balls into the right holes. "I get it right nearly every time," the great scientist told his visitors proudly when he was finally successful. Six steel-ball puzzles, each different, each three inches square, which cost $9.95 for the six at Childcraft, won't turn any of your young friends into scientific geniuses but could give them a welcome respite from math homework. A more elaborate game, which involves only one steel ball but can keep a child—or two of them, taking turns—occupied for a good part of an afternoon, is Super Labyrinth; $17.95 at Schwarz. By means of knobs on the sides of a wooden box, the player tries to tilt a thirteen-by-fifteen-inch wooden tray in such a way that the ball follows an intricate prescribed course to the final goal without falling into any of fifty-five holes along the way. A much smaller, simpler version of this game, only two and a half inches square and a perfect stocking stuffer, is $1.98 at Rappaport's. In the more-active-game field, the news is that at the University of Texas students can now take non-credit courses in Frisbee, Beginning and Intermediate. We have an idea that that wouldn't go down too well with Dr. Stancil E. D. Johnson, the California psychiatrist who wrote the so far definitive book on the subject, entitled simply "Frisbee" ($4.95 at Macy's). In a piece in the *Times* last summer, Dr. Johnson issued a plea for people to stop taking Frisbees so seriously (although he sounded pretty serious himself when he wrote, "History will surely record that, with the advent of the Frisbee, plastic reached its apogee of utility and beauty"). When a sport gets too solemn and commercial, wrote the Doctor, it becomes largely work and should be called "spork." He complained that with the scheduling of Frisbee tournaments in the Rose Bowl, and that kind of thing, Frisbee was in danger of being sporked: Howard Cosell would soon be brought into the picture, and "the President will start phoning the winning team captains." The best policy, he suggested, was just to regard Frisbee as "the most fun" in the world—an endorsement that brings us to the fact that a Wham-O All-American Frisbee is $2.70 at Polk's.



There's another inexpensive game that we'd like to put in a word for before we get out of that department: checkers. There are few people angrier than a bunch of checkers players of any age shouting "It's not fair!" because chess is treated with great awe and respect while checkers is often dismissed as a little kid's game. "Checkers is an extremely elegant scientific game . . . very simple and very profound," says checkers master Leo Levitt, a physicist of East Setauket, Long Island, who describes it as having greater depth than chess. Levitt also complains, "If a guy gets very good at golf and just plays golf, he . . . gets wealthy. If a guy gets very good at checkers and just plays checkers . . . he's considered a bum." Last April, Levitt was the American contender in the finals for the freestyle world checkers championship, the title being vacant. Remember all the excitement over the Spassky-Fischer match in Iceland? The world-championship checkers match was held in the Farmers Electrical Coöperative Auditorium in Glasgow, Kentucky, and drew a top crowd of perhaps two dozen, some of them farmers who just happened to be in the building. World-championship checkers does have one aspect that is unmatched by world-championship chess, however: it has a mysterious benefactor. All but five hundred dollars of the three thousand dollars in prize money for the Glasgow match was put up by Parks Herzog, a salesman from Blythe, California, who has subsidized tournaments for the last decade but has never attended a match during that period; nor have any of the players ever met him. His representative at the freestyle championship, Arnold Gallub, associate professor of physics at C.U.N.Y., has not seen him in forty years. To an enterprising *Newsday* reporter who tracked him down at a California motel during this year's match, Herzog would say only that he sponsored the sessions because "I like checkers so much, and I like to see to it that those who are able to play well have the opportunity to play." The meeting in Glasgow was scheduled for twenty games, but there were twelve straight draws—protracted games, which together lasted about a week. Levitt won the thirteenth game, and the British contender, Derek Oldbury, won the seventeenth, whereupon the players decided to call it a draw, because Levitt had to be back at work the next morning at the Brookhaven National Laboratory. What seems to follow is that checkers is a simple (though profound), possibly underrated game with at least one mysterious friend, plus a championship contender who is a credit to the American work ethic and a number of staunch defenders—a crowd that might be worth joining. To start the kids off, Schwarz, accommodating itself to the established fact that children play their best games stretched out flat on the living-room rug, has a red-and-black-checkerboard rug, two feet square with checkers three inches in diameter; $9.95. For more upright sorts, an official tournament set approved and endorsed by the American Checker Federation—the checkers are red and white and the board squares are green and tan—is $3 at Bloomingdale's.

MORE news from the record department. Dimension 5, whose records, available at Schwarz, are especially good at persuading the kids to get up off that living-room rug and dance around until it's time for dinner, has a new one called "Funky Doodle" (D 191; $6.98), a lively and unorthodox collection of square dances, of which our favorite is the title number. This activating principle is also evident on two records called "Everybody Cries Sometimes" (AR 561) and "Won't You Be My Friend?" (AR 544). Most of the music for these was written by Marcia Berman and Patty Zeitlin, who also sing most of the songs. The music has a light blues-and-ragtime beat, and is very easy to listen to over and over and *over* for most of an

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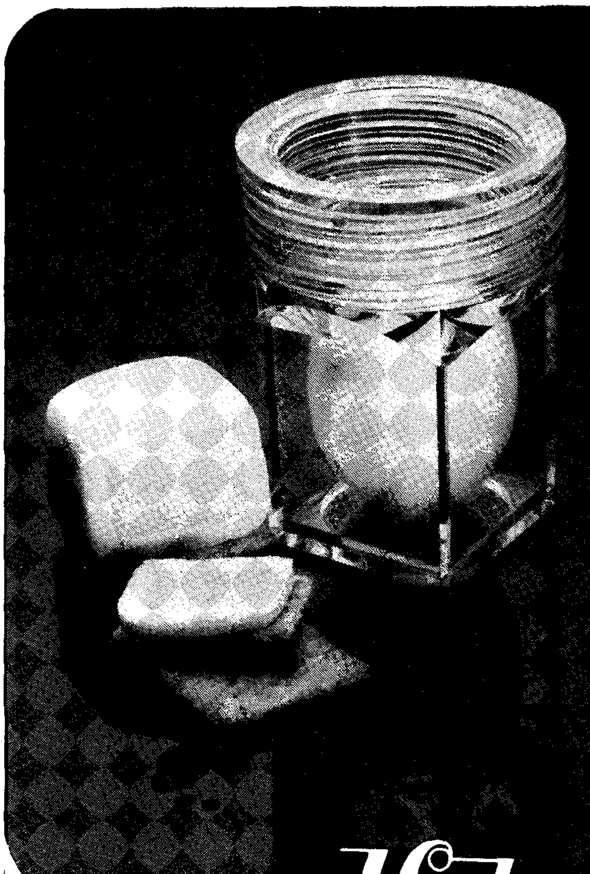

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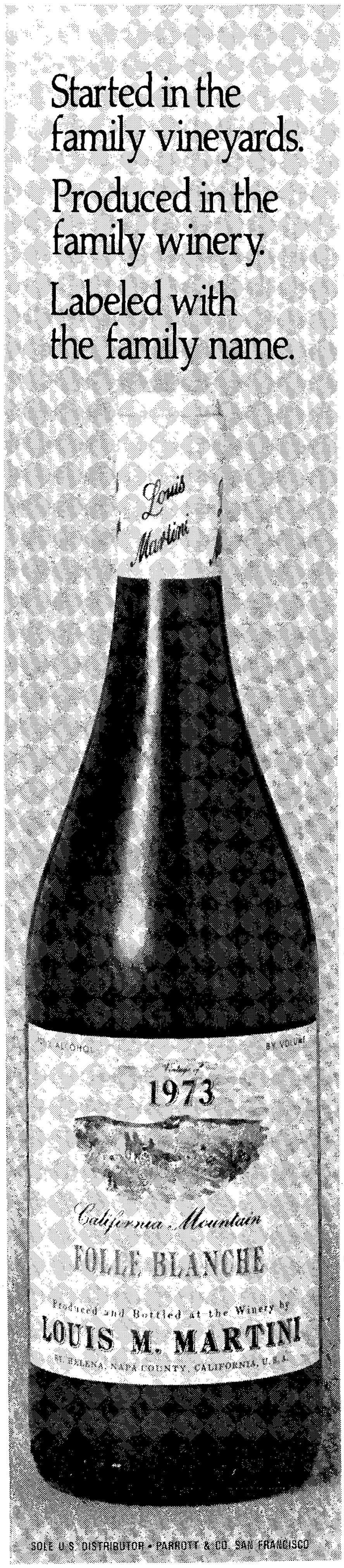
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afternoon, which is the kind of thing you have to be prepared for when children really like a record. Not all the songs are jumping-around style; the plaintive title number of "Everybody Cries Sometimes" is one that isn't, and, on the other record, "I'm Afraid" and "Angry Song" ("Stop! You can't hurt me—but you can yell a lot") are far different from those children's songs which pretend that nobody ever gets scared or wants to knock somebody else around. These two records, which are $6.95 each, are the work of Educational Activities, Inc., Freeport, New York, and are available only by mail order from that address (Box 392). CMS Records has a first record for your youngest friends, "Music for 1's and 2's" (CMS 649; $6.98), on which Tom Glazer sings slowly and gently of the events of a very little child's day: being lifted high, getting his shoes on, playing with toys ("I roll my ball to Daddy; he rolls it back to me"). A far more ambitious Glazer collection from the same company, for an older group of listeners, is "The Musical Heritage of America," a three-volume set (four records in each volume) in which Glazer, with occasional help from others, sings the music that ordinary people have sung in this country from early Colonial times to the beginning of the Civil War (Volume I), in the Civil War years (Volume II), and during the winning of the West (Volume III). There are spirituals, sea chanteys, square-dance tunes, and ballads, some having to do with historic events and some merely with the fun that Americans manage to have in the best and the worst of times. The choices are not limited to the obvious "Dixie" or "The Streets of Laredo" but include such little-known numbers as "Cornwallis's Country Dance," "The Wearing of the Grey," and "Have You Struck Ile?" ("What care we if all Europe rage, our nation has struck ile.") There are musical accompaniments on guitar, banjo, Autoharp, piano, and penny whistle. The lyrics of the songs are included in an illustrated folder that comes with each volume, and before each song Glazer gives us a few words about why it was popular, what kind of people used to sing it, and an occasional sidelight—the theory, for example, that Mexicans call Americans gringos because of the first two words of the song that Irish-American soldiers used to sing in the Mexican War, "Green Grows the Laurel." Each four-record volume in this series (CMS 650, CMS 660, CMS 670) is $28.92. And, for some young poet you know, Credo has

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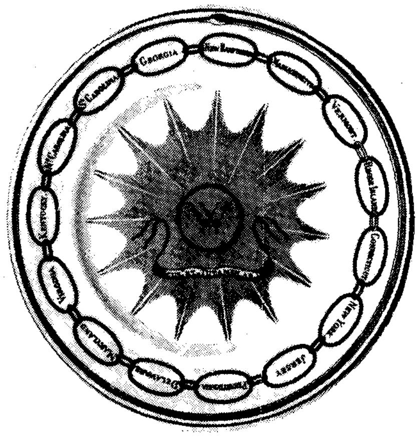

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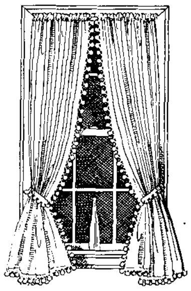

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brought out this year, in a two-record album, the full text of "The Belle of Amherst," William Luce's play based on Emily Dickinson's poetry and life, in which Julie Harris starred on Broadway, as she does here. This record may be ordered for $14.96, including postage, from Pathways of Sound. In the accompanying notes, Brooks Atkinson says, "Although the two records of this album are mechanisms that look like thousands of other mechanisms, they contain the soul of a human being"—that is, Emily Dickinson. The album also, he adds, "contains the genius of Julie Harris," who brings to life, for young people today to get to know, the little spinster leading her secret life and writing her fierce, immortal poems on paper sacks from the grocer's in that old Amherst house over a century ago.

That's also Julie Harris reading "The Little House in the Big Woods," the first of the Little House books that Laura Ingalls Wilder wrote about her childhood in the Wisconsin woods, where she was born in 1867. The four-record set costs $30, also available by mail from Pathways of Sound. A paperback set of all nine Little House books—not to be confused with the rather sugary television series "The Little House on the Prairie," which is loosely based on them—is $12.95 at Schwarz. It's too late now, but if you had bought the books earlier in the year you would have contributed in a small way to the campaign treasury of Roger MacBride, a Presidential candidate who was on the ballot in the third-largest number of states (thirty-two) after Ford and Carter. He ended up with only about two hundred thousand votes, some 39,800,000 fewer than the winner, but he took six per cent of the votes in Alaska, for example. MacBride, the nominee of the Libertarian Party, was bequeathed the rights to the Little House enterprises by his adopted grandmother, who was Mrs. Wilder's daughter, Rose Wilder Lane, and this bequest helped make it possible for him to contribute nearly twenty per cent of the four-hundred-thousand-dollar campaign fund of the MacBride-for-President Committee. The Libertarian Party opposes virtually all federal meddling in private lives. ("Government is humbug" is a line from one of MacBride's books, although surely the national copyright laws have proved a convenience to the Party's standard-bearer.)

The word "humbug," of course, brings to mind a famous Christmas story, and this year, just in time, "The

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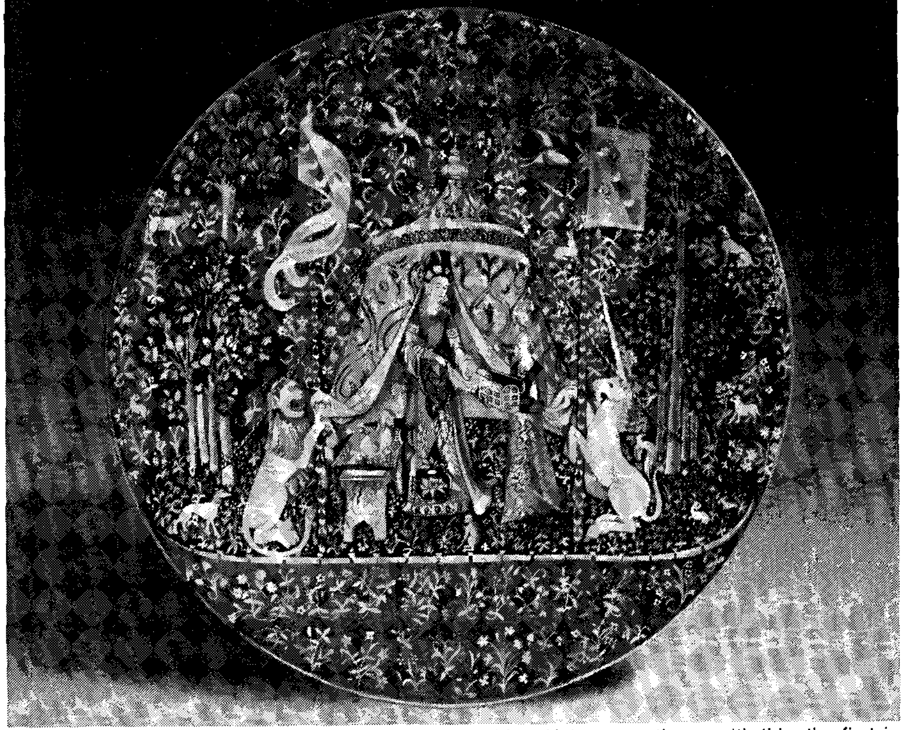

TO MY ONLY DESIRE. The ancient legend of the mythical Unicorn continues with this, the first in a new series of six limited edition plates. Robert Haviland & C. Parlon has faithfully detailed the brilliance of the original museum tapestry in Limoges porcelain. Both collectors and gift givers will welcome the Unicorn's return with this new series. 10". *Handsomely boxed with descriptive brochure.* $45. For nearest dealer, write to Jacques Jugeat, Inc., Dept. U, 225 Fifth Avenue. New York, N.Y. 10010.

Annotated Christmas Carol" is available, for $12.95, the annotation having been provided by the same Michael Patrick Hearn who did similar honors for "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz." Hearn indicates that Dickens' book, far from merely offering a colorful reflection of Christmas in England in 1843, the year it was written, almost by itself revived the joyful holiday rituals that had begun to die out two hundred years earlier, in the Cromwell years, and by the end of the eighteenth century played little part in ordinary British lives. Hearn also notes that Dickens, who had been in a rather depressed state himself when he started writing the book, used it to demonstrate that the wretched lives of the English poor (who had never heard of spork) were made bearable only when they turned back to the attitudes and truths and happy ceremonies of their childhoods—and, of course, it was the turning back to his youth that transformed Scrooge. So jubilant was Dickens when the book was finished, a few weeks before Christmas of 1843, that he reported to a friend about his own subsequent celebrations, "Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blindman's-buffings, such theatre-goings, such kissings-out-of-old-years and kissings-in of new ones, never took part in these parts before." Besides much Dickens lore and dozens of related illustrations, this annotated volume includes the original book from its first words ("Marley was dead: to begin with") to those last words of Tiny Tim—"who did NOT die," says Dickens, in the spirit of the season, being unwilling to deprive us or himself of a happy ending—"God Bless Us, Every One!" Merry Christmas!

•

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[*From a letter from Alexander Hunenko, coördinator of a travel seminar for the American Travel Association*]

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U.S. JOURNAL: BOSTON

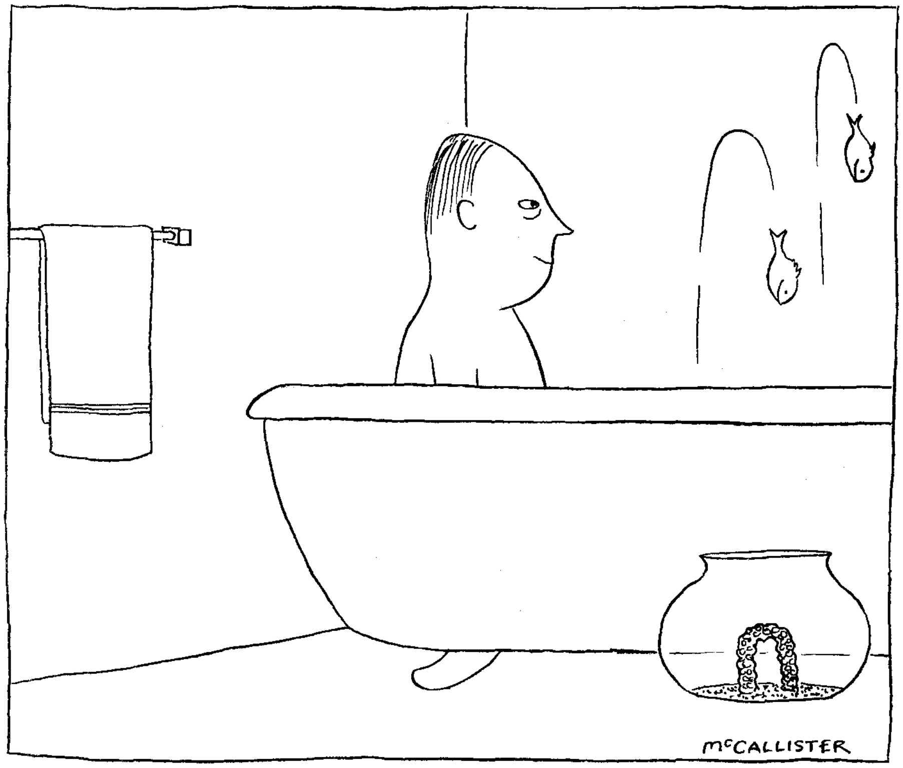
THE UNPLEASANTNESS AT WHIMSEY'S

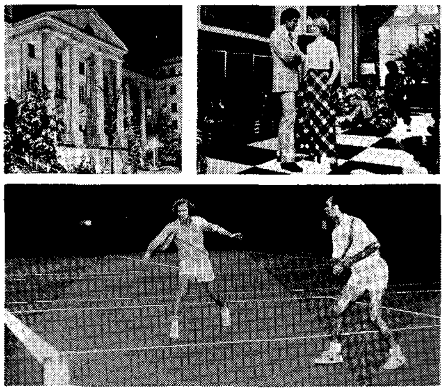
THE unpleasantness at Whimsey's, like a lot of events in American cities these days, both pleasant and unpleasant, followed naturally from an attempt to solve a simple real-estate problem. The problem was what to do with a room that seemed too large to sustain a restaurant. The room had been created as the ground floor of an eight-floor parking garage built just off Copley Square to serve the new John Hancock Tower—a dramatic skyscraper that is the tallest structure in New England but is still best known for its former tendency to pop off windowpanes from great heights, like a dinosaur shedding scales toward the normal-sized animals grazing below. Mamma Leone's—a branch of the tourist-stuffing operation that has long been a fixture of the Manhattan theatre district—was the first tenant of the garage's ground floor. For a number of years, Mamma Leone's has been owned by Restaurant Associates, a food merchandiser once widely admired in the trade for its innovative slickness and more recently known as an operation that is shrinking at the rate of a dime candy bar. Restaurant Associates' establishing an out-of-town branch these days is more or less the equivalent of Great Britain's establishing a new colony. One lunch at the Boston version of Mamma Leone's was enough to inspire the late essayist L. E. Sissman to write, in his *Atlantic Monthly* column, a critique of American restaurant standards that began, "This kind of nonsense has got to stop." Within a year or so, Mamma Leone's had packed up its manicotti and retreated to the West Forties.

The management of the enormous room fell to the Copley Plaza, just across the street—a stately old hotel that Bostonians might have described a few years ago as lying "just out of range of the Hancock Tower," although it had turned out to be vulnerable from below to the ripples induced by the excavation of the Hancock's awesome foundation. During the skyscraper's construction, the John Hancock Company bought the Copley Plaza, and those Bostonians who savor tales of the Hancock Tower's destructive force the way people in other parts of New England exchange memories of the great hurricane of 1938 have always preferred to believe that the purchase was the result of some cost-effectiveness specialist's realization that fighting Copley Plaza damage claims in court would be more expensive than buying the hotel. According to the new proprietors, the true reason for the purchase was merely "protection." By the normal laws of real estate, the Copley Plaza was as likely to remain unaffected by a neighboring project the size of the John Hancock Tower as Finland is likely to remain uninfluenced by a neighboring country the size of the Soviet Union.

The president of the company formed to operate the Copley Plaza—Hotels of Distinction—is Alan Tremain, a richly mustachioed Englishman who managed to restore the hotel to something approximating its original elegance. Tremain, who likes to do business with the sort of flair identified with the early Restaurant Associates entrepreneurs, established a huge restaurant called Whimsey's in the parking garage. But the room—which is twenty-five thousand square feet, large enough for a restaurant that seats seven hundred and fifty people—resisted his every effort. Tremain attacked the problem with market research and heavy advertising. He tried a dinner theatre and he tried renting out part of the restaurant to the Press Club of Boston. He could not make the room pay. The heat, light, and power bill alone ran a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Tremain had to attract double the number of patrons that would support an ordinary-sized restaurant, and, as he later summed up his difficulties, "to bring people to a garage in the middle of a city is tough." He began to consider another approach—turning Whimsey's into a discothèque. "Before we opened, people used to say to me, 'I can't picture you with a disco,' " Tremain said recently. "And I'd say, 'Well, I can't picture myself with a dud restaurant.' "

In Boston, the most recent incarnation of discothèques began a few years ago in the form of places where homosexuals could go to dance. By the time Tremain began to look into the matter, cities like Boston and New York had a variety of discos—gay and straight, chic and seedy. What they had in common was some system of flashing lights and recorded music played with a beat that can often be felt as well as heard by the dancers, like the concussion of a series of minor explosions. Enthroned above the dance floor of almost any disco is the disc jockey—a rhythmically bobbing figure, often in earphones, who is too electronically oriented to speak words but so skilled in manipulating dancers with his selection and blending of music that he is likely to have a following of his own. Although some discos have the reputation of being run by the sort of businessmen with whom people on parole would do well not to be seen, Tremain found that established corporations were beginning to move into





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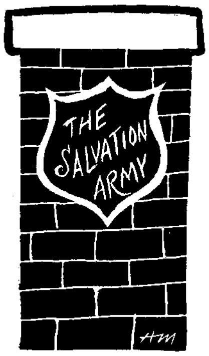
the field. The subhead of a *Forbes* article he was particularly struck by said, "The kids are storming the discos, and the owners are swinging all the way to the bank. Big business is getting interested. Very interested." The *Forbes* piece reported, among other success stories, that in Washington a singles-bar operator and a restaurant proprietor had, with an investment of a hundred thousand dollars, turned a little-used banquet room into a disco that earned four hundred thousand dollars a year. Tremain set out to create a tony, professionally run disco that, as he says, would "make a real effort to really make some magic for them." He visited twenty or thirty discos in New York. He went to places that amounted to nothing more than a large unkempt room with a scratchy hi-fi. He dropped three hundred and eighty-five dollars for a dinner for five at Regine's, an East Side place apparently founded on the sound Manhattan marketing principle that telling a Wall Street conglomerateur or a midtown real-estate shark that he is among those privileged to pay an enormous price at The Place to Be Seen is the equivalent of telling a farm boy that he is among those who need pay only one thin quarter to enter the tent that contains both a hermaphrodite and a three-headed goat.



Tremain was aiming for a market somewhere in between—a sort of singles-bar crowd of youngish people who might be intimidated by a pretentious restaurant but could spend the equivalent amount of money at the bar between dances. Whimsey's would have to be the sort of place where conventioneers staying at the hotel could mingle with the younger set without feeling like polka fans at a rock concert. It would be listed among the attractions of the hotel, along with rooms like the Café Plaza ("Boston's Bastion of Dining Elegance") and the Merry-Go-Round ("Boston's Posh Night Club"). Tremain spent what he estimates as five hundred thousand dollars to transform Whimsey's into a disco. He invested in the most sophisticated quadraphonic sound system available and a light system that can produce what appears to be an approximation of the lighting that detained members of the I.R.A. might accuse the British Army of using in attempting to force them to betray their comrades. A dress code was established requiring that gentlemen wear suits or sports coats, and proscribing even those jeans that cost more than a suit or a sports coat. For Whimsey's opening this fall, Tremain, who says he spent up to fifteen thousand dollars a month in advertising trying to attract people to the enormous room when it was a restaurant, merely gave a stack of invitations to a number of people known to be close to the Boston disco scene. The place was jammed—an obvious smash success. Two nights later—a Saturday night—there was some unpleasantness at Whimsey's. Eventually, ten people filed complaints with one government agency or another in Boston claiming that they had been kept out of Whimsey's because of discrimination. All of the complainants were black.

NOBODY familiar with Boston discos was particularly surprised. Although the Whimsey's case caused the first large splash of publicity about racial discrimination in Boston discos, blacks have always had reason to approach the door of a disco warily. Reporters working on the Whimsey's incident found that the files of the Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination contained more than thirty complaints from blacks about being barred from night spots—including complaints against practically every disco in town. The most common method of keeping people out of a disco is having the man at the door "card" them—a request for identification cards which goes well beyond establishing that a customer is of legal drinking age. When disco managers are asked why identification is required at the door, they tend to answer the way Whimsey's manager did at a hearing held on the unpleasantness: "We like to get to know the people. . . . It's more of a get-to-know-you type of thing." If a doorman wants to get to know a prospective customer who is black, it is not unusual for him to ask for three photo IDs—three cards that, like the Massachusetts driver's license and some industrial identifications, include a picture.

"Does anyone actually *have* three photo IDs?" someone who once worked as a disco doorman was asked recently.

"It's funny," he said. "I carded this black lady once, and she spread three photo IDs right out in front of me. I said, 'Well, you called my bluff, lady. Go right in.' " It has been common for a disco to answer a discrimination complaint by saying that the person in question was being raucous, and it often turns out that what he was being raucous about was being asked for three photo IDs after watching half a dozen people in front of him enter without being asked for anything.

Blacks are not the only people who are particularly likely to be carded by disco doormen. Discos in Boston started as a sort of refuge for homosexuals, and as gay discos became increasingly invaded by straight couples homosexuals began to feel that keeping out straight voyeurs was a matter of protection rather than discrimination. It has been argued that as long as gay men dancing together in a straight disco would subject themselves to ridicule, or even ejection, they should be able to enjoy themselves somewhere without being gawked at by a gaggle of suburbanites looking for kicks. The proprietor of a gay disco, of course, is likely to want to keep it gay not because of a deep commitment to gay liberation but because he wants to preserve what he has found to be a reliable clientele—the same reasoning that proprietors of basically white discos (including white gay discos) have apparently used in trying to keep them white. It all turns out to be a matter of market selection. The custom has not been to bar all blacks but merely to hold the number well below the level that could cause the place to be thought of as a black disco. Discos, like any other business, decide which market they are after, and they are no more likely to welcome people who threaten that market than magazines interested in presenting advertisers with statistics of reader affluence are likely to direct their subscription solicitations to the slums. In denying that Whimsey's has ever had a policy of discriminating against blacks or any other group, Alan Tremain has based his argument partly on what amounts to a market assessment: he says that Whimsey's is so enormous that any sort of minority could safely be let in without fear of having it "take over."

THE Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination is understaffed and underfunded and overburdened with complicated mandatory procedures. Although disco complaints have been on file since 1973, the M.C.A.D. made its first settlement of a disco discrimination case just a few weeks after the Whimsey's incident—a consolidation of nine complaints against a place called Zelda's. (It was agreed that Zelda's, without acknowledging guilt, would pay one hundred

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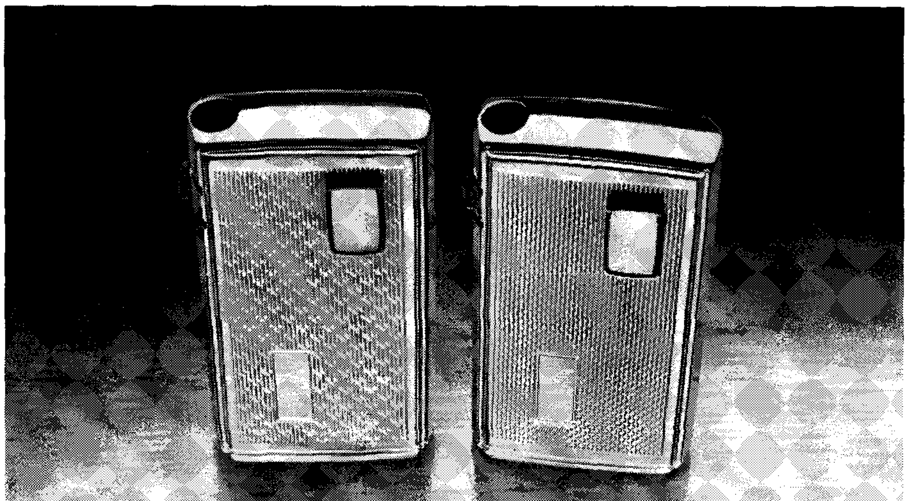

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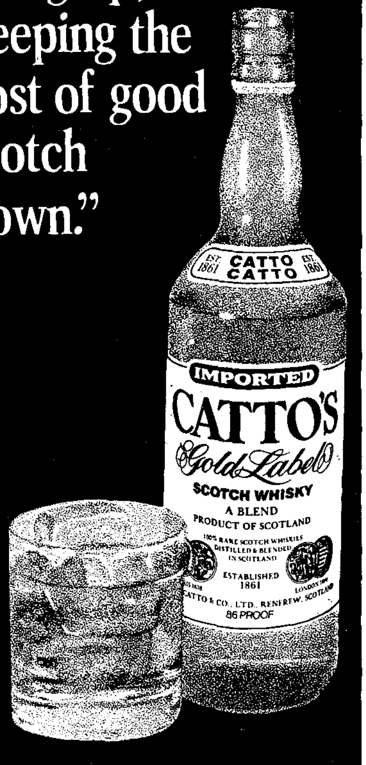

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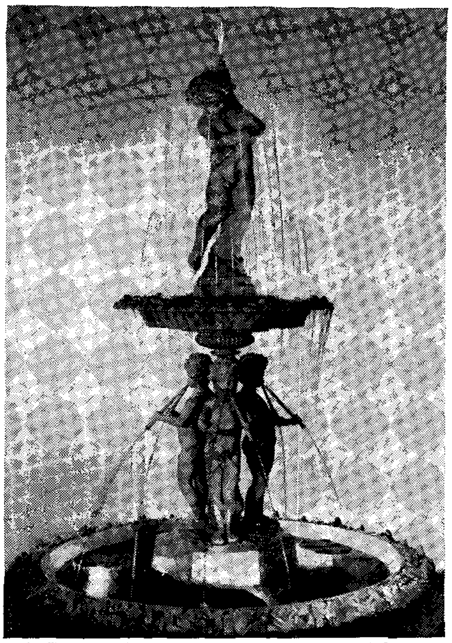
dollars to each complainant, send each complainant a letter of apology, and post a sign of nondiscrimination at its door.) Some of the people who believed they had been ill-treated by Whimsey's decided to take their case to the Boston Licensing Board, which has the power to suspend or revoke the licenses that permit Whimsey's to operate. Organized by a lawyer from the city's Office of Human Rights who happened to be at Whimsey's that night—the only black member of his party was one of the complainants—they showed up at a Licensing Board hearing looking like black versions of just the sort of people Tremain had been hoping to attract to Whimsey's. Nobody who testified would have had any trouble at all with Whimsey's dress code.

A variety of black people—a Boston State College professor, an F.B.I. secretary, an elementary-school teacher—testified that they had faced a variety of problems at the door of Whimsey's that Saturday night. Some of them said that after having been told on the telephone that proper dress was the only requirement for admittance they arrived to be told that they could enter only after going through a two-week admissions procedure to join a club. Others testified that they were told they could not enter unless they were on a special guest list. All of them said they believed the real reason they were stopped at the door of Whimsey's was that they were black. They had apparently been angry with the doormen at the time ("Like, I had a lot to say," one of the women testified), and at the hearing they still seemed exasperated—exasperated at the triviality of it all, in the way that middle-class black college students in the South seemed exasperated, upon reflection, at the effort necessary to win something as trivial as the right to have a lunch-counter hamburger. "There shouldn't have to be all this hassle just to get into a disco," one of them told the licensing commissioners.

Tremain defended Whimsey's aggressively. He strongly denied any policy or practice of racial discrimination. He reminded the commissioners that licensees had the common-law right—indeed, the obligation—to keep undesirables such as pimps and prostitutes and drunks from the premises. He reminded the commissioners that he was no fly-by-night operator but someone who paid a million dollars a year in real-estate taxes. He seemed constantly just on the edge of saying, "See here, my good man!"

The manager of Whimsey's said



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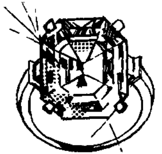

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that the people whose complaints the hearing officially dealt with were kept out of Whimsey's because one of them had used foul language at the door. Faced with the consistency of complaints by a number of witnesses who had not previously known each other, though, Whimsey's attorney seemed almost apologetic in his closing argument. He reminded the commissioners that controlling the door was a difficult task in what even the complainants acknowledged was a crowded and harried situation. "They did not have a policy to discriminate against people because of their race or color," he said. "If they made a mistake, then I think that we would only hope that they would learn from their mistake. This is a serious problem. Mr. Tremain has got an expensive investment."

During the weeks the commissioners spent in deliberation, Whimsey's business was what Tremain describes as "fantastic, just unbelievable." A month after the hearing, the commissioners announced that, having found Whimsey's guilty of racial discrimination, they were ordering a four-day suspension of its licenses. The verdict was unprecedented—the Licensing Board had never before suspended a license for discrimination—but the punishment fell well short of cruel and unusual. The state Alcoholic Beverages Control Commission normally orders a longer suspension for a bar found guilty for the first time of serving a minor. The Licensing Board ordered that Whimsey's suspension need not be implemented until the second week in January—the post-holiday lull, during which the proprietors of some night spots would welcome an opportunity to close for a few days. Tremain expressed irritation at the verdict and continued optimism about Whimsey's as a disco. "We've proved to ourselves that there is in fact a market," he said recently. "And it's going to be there for at least a couple of years." In a couple of years, Tremain figures, he will have to devise some other way to fill the enormous room.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

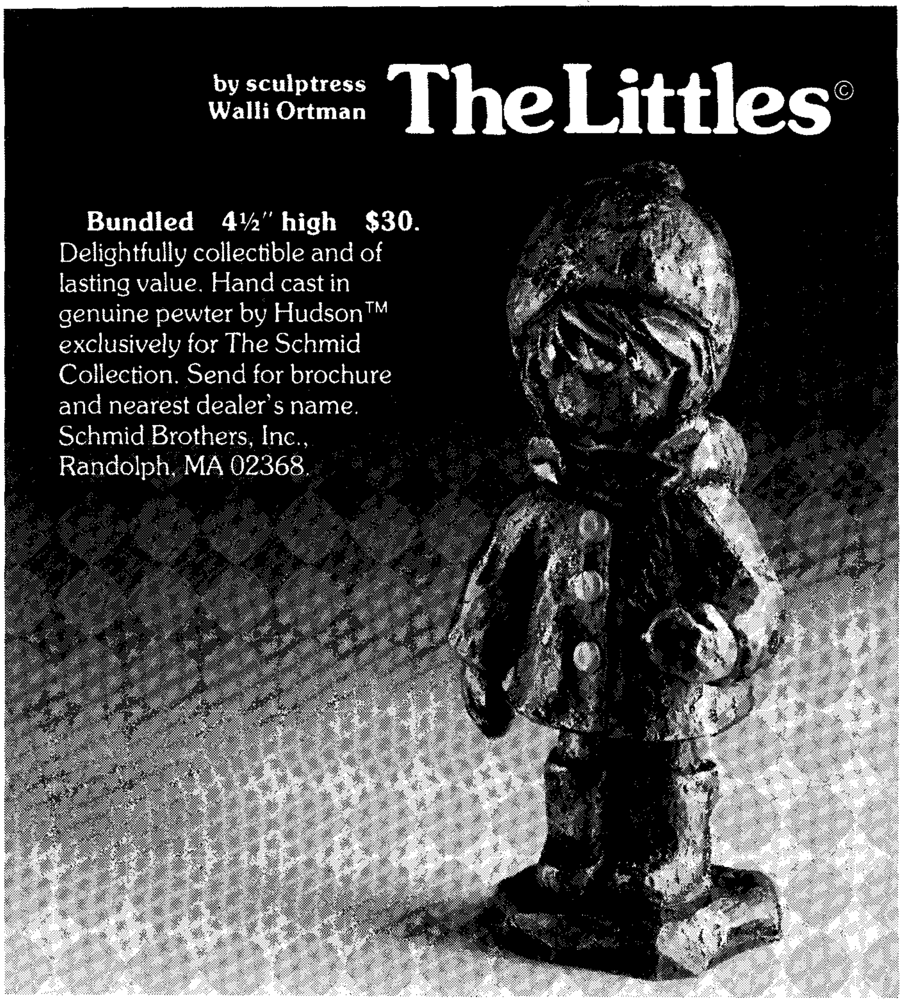
•

Prince Bertil, 64-year-old uncle of King Carl Gustaf of Sweden, is to marry Mrs Lilian Craig whom he met in London 33 years ago.

The wedding to take place at Drottnhgholm Palace just outside Stockholm on Dec. 7 was delayed for decades because of Prince Bertil's cons— ?——?? position.

—*London Daily Telegraph.*

Well, that's all over with now.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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Affirmation

“BOUND FOR GLORY,” based on Woody Guthrie's autobiography, is superbly lighted and shot, and has the visual beauty of a great movie. It opens in 1936. The young Guthrie (David Carradine), having fled from the poverty of his native Oklahoma, is living in the Texas dust bowl. He has been trying to feed his wife, Mary (Melinda Dillon), and their two daughters by his varied talents—he paints signs, he plays at local square dances—and by his wits. He earns a buck by analyzing a man's character—which is mistaken for fortune-telling—and then two women, hoping that he's also a faith healer, ask him to try to cure a grieving mother. Her little girl died of “the dust pneumonia,” and she sits speechless, unable to swallow water. Guthrie talks to her, and his sympathy and good sense reach her, and when he pours water into her mouth she drinks it down. The two women, grateful and relieved, hand him a coin—fifty cents, or perhaps a silver dollar. “Bound for Glory” would be a better movie if he had taken the pay, knowing he had earned it; part of the charm of folk artists is their practicality, and the logic of this scene requires that Guthrie accept what is his due. When he refuses it, he turns into holy Tom Joad, the lover of pore folks. I know that in his autobiography Woody says he refused the money, but it's too self-serving a story for a man to tell about himself. That's part of the problem of making a movie about Woody Guthrie: How can you stay clear of the embalming fluid of saintliness when Guthrie injected it into his own veins?

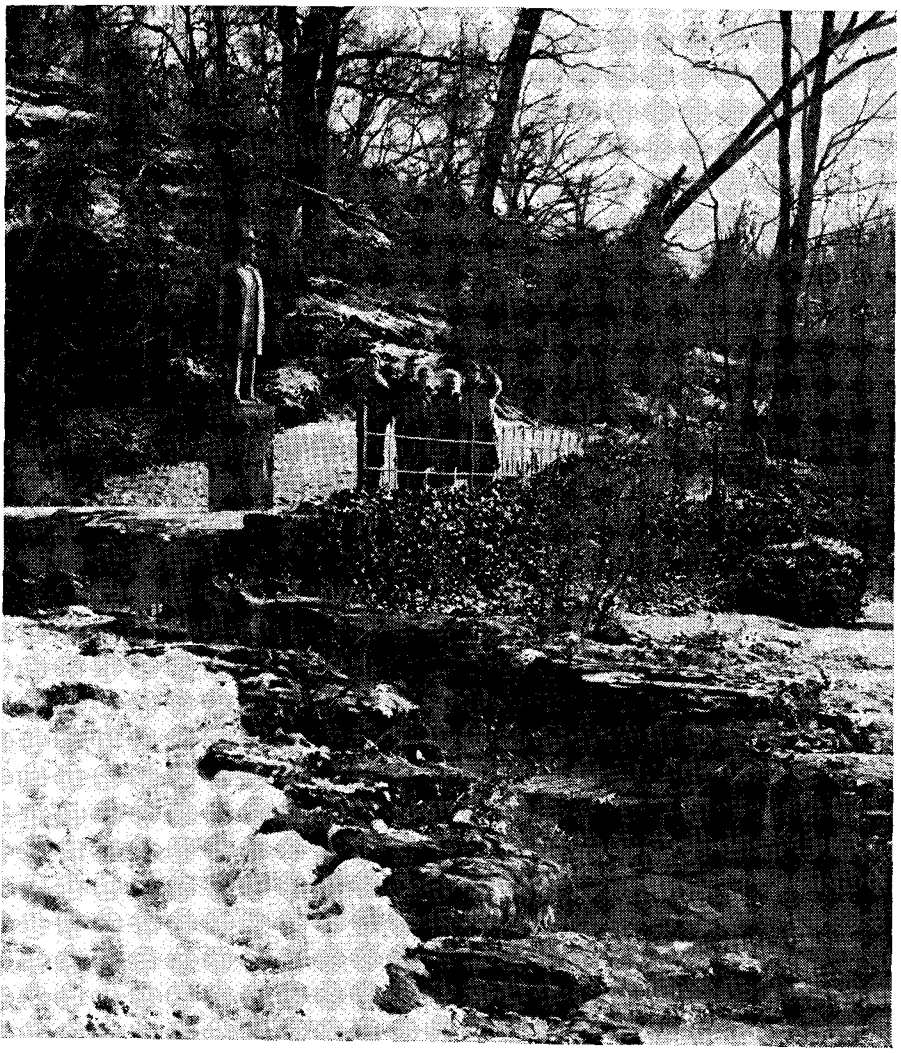
The man who called his autobiography “Bound for Glory” mythicized himself, and it wasn't just the innocent brag of a four-flusher, it was the deep-seated conviction of a man who saw himself as the voice of the downtrodden—as the embodiment of the masses moving into a bright future, on a train bound for glory. Guthrie published this autobiography in 1943, when he was only thirty; Steinbeck's “The Grapes of Wrath”—both the 1939 book and the 1940 John Ford movie—must have had a huge influence on him. The first half of Guthrie's book, which deals with his happy childhood and then with the family misfortunes that resulted from his mother's illness and pyromania, is a near-classic, and it gains additional poignancy because we know what he didn't when he was writing it—that the undiagnosed illness that destroyed her would claim him also. (He was hospitalized in 1954 with Huntington's chorea, and deteriorated until his death, in 1967.) But when he gets beyond the account of his growing up and into his moving on—which is the part of his life that the film deals with—he seems to swap his own identity for that of Tom Joad. (He later wrote a song about him, and also named one of his sons Joady.) Just past the middle of the book, he writes, “And there on the Texas plains . . . I got a little braver and made up songs telling what I thought was wrong and how to make it right, songs that said what everybody in that country was thinking. And this has held me ever since.” But when he starts telling readers “how to make it right,” his cocky prose turns folksy. He's no longer a person (he even leaves out his wife and daughters), he's a living rhetorical device. His anecdotes begin to make points about brotherhood, and his characters' talk is rendered in a people-of-the-earth dialect that is as patronizing as Steinbeck's. I think that maybe the moviemakers—particularly the director, Hal Ashby—got seduced by Guthrie's Whitmanesque role-playing. Any movie about the Depression is likely to call up memories of the flatulent Biblical-folk John Ford film, but there's more than a resemblance here. The poor people in this movie seem to be at a rhetorical remove; they made a stop in Steinbeck-John Ford country on the way to us.

Woody Guthrie had a storyteller's gift, the gift of a true folk artist, but he violated it with the rhetoric of a politician. He became a pitchman-troubadour. His best-known song, “This Land Is Your Land,” which originally served as an inspirational anthem for the left, is an expression of professional Americanism, with the demagogic uplift of most other anthems. His songs were often calls to action set to music, exhortations—commercials for Popular Front causes, professionally affirmative. His authentic folk poetry and his inauthenticity, too, have come down to us—complexly merged—in the music of his inheritors: Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Jack Elliott, his son Arlo Guthrie, and many others.

The movie is aware that he was an ornery, contradictory man, who loved “the people” but was too restless to hold on to those who loved him and depended on him, yet it sets him up as a hero by making it appear that he couldn't keep his family without compromising his ideals. The movie contrives a conflict for Guthrie, who has just been given his own show on a Los Angeles radio station. He is put in the position of having to sell out to the radio bosses, who want him to sing innocuous pop-folk music, or abandon his family in order to remain true to the poor people, to whom his songs bring spiritual comfort and encouragement in the fight against injustice. As Carradine plays Guthrie—and he plays him very well—a stubborn integrity seems to be what keeps him, instinctively, an artist, and you can believe in his commitment to singing his own songs. You can believe in his instinctive dedication to the poor. But when Randy Quaid is on hand as a migrant farm worker, Johnson, helping Guthrie make the right choice by telling him that the poor folks out in the fields need those songs of his and would feel betrayed if he stopped singing them, the picture is pouring on the same brand of sanctifying horse manure that Guthrie did. You stop believing, and start wondering if the poor people wouldn't prefer nonpolitical folk music, or even frivolous pop, rather than the songs of the dispossessed which the radicals think are good for them.

The movie sees Woody Guthrie as a man who wasn't corrupted, because he never sold out to the bosses. The more complex story—which it passes over—is whether his identification with the people wasn't self-deceiving. (It could have been another form of corruption.) In the movie, he is seen at a union-organizing meeting where the speakers have failed to convince the workers that they should join up. The workers are fearful of retaliation, and they don't trust the speakers. Woody ends the discussion: he sets doggerel lyrics to an old tune, arouses the workers' spirit, gets their pulses pounding, and convinces them. What was needed, maybe, to do justice to the period was some insight into the possible consequences. Suppose we saw that Communist and quasi-Communist organizers sometimes had such big goals in mind that they were very careless of the immediate consequences for the people they were dedicated to helping, so that in the name of ending suffering they caused additional suffering. Suppose we saw that, because of their political ends, these organizers were often rightly feared and distrusted by the poor. Wouldn't this make Guthrie a more complicatedly involving (and less saintly) figure? Didn't he have to blot out his own doubts about using the emotional power of folk music to organize these homesick migrants? By assuming that Guthrie knew what was best for them, the movie makes the past seem a simple matter of right versus wrong; it sentimentalizes his commitment, and his compulsive drifter's existence. If it had shown that he was perhaps an even bigger hit with the upper-middle-class liberals and leftists at fund-raisers than he was among the poor, the movie might have begun to get at some of the ambiguities of our actual past. This movie is a mythological reworking of Guthrie's spinoff of Depression mythology—which may help to explain why it seems to be pulled back a few years. (It seems to be set in the early thirties rather than in the late thirties.)

David Carradine is one of the seemingly endless supply of talented sons of John Carradine. (They don't all have the same mother.) The father—his gaunt, elongated face like an African mask and his voice like molasses dripping—played the mystical unfrocked preacher Casy in "The Grapes of Wrath." David, who has a masklike quality of his own, made his name as the Inca king in the Broadway production of "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," then lost it playing the catatonic sage-hero of the catatonic TV series "Kung Fu." He has given confident star performances in low-budget pictures, such as the ingratiatingly tacky "Death Race 2000," but this is his first starring role in a major film. He brings "Bound for Glory" a mulish, bastardly intransigence that gives the movie a core. Even when it isn't clear what the picture is getting at, his leathery, lined neck and sensual arrogance are convincingly proletarian, and convincingly special. He might be a little more intense and more varied; he could use a little more spring and be a shade faster with his lines. At times, he seems to be acting in a reverie of the past as a quieter time, and to be slowed down for truth and beauty, like James Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." But the main thing is that he's got the hard-headed, closed-off quality that is essential to Guthrie, the mixture of the devious and the rhapsodic, and the satyr's sexiness. His singing voice, deeper and fuller than Woody Guthrie's, and with more emotion in it, has a similar conversational quality. His voice is drier,



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more laconic and impersonal than the voice of his brother Keith. In "Nashville," Keith Carradine's voice insinuates itself; that tremolo makes it seem as if he were singing just to you. David Carradine sings like a kid who grew up holding things in. At times, he has his father's gaunt-angel Casy look, but even though the movie makes him a political innocent and rather too sweet, Carradine's own hellion's unreachableness saves him. This is not a man looking for love; this is one tough customer. He's a very sculptural actor—the neat, close-cropped head, somnolent yet alert, the lower lip debating possible pleasure, the body lean but with the gut poking out a bit. He may not have much range, but he's a wonderful image—wiry and self-contained.

It's right for the role Carradine is playing here that he doesn't fully interact with the other performers, though the picture doesn't go far enough with the rootless qualities he brings to it. While Woody is still living in Texas, a fat man (Lee McLaughlin) who announces that he's insane and has newsreels going in his head comes for help, and the scene is so entertainingly baroque that one can pass over Woody's generosity and his intuitive understanding of the therapeutic power of art. But once Woody lights out for California and starts riding the rails this movie lets us know it's bound for glory. On his very first hitch, he pals up with Snedeger (Ji-Tu Cumbuka), who is full of folk comradeship and talks like a black Edgar Guest. That's the first hint of the tin-ear trouble that afflicts the movie. You begin to understand that uplift is actually its theme, and that the movie is supposed to do for an audience what singing "This Land Is Your Land" often does for a crowd. The tautness of Carradine's voice is betrayed by the Leonard Rosenman score, which uses conventional instrumentation on Woody Guthrie themes. This is the kind of picture that Hollywood gives awards to, with great pride. Coming out now, it can seem the first movie of the Carter era.

The film has a feeling for detail—the matching profiles of two young Baez-like sisters in a squatters' camp, the landscapes with lonely figures walking along the roads, Carradine's lived-in, seat-sprung pants. Every shot is a softly lighted stunner, and there's always something going on in the backgrounds or something coming into frame. The cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, has startling graphic vitality in his images, yet they're toned and sensitive. From shot to shot he achieves a consistency of light and texture—a

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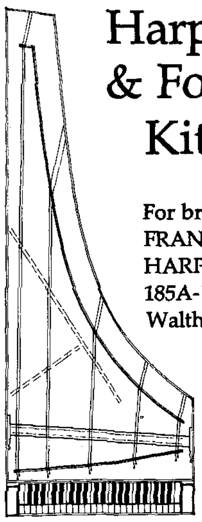

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documentary lyricism. The rolling dust cloud and the other special effects have unusual power, because of the unifying romanticism—the film's colors seem alloyed with dust. Hal Ashby is about as far from a hack as a director can be. There's real love in his staging of the incidents and in the way he controls the physical movement of the extras and bit players. Ashby was a famous editor—he won an Academy Award for his work on "In the Heat of the Night," which was also shot by Wexler. The directors he worked with included William Wyler and George Stevens, and his care here reflects some of their perfectionism, and perhaps their respectful distancing also. This is the kind of filmmaking which is possible only when a director is backed up by his studio. (United Artists, with the participation of a tax-shelter syndicate, put close to seven and a half million dollars into "Bound for Glory.") Ashby deployed thousands of extras—nine hundred were used in the migrants' camp—and I didn't see any who looked anachronistic. Yet two of the principals stuck out every time they turned up. As Johnson, who stands for the learning power of the masses, Randy Quaid overplays his hand—he's like a road-company peasant. And as the singer-organizer Ozark Bule, who recruits Guthrie to work for the union, Ronny Cox is like the host of a TV children's show; he talks in a semi-falsetto and beams with Scoutmaster fervor—he's so phony I wanted him to be exposed as a labor-faker. Ashby and the scenarist, Robert Getchell (he wrote "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore"), didn't provide much substance for Melinda Dillon's role as Mary Guthrie. (Melinda Dillon also plays a second role, as Guthrie's singing partner, Memphis Sue.) Since Mary—Guthrie's first wife—takes her children and leaves him, preferring to make a life on her own rather than wait around for a man she can't depend on, she must be fighting for her own version of integrity. Yet we never get a glimpse of the woman who's capable of making that decision; the woman we see just worries and nags.

This movie is scaled to be an epic, yet it has only one character, and it's straggly. When Guthrie auditions for the radio station, he lets out his voice on "Way down yonder in the Indian nation . . . In the Oklahoma hills where I was born," and there's strength and excitement in the sound. He has more charge in this scene than anywhere else: when the station manager is sold on him and tells him he can stop, we feel the momentum that drives him on and his artist's fury at the sta-

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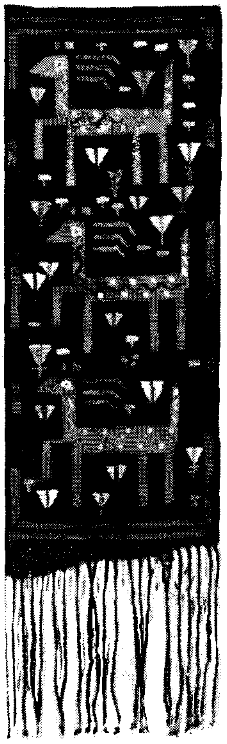

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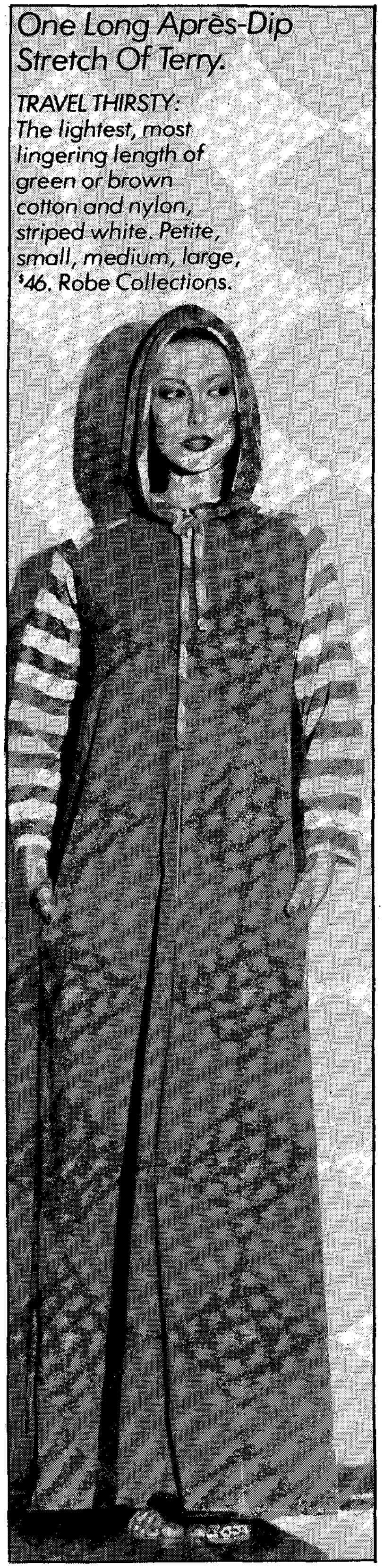

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tion manager who doesn't understand that he's not just singing for an audition. A film this large needs the kind of assertion that this scene represents; it's an audience awakener—we see the humor in the situation, we feel Guthrie's dogged need to consummate the song, and we respect him completely. If the film had gone forward from this point, so that we could see more of the tension locked in this man, I think it might have been a great picture. But it doesn't build dramatically; it seems to be a movie in search of itself and never finding itself. It bogs down in backward and forward movement: Guthrie sings to squatters and is attacked by goons; he sings at an organizing meeting, and goons break it up; he rides the rails, sings to workers in the fields, is chased off, rides the rails, sings to workers in a fruit-packing plant, is beaten up, rides the rails some more. We weary of his itinerary, and so the visual beauty turns self-conscious. "Bound for Glory" isn't quite an epic; it's a hole-in-shoe pastoral, and we can't help being aware that this is the most expensive-looking Depression we've ever seen.

Clearly, Ashby didn't want to force a dramatic pattern on his rambling-loner hero. For some directors this would mean trying to find the natural flow and rhythm of the material while shooting it, but for Ashby it probably meant trying to find the rhythm after completing the shooting. Ashby's last film, "Shampoo," was tightly structured by its script, but this time he has used the script as a taking-off point. Ashby's approach is indicated by these words in an interview: "From my being an editor . . . I don't camera cut; I leave everything as open as I can, because that provides more alternatives. . . . It gives you choices." I think that probably what happened was that he and his crew kept getting so much marvellous material and seeing so many possibilities in it that he lost any clear sense of how to put it together. He may have thought by then that the material was so rich that the film worked just as the portrait of a folk artist and his time; he probably believed he had found what the material was really about—but what that meant was that his own feelings had become the subject. He didn't go all soft on Woody Guthrie the man but on his own warm, spacy sentiments about what Guthrie stood for and about the period itself. This movie is about what a lot of people want to think their roots are. It's filled out with woozy generalities about Woody Guthrie as a man who fought the good fight against greed, and about his radicalization's being the same thing as his finding himself as an artist. It's about being in touch with the people—not just people but the people. Ashby's open approach led him to imbue the movie with the sort of mythologized idealism that stirs people when they listen to political folk and rock music—the generalized piousness and good will of youth. This is nothing terrible, but since it's the glue that holds the picture together, "Bound for Glory" is like a dreamy, druggy young kid's view of hard times. It's so beautiful you can get a high from the dust. —PAULINE KAEL

• •

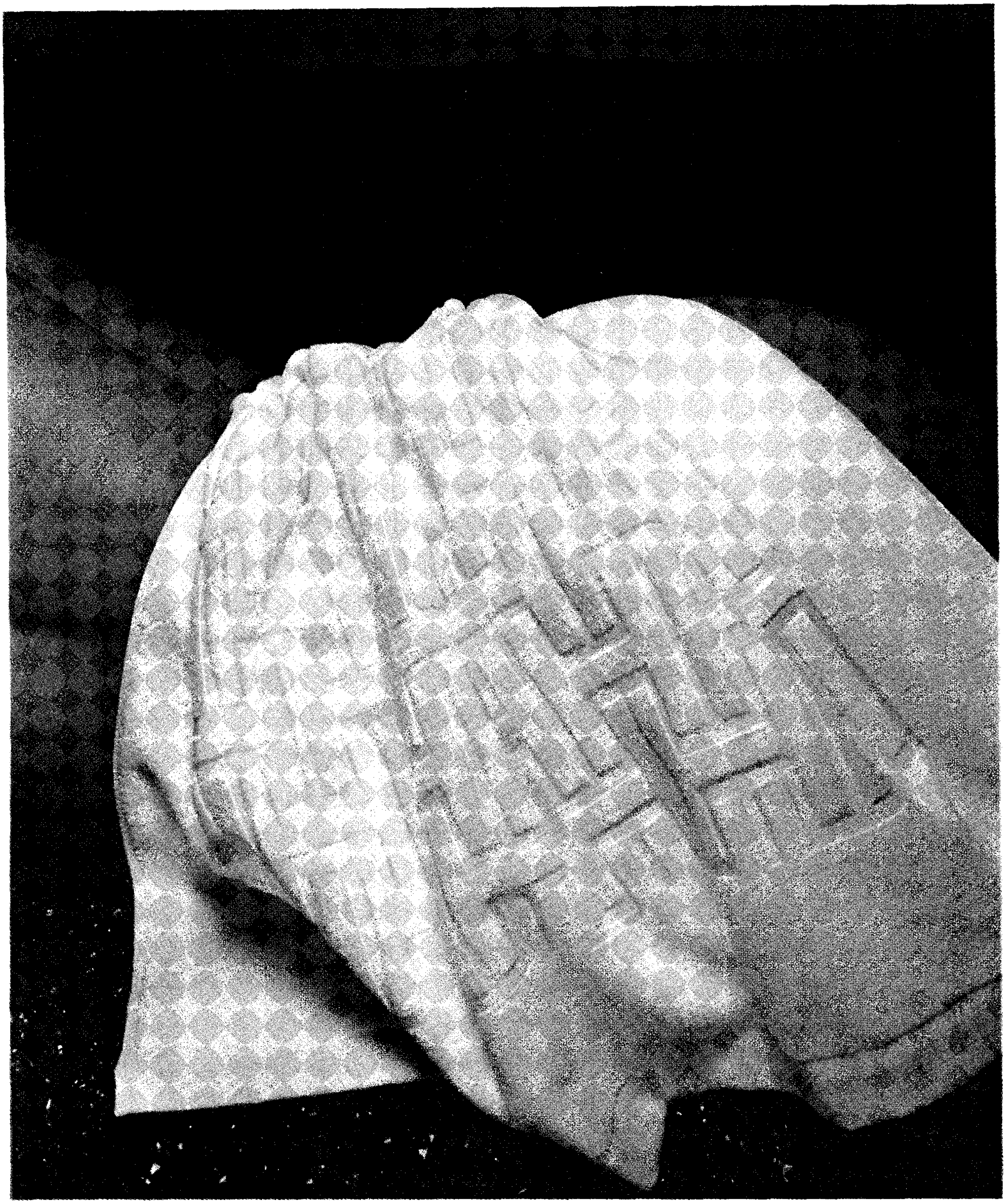
THE GANGES

I'm sorry but we can't go to the immersions tonight
For the poor will not get down from the wheel, and
The musicians and the lorry won't budge
Without the money. We don't have it. But we could

Walk to the cremations. It will be dark with a mist
Where the stairs jump into the water. These are
The funeral ghats. The corpses are brought in drapes
And that one will be dipped in the river and then
She will be anointed with clarified butter. To the
Left of us four men waist deep in the river sift
Through mud and ashes for gold rings and such;
With a straw torch
The dead mother's son starts the fire,
With a bone cudgel
He smashes her skull to release the images shared
By her with these

Postcards I am now passing to you
Of the family pond entirely filled with limes,
White pigs rooting in coconut husks, and her six
Children watering their charges: the black lulled elephants.

—NORMAN DUBIE



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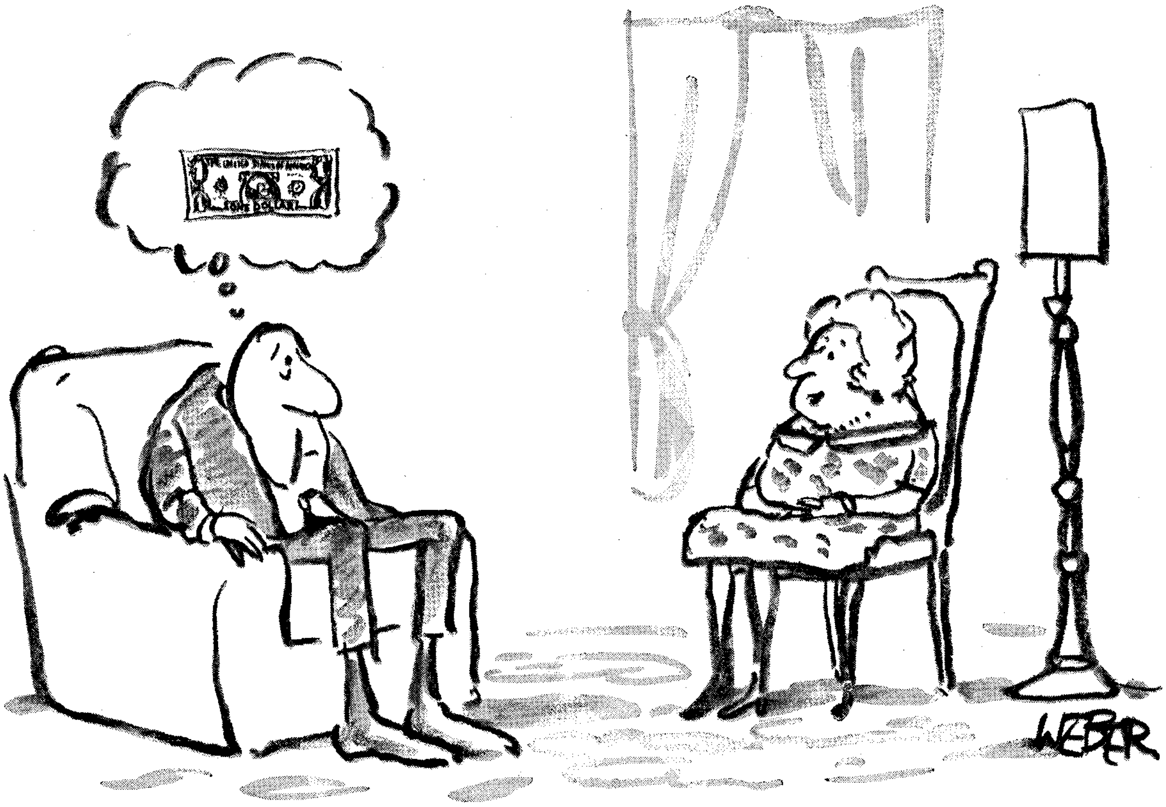
THE ART WORLD

Ben Shahn

FOR those who respond to them, the paintings of Ben Shahn are enhanced by a species of moral and social virtue. That the paintings say the right things makes them look right, regardless of their individual quality. Shahn is among the most extensively collected artists of the past forty years: more than sixty private collections and museums are credited as lenders of the one hundred and eighty paintings, drawings, prints, posters, and photographs that constitute his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Even subjects such as "Stop H Bomb Tests," "Tom Mooney and His Warden, J.B. Holohan," and "Scabbies Are Welcome" appear to have been unable to discourage acquisition of Shahns for living rooms and institutional galleries. The often seen and reproduced "The Passion of Sacco and Vanzetti" (not in the show) is received as an emblem of Injustice Recalled, rather than as a tempera painting of a group of figures in a setting of classical steps and columns. The general impression left by Shahn's paintings and graphic works is one of an artist constantly embattled along a line of contemporary history—the line of issues supported in the nineteen-thirties by the majority of men and women of good will.

Still, the notion of Shahn preëminently as a painter supporting social and political causes is only partly correct—even in the thirties, when his dedication to victims of oppression was at its height, he went off in directions unconnected with the ideology that seemed central to his work. In the same year (1931) that he composed "Sacco and Vanzetti: In the Courtroom Cage," he designed "Haggadah for Passover," and in that decade, too, he produced such "neutral" works as "Photographer's Window," which is a literal rendering of the display in a neighborhood studio, and "Seurat's Lunch," in which white dots are scattered over a storefront in a comically awkward homage to the celebrated Neo-Impressionist. In his own view, Shahn represented a humanist, rather than a narrowly political, position. If the humanist artist was sensitive to instances of injustice, past and present—to the Dreyfus case, Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, slums, urban and rural poverty, unemployment, strikes, minorities, concentration camps, Nazi brutality, the menace of nuclear bombs—he was also moved by children at play, spring and the flowering countryside, meditations on man's fate, the Scriptures, and by abstract emotions, such as rage and brotherhood, and metaphysical insights expressed in symbolic terms, as in "Age of Anxiety" and "Everyman" (a clown doing a somersault in the company of two reflective figures with their hands clasped).

The Shahn retrospective is a reminder that the so-called Social Realism of the thirties was not a style so much as a mood and a moral outlook. Shahn borrowed from the great artist-polemicists of the past, Goya and Daumier, who were the common idols of the painters of the Depression and the threatening war; but he took more from modernism—from the Cubists and Picasso, from Mexican muralists, German Expressionists, Surrealists ("The Red Stairway" is creditable Max Ernst), and American and European naïve artists. "Hunger" is a figure in elongated perspective in the manner of Tchelitchew and Dali, and "Handball" is another version of distance exaggerated in this way. Shahn even tried his hand, not unsuccessfully, at nonrepresentational abstraction in a backdrop and poster for ballet, and in a sketch for a mural, "Fragment of Poet's Beard." To all indications, he never hesitated to derive modes of handling from other artists or from alien styles, whatever their ideological backgrounds. Trained as a lithographer and in lettering and illustration before he became a painter, he was from the start a professional in his readiness to appropriate what fitted his purposes.

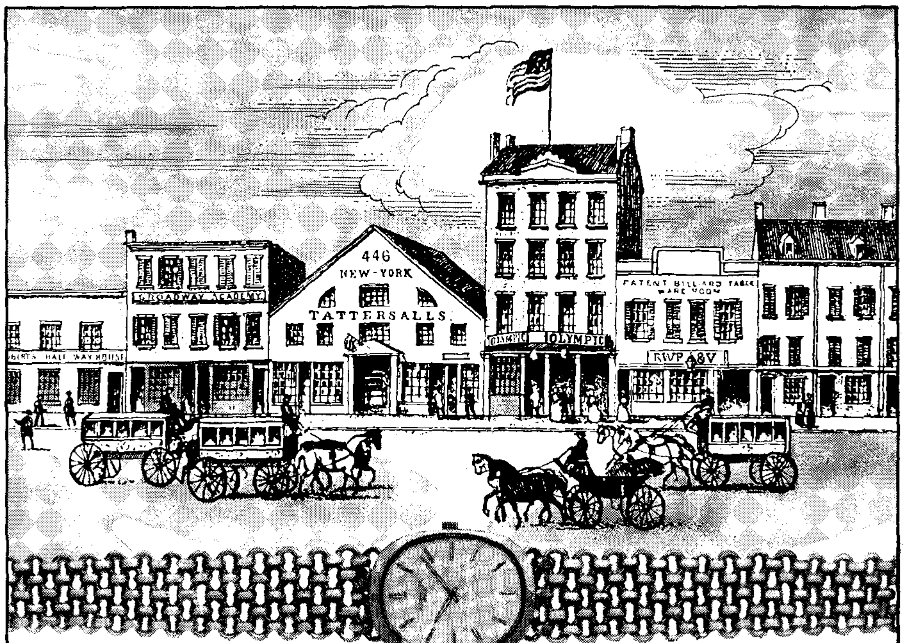


"A penny for your thoughts."

What links Shahn's art to the paintings of more literal contemporaries such as William Gropper, Jack Levine, Philip Evergood, and the Soyers is not a shared manner, or even a common subject, but a pervasive moralizing and its perhaps inevitable accompaniment, an ineradicable drabness. These are embodied in Shahn's pinched drawing of faces and torsos, in his omnipresent walls as background, and in his watery and indecisive color. Even at his most spontaneous, exuberance seems outlawed by his conception of the nature of our times. It is interesting that when, in his later years, he turns to glorifying Old Testament texts, he resorts to interlacings of gold leaf, as if pigment were an inadequate vehicle for his enthusiasm.

Among artists and intellectuals of the thirties, the moralizing impulse goes far deeper than particular political allegiances; it accounts for the sense of innocence and self-righteousness (for example, in Lillian Hellman's "Scoundrel Time") which survives proof that they had been acting in the service of a hateful tyranny. Their moral universe was a closed sphere, complete in itself, and nothing done outside it could affect its rectitude. In the art of the thirties, a nude or an interior often seemed to make a moral point of the same order as a painting appealing for better health care (Shahn's "The Clinic") or deploring the victims of Nazism ("Concentration Camp"). In Shahn's "Spring," the couple lying in the grass are *right* to be there, as it is right for Shahn as a Jewish artist to make symbolic patterns out of the Hebrew alphabet ("Pleiades," "Tenth Commandment"), even if he isn't religious and doesn't know Hebrew.

The presence of righteousness and of the miserable victims of unrighteousness, from unjustly imprisoned militants to neglected children, constitutes the "Social Realism" of the thirties, regardless of individual style or political commitment. (Soviet "*Socialist* Realism" eliminates victimization under capitalism and replaces it with righteous joy in "Socialist construction.") Victimization was the mark of truth in paintings of the thirties, as boredom was in the sixties of Warhol and the Minimalists. Shahn's ultimate image is the staring mask of despair, which turns up in every phase of his career, even after his political passions have diminished. An angular face drawn in line, cartoon style, on a shaped area of flat color achieves intensity by fixing its gaze directly on the eyes of the spectator or by staring off into space: "The Clinic," "Spring (Democracies Fear Peace Offensive)," "Portrait of Jean-Paul Sartre." Symbols auxiliary to the troubled physiognomy are oversized hands and blind walls with glimpses of tenements behind them. There is no outstanding creation in Shahn's retrospective—no single work or group of works which sums up his position or his talent, or comments on the period in which he lived. Instead, there is a central effect generated by the reiteration of hurt and complaint, within an am-



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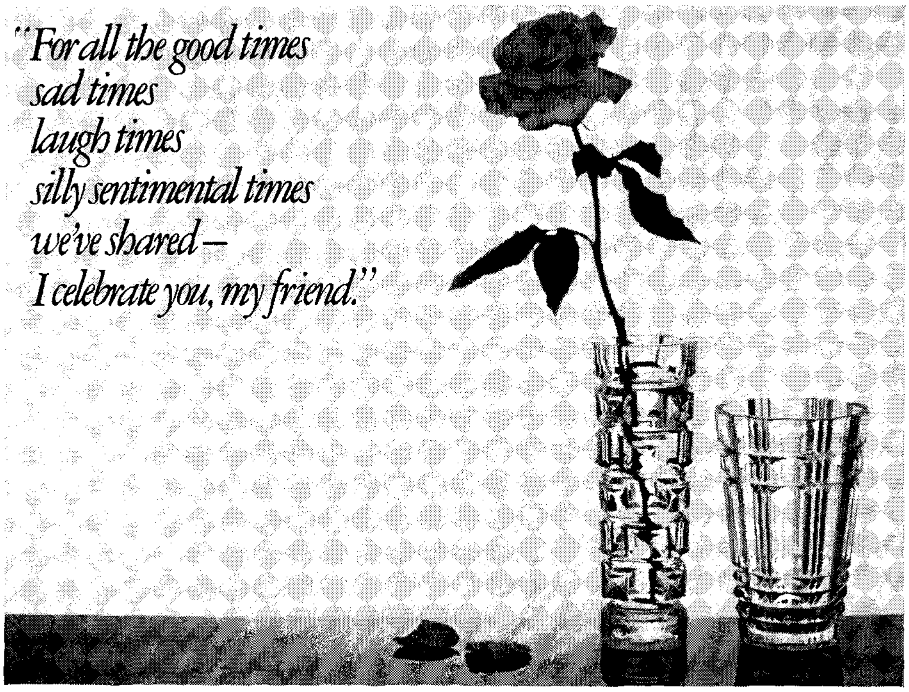

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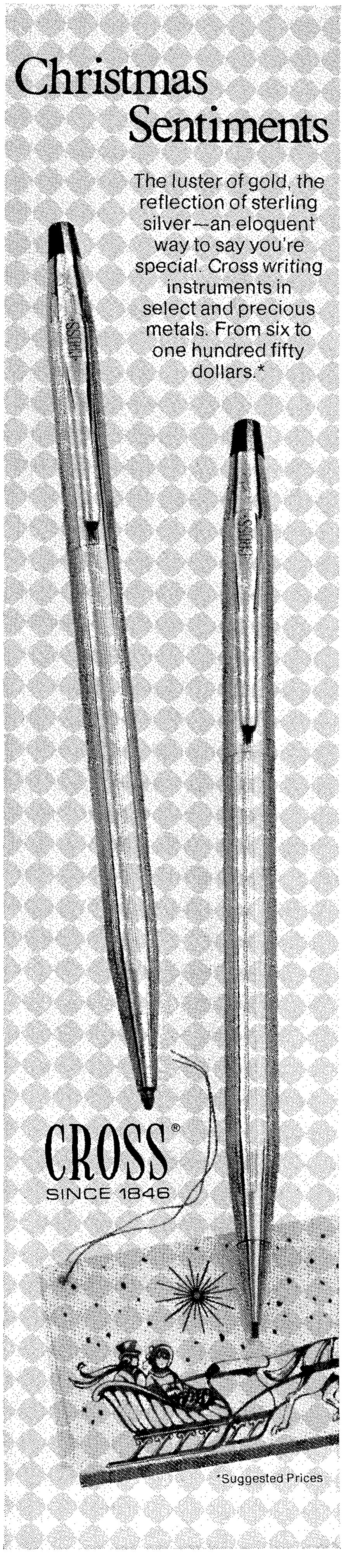

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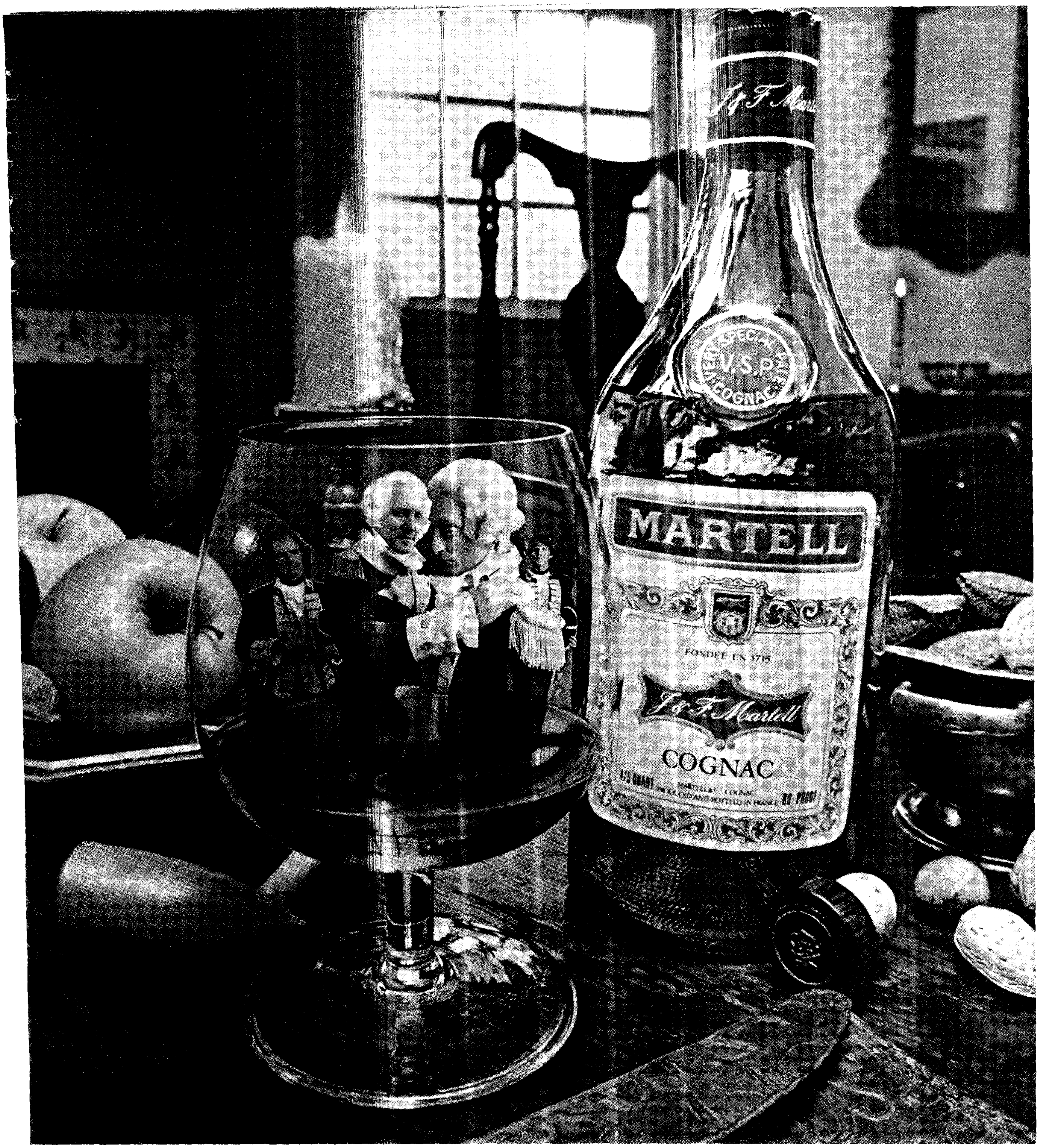
bience of casual insights, sentiments, and fantasies.

THE Jewish Museum catalogue carries as its epigraph a quotation from Shahn in 1949: “I believe that there is, at this point in history, a desperate need for a resurgence of humanism, a reawakening of values. I believe that art—art of any kind—can play a significant part in the reaffirming of man.” This statement seems to represent a shift in Shahn’s attitude. With his triple use of the prefix “re,” he now seeks the good in a revival of previously existing ideals rather than in radical change. This revival of human values can be furthered by “art of any kind,” not just art that takes sides on social and political issues. Why had the “desperate” need for a restoration of man and his values arisen in 1949? Because the moral-political certainties of the previous decade had been visibly crumbling under the impact of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the Second World War, and the Cold War that followed the German defeat. An artist could no longer take it for granted that in applying his art to good causes he was identifying himself with mankind. The virtue of these causes had been tainted by the manipulation of them by the Soviet tyranny. In 1948, Shahn could still, as a supporter of the campaign of Henry Wallace’s Progressive Party, produce a caricature of Truman and Dewey as a vaudeville team doing a duet of popular numbers. But by the early fifties, says Shahn’s widow, Bernarda Bryson Shahn, in a monograph on the artist, “he had begun to find thin some of the social philosophy that he had heretofore accepted uncritically.”

At the same time, he had begun to explore new subjects for paintings—for example, the male torso. In “Artists and Politicians,” an ink drawing of 1953, a perturbed figure in the foreground, clutching a handful of paintbrushes, is flanked by two tough-looking characters with big fingers pointing at him. According to Mrs. Shahn, the politicians in this drawing are members of the House Un-American Activities Committee, but they are just as likely to represent Shahn’s former friends and political mentors. At any rate, from this point to his death, some fifteen years later, Shahn’s paintings are increasingly engaged with abstract emotions—“Anger” and “Discord” (both 1953)—and such private images as “Byzantine Isometric” (1951), the Hebrew themes, and various “Allegories.” Occasionally, as in the “Lucky Dragon” series, which deals with the burning of the crew of a Japanese fishing boat by fallout from an American nuclear explosion, Shahn returns to historical subjects. A “Lucky Dragon” item at the Jewish Museum is one of the largest paintings in the show (which some might find non-contemporary solely because of the small dimensions of the works), and derives force from the male-torso format evolved in the fifties and from the device of including a hand-lettered verbal statement in the picture.

Humanitarian feeling would seem sufficient ground for protesting the H-bomb. Yet at the height of the Cold War (and in the jockeying for advantage between the superpowers today) taking a public stand on even that issue was bound to arouse suspicion of a concealed political motive. Banning the bomb favored the Russians. In sum, “humanism” had been hopelessly undermined by the total politicization of all matters affecting human life—from the world food supply to air and water pollution and tribal wars in Africa. There remained no universally respected cause from which art could derive the support of moral conviction. The generation of artists that followed Shahn avoided the evils of certainty where no certainty was possible by making art abstract. Shahn himself in his “Goyescas” of the late sixties, which comment on the war in Vietnam, arrived at, for him, an unprecedented level of generalization and symbolic indirectness. Still, its pervading assurance of doing good gives his retrospective an atmosphere not of the present time.

In her monograph, the artist’s widow states that one purpose of the book is “to place a balanced emphasis upon that period of his career when its imaginative horizons were most far-flung.” What she has in mind, she makes clear, is to overcome the “stereotype” of Shahn as the painter of Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, the Russian “peace offensive” during the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the Henry Wallace front of 1948, which was manipulated by the Communist Party—the stereotype that, for example, prompted Hilton Kramer in his review in the *Times* of the Jewish Museum retrospective to reject Shahn *in toto* as an illustrator enlisted in the propaganda of the Old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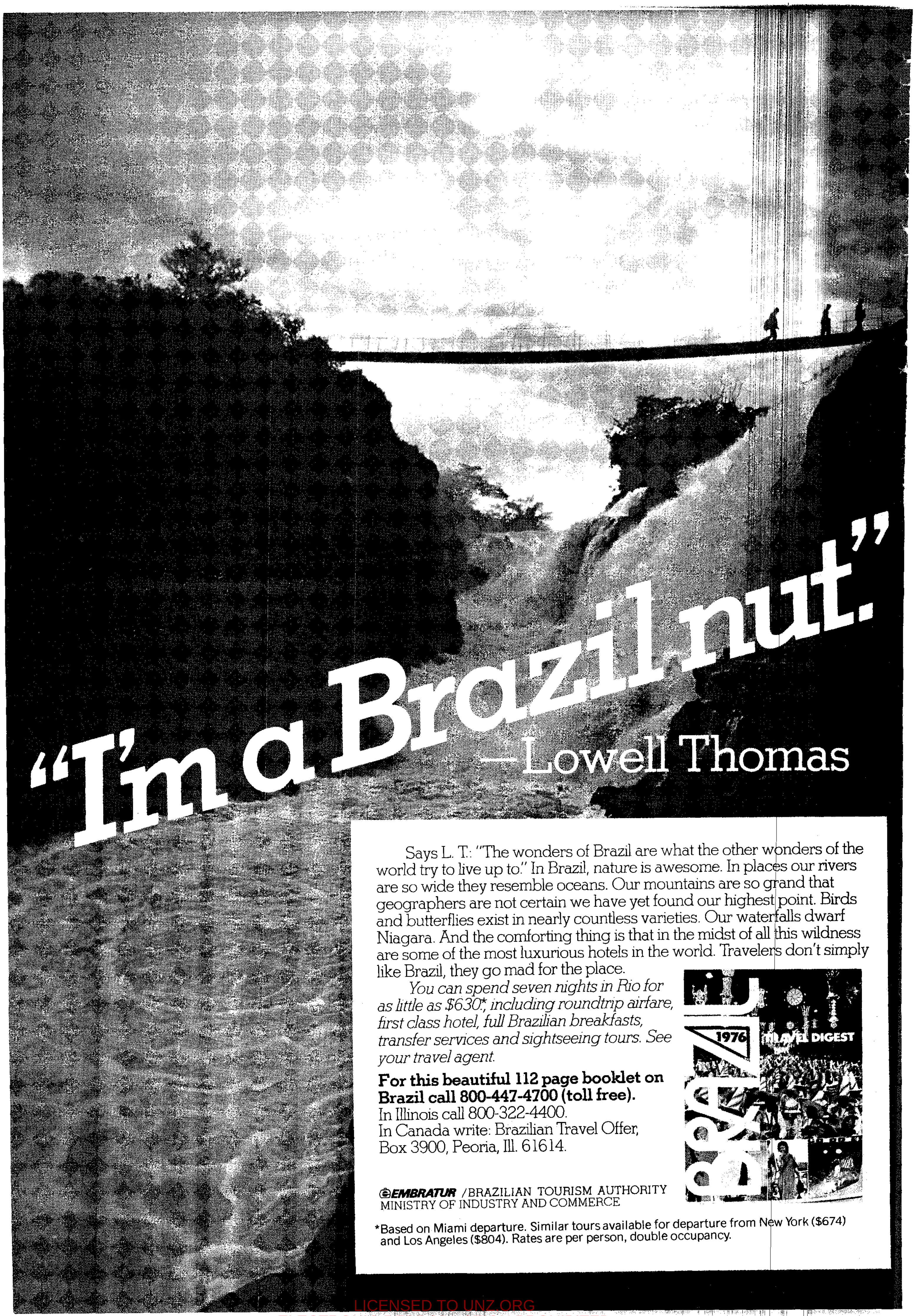

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Left. By shifting the focus of attention from his early compositions to the nonpolitical creations of his last years—Hebrew and classical themes, abstractions, illustrations of poetry, mosaics, stained-glass windows—Mrs. Shahn has attempted to establish a final image of her husband as a free and independent artist obedient only to his feelings and imagination.

The Jewish Museum retrospective fails to contribute to this revision of Shahn. Regardless of the number of neutral subjects, its general effect is to continue the identification of Shahn as a political artist. To alter this impression would be to present an unfamiliar Shahn, albeit one justified by the actual count of his creations. Moreover, the new Shahn would be inferior to the "stereotype." For it is only in his social and political compositions that his work attains an insistent and continuous passion that lends identity to his disparate concepts. Accustomed to working on assignment, he drew heavily—perhaps excessively—from his subjects, in contrast with artists who draw their works out of themselves and their medium. From his earliest efforts, Shahn habituated himself to *stating* his feelings rather than discovering or developing them on the paper or canvas. This is another way of saying that his emotions lie on the surface of his works and are not brought into unity by an underlying vision or temperament. With the collapse of the moral assurance of his public, and his own gradual withdrawal from politics, his visual statements ceased to be heightened by participation in virtue and became the diffused products of a gifted craftsman. What was needed then was not a wider range of topics—that could only result in further dilution—but a new approach to art.

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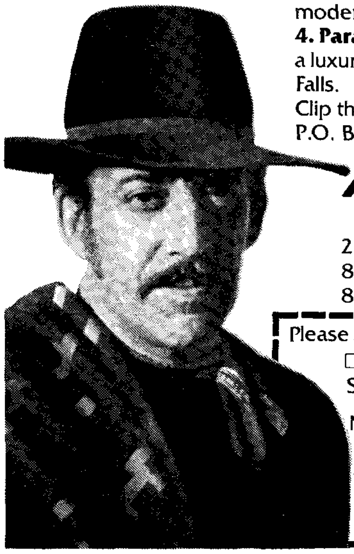

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

New York Notes, by Whitney Balliett (*Houghton Mifflin, $8.95*).

Jazz, no longer swamped by rock and bogus folk, flourishes again in this city. Mr. Balliett, his faith justified, continues to preside over the music and its practitioners, distinguishing the sublime from the good, the good from the inept. This volume of reports of various kinds includes chronicles of events that took place here between 1972 and 1975; critiques of recordings and live performances; and celebrations of artists, living and dead—Bessie Smith, Ben Webster, Ellis Larkins, Charlie Parker, Eubie Blake, and dozens more.

Friendly Fire, by C.D.B. Bryan (*Putnam, $10.95*).

An inquiry into the death of Sergeant Michael Mullen, of Black Hawk County, Iowa, from a shot fired in error by U.S. troops in Vietnam. Much of the story is set in the home of Michael's angry, grieving parents, who tried, in vain, to buck Army callousness and red tape in order to find out exactly what had happened to him. Mr. Bryan, interviewing Washington officials and Mullen's comrades-in-arms and superior officers, did eventually discover the circumstances of his death. This book is a record of Mr. Bryan's insatiable reporting and a record, as well, of the transformation of the Mullen family from obedient coöperators into effective anti-warriors.

Do You Want to Talk About It?, by Edward Koren (*Pantheon, $7.95*).

An album of cartoons drawn over the past ten years or so. The hairy creatures of Mr. Koren's scraggy vision, whether human or animal, always reflect, and more often than not put into words—catch phrases and other fatuities—the preoccupations of all of us. This is Mr. Koren's first collection. Preface by Calvin Trillin.

To Jerusalem and Back, by Saul Bellow (*Viking, $8.95*).

At the outset, Mr. Bellow discusses "what the literary imagination faces in these political times," and then goes on to illustrate his theme. Here, then, is the novelist as reporter, observing and feeling, and recording his conversations with such famous citizens as Abba Eban, Teddy Kollek, and Yitzhak Rabin (and with such obscure ones as Moshe the masseur) on politics and many other matters.

The Poverty of Power, by Barry Commoner (*Knopf, $10*).

Dr. Commoner applies the first law (discouraging) and the second law (hopeful) of thermodynamics to our dwindling—or apparently dwindling—supply of energy, and comes to the conclusion that this problem might ideally be left in less grasping hands than those of the giant international oil companies.

A Welfare Mother, by Susan Sheehan (*Houghton Mifflin, $6.95*).

An account of the daily, weekly, monthly routine (from here to eternity) of Mrs. Carmen Santana, wife, aunt, mother, and grandmother, originally of Puerto Rico and now of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, who depends for her entire income on the shrinking largesse of this city. Mrs. Sheehan's detailed report on her life, assembled over a period of many months, is, by implication, a report both on our degrading welfare system and on New York's Puerto Rican subculture.

Speedboat, by Renata Adler (*Random House, $7.95*).

A kaleidoscopic novel. The heroine, a journalist, critic, teacher, traveller, and lover, scuds from paragraph to paragraph—memories, anecdotes, pensées, and daily experiences—without losing her breath. The paragraphs, seemingly disconnected, subtly coalesce. Chapters of this volume about the way we live now first appeared here as short stories.

A House in Space, by Henry S. F. Cooper, Jr. (*Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $8.95*).

A report on Skylab, with the emphasis on the last crew of astronauts to live there—Edward G. Gibson, Gerald P. Carr, and William R. Pogue. Scientific data aside (some aside!), the book is a record of the domestic life—with faulty equipment and clothing, and without the everyday comfort of gravity—of this heroic, though grouchy, trio in the most sophisticated cabin in the sky ever conceived.

Favorite Haunts, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $7.95*).

Mr. Addams' first album of new drawings since 1964. Needless to say, his haunts, with a minor adjustment here and there but with a serenity all their own, have weathered the past dozen years that have so buffeted the rest of us.

Amateurs, by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

A volume of short stories, each a sample of Barthelmeana. By the pricking of his thumbs, something magic this way comes. The title provides one of the keys.

The Scene, by Calvin Tomkins (*Viking, $12.50*).

A collection of Profiles and other reports on post-modern art. The subjects include Henry Geldzahler, Curator of Twentieth-Century Art at the Metropolitan; Jonas Mekas, film-maker and reviewer and "standard-bearer for the New American Cinema;" the work of the earth artists out West; and Robert Wilson's twelve-hour production "The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin," at the Brooklyn Academy—a production that our author, onstage and velvet-clad, himself enhanced. In his preface, Mr. Tomkins firmly designates himself as reporter, *not* critic, but he is clearly an admirer of invention and innovation, of experiment and courage.

The Time of Illusion, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf, $10*).

The Rise and Fall of Richard Nixon. In his preface to this book, Mr. Schell writes, "In what follows, I will reconnect some of the fragments that are to be found in the various records of the Nixon Administration in order . . . to make the experience whole." What follows is a detailed chronicle of duplicity on the part of an Administration that, in the shadow of nuclear weapons, chose "credibility" over honor and intensified the war in Southeast Asia while promising peace, and of its criminal assault upon every stronghold of freedom and democracy in this government—an assault that might have succeeded but for the miracle of Watergate and its aftermath.

The Names of the Lost, by Philip Levine (*Atheneum, $3.95*).

This volume of verse presents an American poet who has a Beckettian vision of pain, death, and decay—and a sense, incidentally, of prosodic decorum.

Freedom Spent, by Richard Harris (*Little, Brown, $12.95*).

Mr. Harris, defender of our Constitution and Bill of Rights, here reports on three cases, each of which threatened one of our first ten amendments. They are the case of Charles James, Quaker, of upstate New York (First Amendment); the case of Mr. and Mrs. Alan McSurely, of the Appalachian Mountains (Fourth Amendment); and the case of Ellen Grusse and Terri Turgeon, of New Haven (Fifth Amendment). Each report includes a history of the amendment under discussion.

How I Became a Holy Mother, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (*Harper & Row, $8.95*).

Ten stories of present-day India. The ironic tone that pervades all of them is the result of Mrs. Jhabvala's shrewd yet sympathetic view of her characters—Indians and a sprinkling of British leftovers, in comic or sad, or even tragic, circumstances—and their apparent guilelessness.

Reeling, by Pauline Kael (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $12.95*).

In this series of critiques, Miss Kael continues to review movies with the heightened perceptions and exposed nerves of the film addict. The first entry is "Sounder" and "The Emigrants" (9/30/72): Thumbs up! The final entry is "The Day of the Locust" (5/12/75): Thumbs down! In the middle of the book, there is a long essay, "On the Future of Movies," about the crushing effect of Hollywood businessmen on directors and actors and writers.

A Swim off the Rocks, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $4.95*).

A collection of light verse that finds the poet well (and metrically) disposed toward any number of persons, places, and things, from swimming lawyers (Poem No. 1) to Beethoven's office (Poem No. 15) to refrigerators (Poem No. 37).

The Lists of the Past, by Julie Hayden (*Viking, $7.95*).

Two sets of linked short stories. The first obliquely records the dismantling of a mistaken love affair; the second, reaching back in time, is a portrait of a family and of the death of the father. The method throughout is pointillist, the arrangement of tiny surface details of flora and fauna, urban and suburban, shaping the narratives beneath.

Volunteers One and All, by Bruce Bliven, Jr. (*Reader's Digest Press, $7.95*).

An interim report to the management—the citizens of this country—on the surprising progress of our all-volunteer armed forces, which came into being on July 1, 1973, six months after the draft was stopped. Much of the book is based on conversations with experts at the Pentagon and elsewhere, and especially with Morris Janowitz, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago and author of "The Professional Soldier."

Rehearsal's Off, by George Booth (*Dodd, Mead, $7.95*).

Cats and kittens and bullterriers behaving with the utmost informality; a gentleman in a bathtub barking out orders to his wife at the ironing board in the next room—and the band plays on. There are ninety-eight cartoons on display here, and most of them first appeared in this magazine. Introduction by Dad.

Friends and Relations, by Daniel Menaker (*Doubleday, $6.95*).

There is one very special friend, named Anne, and there is one very special relation, called Uncle Sol—an old left-wing activist and loving tyrant. The setting of several of the stories in this collection is Uncle Sol's farm, near Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

The Uses of Enchantment, by Bruno Bettelheim (*Knopf, $12.50*).

A dissertation by the famous child psychologist on the profound value of the folk fairy tale—"enriching and satisfying to child and adult alike." Dr. Bettelheim synopsizes many of the stories collected by the Brothers Grimm, pointing out their psychological importance, and dismisses tame substitutes, which, though perhaps more palatable to parents, cheat us all.

Arrivals and Departures, by Richard H. Rovere (*Macmillan, $10.95*).

A memoir by Our Man in Washington which also includes a number of encounters (in this city as well, and as far afield as Naples) that originally appeared as Profiles and other articles in *The New Yorker* over the past thirty years or so.

The View from Highway 1, by Michael J. Arlen (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95*).

Glued to the television set on our behalf, Mr. Arlen—critical eye and social conscience intact—reports on various types of daytime and nocturnal shoddiness (and on a few good shows) that were visible during the Gerald Ford interregnum.

Distortions, by Ann Beattie (*Doubleday, $7.95*).

A dwarf refusing to put up with the tactlessness of his family; a man so far gone on hash that the only creature he feels for is a dog; a divorced man filling his brother's apartment with animals; a young woman slowly going mad in the care of a law student; a young woman who decides that a career as a high-school music teacher offers more than marriage—these are a few of the floating characters who appear in Miss Beattie's collection of short stories. The manner of telling is matter-of-fact; its effect is the precise opposite.

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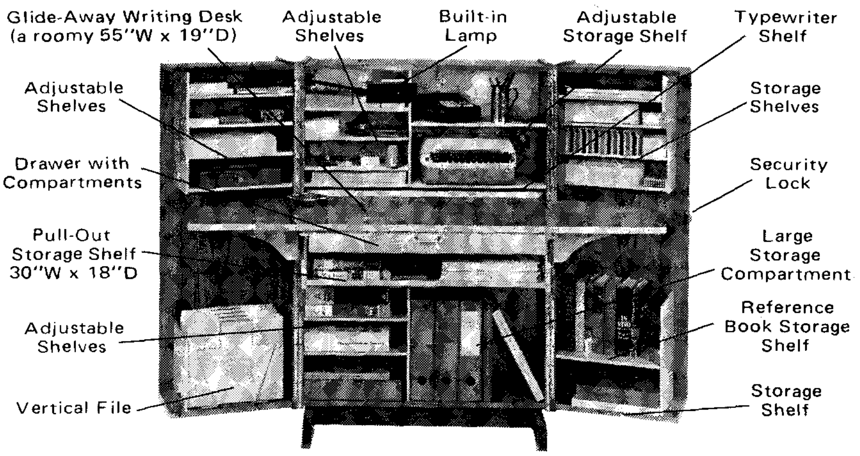

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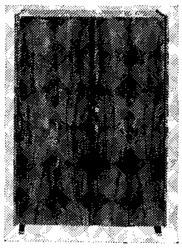

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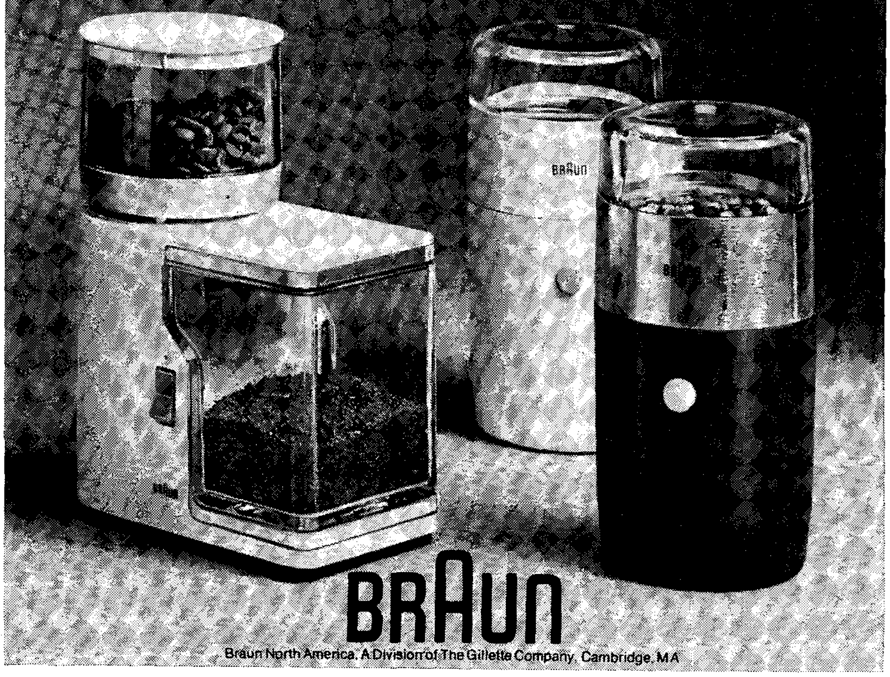

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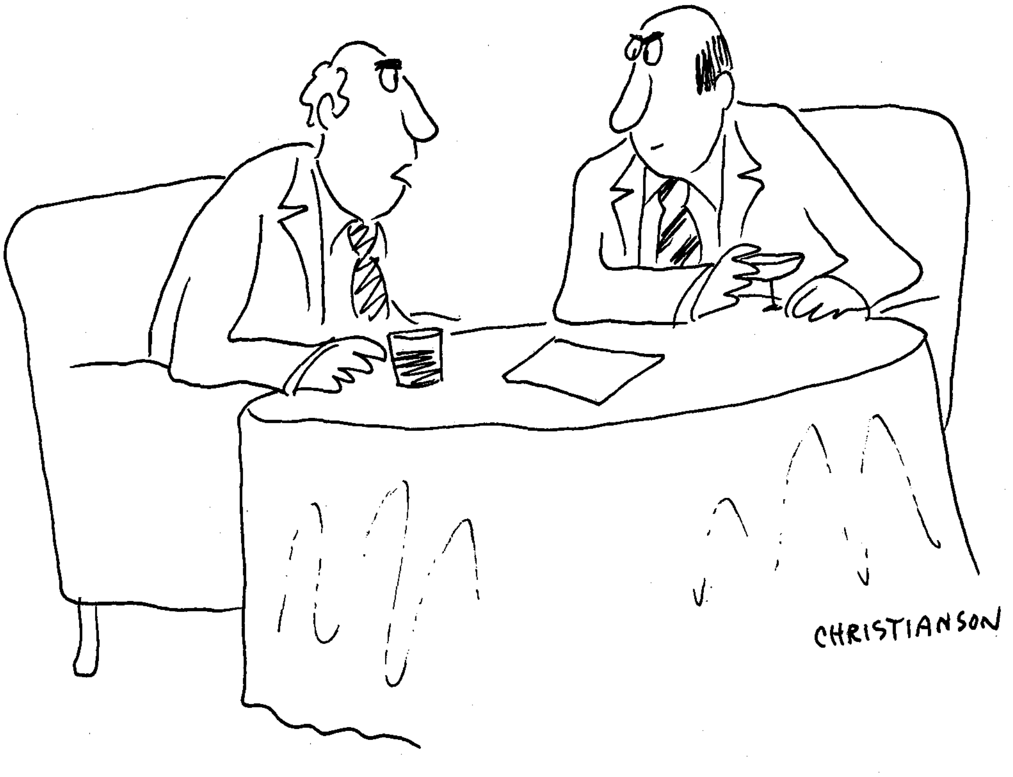
MUSICAL EVENTS

Many-Colored Glass

THE Metropolitan Opera's commitment to contemporary music is probably slighter than that of any other major house. It was not always so. During Gatti-Casazza's twenty-seven seasons, he kept the New York public abreast of what was being composed elsewhere, producing significant operas from Germany and Italy while they were still new, and he introduced some fifteen American pieces, often starrily cast. It is true that none of the latter have lasted; the wastage rate in new operas is high. "Mona," "The King's Henchman," "Peter Ibbetson," "The Emperor Jones," and "Merry Mount" are titles remembered; who but a historian can name the composers of "Shanewis," "Cleopatra's Night," and "In the Pasha's Garden"? The premières of "La Fanciulla del West" (1910) and "Il Trittico" (1918)—and, to a lesser extent, of Humperdinck's "Königskinder" (1910) and Giordano's "Madame Sans-Gêne" (1915)—have secured for the Met a modest place in the history of operatic creation, but it is a long time since the eyes of the world were turned on it to discover the outcome of a commission from a leading composer—something like a new score from Sessions, Henze, Tippett, or Berio. Since the move to Lincoln Center, only two new operas have been baptized by the company—Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra" (1966) and Marvin David Levy's "Mourning Becomes Electra" (1967). If James Levine and John Dexter have placed some exciting commissions for future seasons—if, say, Carter, Crumb, Druckman, or Bolcom is even now working on a Metropolitan opera—the public has still to learn of it. Even local premières of works whose merit has been tested elsewhere have become few. None of Thomson's operas have been taken up by the Met, although his "Lord Byron" was written for it, and his "Mother of Us All" could surely have been a Bicentennial hit. The reasons for doing Massenet's "Esclarmonde" rather than Sessions' "Montezuma," for doing Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète" rather than Bernd Alois Zimmermann's "Die Soldaten" or Henze's "We Come to the River," are obvious. But one of those reasons—that the public stays away from contemporary operas—was challenged last month when two performances of Philip Glass's "Einstein on the Beach" were both sold out. And yet the most adventurous intendant in the world might think twice before billing "Einstein." It is a four-act opera that lasts for nearly five hours without an intermission. It has no plot in any conventional sense. The "libretto" consists for the most part of numerals sung or spoken (counting out the rhythmic patterns of the score) and sol-fa syllables (do, re, mi, etc., naming the notes sung). The music is in essence a series of extended moto perpetuos, each of them lasting longer than Ravel's "Bolero."

"Einstein on the Beach" was not part of the regular season but was presented on two Sunday evenings by the Byrd Hoffman Foundation in cooperation with the Met. It lends itself to guest appearances, being a self-contained "two-truck show" (scenery and sound equipment pack into two forty-foot containers) that has already toured widely in Europe. "Einstein" opened in Avignon last July, and visited Venice for the Biennale, Belgrade for the International Theatre Festival, Paris for the Autumn Festival, Brussels, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam. Since it arrived at the Met prepared and complete, it was a practical as well as an exciting addition to the fare in a theatre whose resident troupe is unaccustomed to tackling contemporary scores. The orchestra is the Philip Glass Ensemble (five instrumentalists and a sound engineer), plus a singer and a solo violinist who takes the role of Einstein. A versatile company of twenty-one sings, acts, and dances; one of the leading singers joins the ensemble to play, with effortless mastery, a long organ cadenza that is the music for a scene in the last act.

"Einstein" is described as an opera "by Robert Wilson-Philip Glass." The two planned the work together, plotted the time it was to occupy, and determined its large structure. Music and lyrics are credited to Glass, direction and décor to Wilson. There are three basic images: a train, a courtroom that dissolves into a prison, and a field of dancers with a spaceship in the sky above them. If these are called A, B, and C, then Act I consists of A and B, Act II of C and A, and Act III of B and C. Act IV presents developments of all three images: the train has become a building; from the prison only the bed remains (a rectangle of light, it moves on an empty stage); the spaceship is no longer a model overhead but a large cellular structure filled with people. Five episodes for a couple on the stage and varied musical forces form prologue, entr'actes, and epilogue. At first, these seem to function like the intermezzi that were played between the acts of an opera seria, or the *kyogen* interludes between the plays of a *no* cycle, but they carry so much musical (and, at the last, emotional) weight



"*What I'm about to tell you, Brenner, is a falsehood.*"

that they can be regarded as the main matter of the opera, and the acts themselves as extended intermezzi or developments. Although "Einstein" has been generally treated as if it were a work by Wilson with incidental music by Glass, it is very different—in tone, structure, pace, and appearance—from Wilson's earlier pieces. To describe it as a characteristic Glass score with scenic accompaniment by Wilson (and choreographic accompaniment by Andrew deGroat) would be nearer the mark but still not quite accurate. It is a *Gesamtkunstwerk* in which Wilson's romantic profusion, allusiveness, and collage techniques are tempered by Glass's sharp-focus insistence on pure structure.

The opera can be compared and contrasted with Wilson's "Deafman Glance," which when I saw it in Amsterdam five years ago had grown by accretion into a six-hour theatre piece. The cast of "Deafman" was enormous. At one point, coal-black mammies came dancing on in greater profusion than Bolshoi bayadères. The company picked up new players as it went along. The blind people were really blind. The cripples were crippled. To find an actor for the role of Sigmund Freud, a photograph of the psychoanalyst was taken to an Amsterdam old folks' home; yes, said its caretaker, he lives here—and the old man joined the company. Amassing people and properties, Wilson composed a series of richly picturesque dream images, usually very slow-moving, then suddenly galvanized into activity: by the mammies; by Bugs Bunny, eight feet tall, dancing on; by the startling leap of a large frog that for perhaps two hours had been sitting motionless, host at a dinner table. Act I was set on a beach (the stage deep in real sand), Act II in a drawing room; Acts III and IV were magic sites, several places at once. There was a little spoken dialogue (a pianist chatted pleasantly to a walrus) and some music (the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata and the first prelude of Bach's Forty-eight were played through a dozen times or so in succession), but most of the time several independent, mysterious dramas were enacted simultaneously in silence and at different paces. A tortoise took an hour to cross from one side of the stage to the other, and a lonely long-distance runner a few seconds. "Deafman Glance" acted on the spirit through the eyes. It was a drama of surrealist pictures. The form appeared to be elastic. Episodes and incidents could be, and were, added, removed, extended,

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abridged between one performance and the next.

"Einstein," on the other hand, is precisely organized, tautly patterned, economical in its forces, and austere in its décor. Instead of the rich colors and textures and the visual elaboration of "Deafman Glance," there are simple, largely geometrical scenes in a muted color range. If pressed, I suppose I could concoct some sort of "scenario" that emerged during the presentation. The images cohere. In the first scene, a child throws paper airplanes from a high platform; in the last, a toy rocket ship zooms up into space. Einstein fiddles while a drop curtain behind him spells out statistics on destruction caused by a nuclear explosion. A man involved in ceaseless mathematical calculation is a recurrent symbol. The images of motion also invoke ideas of relativity. ("Does Oxford stop at this train?" asked the professor of physics, embarking at Paddington.) But what "Einstein" was "about" for me was much what Glass's "Music with Changing Parts" is about: the effect of rhythmic patterns and short melodic motifs endlessly repeated but slowly altering; of bright, insistent timbres whose colors gradually shift as one instrument, then another cuts into or drops from the texture; of simple harmonic progressions rooted in laws of acoustics (one of the main themes of "Einstein" is a IV-V-I sequence) underpinning moto-perpetuo activity. In his "Music in Twelve Parts," Glass asked for "another mode of listening—one in which neither memory nor anticipation (the usual psychological devices of programmatic music, whether Baroque, Classical, Romantic, or Modernistic) has a place in sustaining the texture, quality, or reality of the musical experience." A listener to his music usually reaches a point, quite early on, of rebellion at the needle-stuck-in-the-groove quality, but a minute or two later he realizes that the needle has not stuck: something has happened. Once that point is passed, Glass's music—or so I find—becomes easy to listen to for hours on end. The mind may wander now and again, but it wanders within a new sound world that the composer has created. The simple harmonic foundations induce a feeling of security. Lively incident soon recaptures one's full attention. A listener's memory, it should be added, does play a part in "Einstein," since there are recurrent themes, picked up in one scene from another and sometimes reflecting, sometimes in counterpoint to the recurrent visual imagery. Another source of listeners' rebellion, however, may be the sheer loudness of the music. "Einstein" is scored for two electric organs and three saxophones, alternating with flute or clarinet, all heavily amplified, as are the voices. Twice, during the first performance, I felt that at sustained climaxes the level of noise emerging from the tall banks of loudspeakers on either side of the proscenium arch was not merely painful but probably perilous, too. For the second performance, I found a seat not directly in the line of sonic crossfire.

In common, Wilson and Glass require a suspension of the usual time scale observed in Western theatres and concert halls. In this—but in this alone—their works are akin to *no* cycles that last from dawn to dusk, and *kathakali* cycles that last from dusk to dawn. In an age when Erik Satie's "Vexations," a few bars for solo piano, *très lent*, played over and over again for twenty-four hours, can find performances, when Stockhausen begins his "Piano Piece IX" with the same chord sounded two hundred and twenty-seven times and builds his "Stimmung" on one chord sustained for seventy-five minutes, audiences are readier than their fathers were to sit and savor slow-shifting, chronic experiences—hypnotized by repetition, stimulated by the observance of tiny changes, not bored. "Einstein" is busier, more active, than those pieces. Glass's score may be incantatory, but it is not lulling.

Wilson and Glass also share an ability to obtain dedicated, amazingly accomplished, unflagging performances from the artists they work with. Instrumentalists, actors, and singers had "Einstein" by heart. How, without the aid of rosaries, they knew when to repeat and when to move on I cannot guess.

—ANDREW PORTER

POPULAR RECORDS

By George!

"WATTS BY GEORGE!" (Columbia M 34221), a solo Gershwin recital by the concert pianist André Watts, is a unique recording in that one of its two sides is devoted to the composer's piano arrangements ("variations," he called them, but they are really more like embellishments) of thirteen of his own show tunes—or all but five of those collected back in the early nineteen-thirties in "George Gershwin's Song-book," which was published by Simon & Schuster. The other side consists of Gershwin's three preludes and a piano version of "Rhapsody in Blue." Mr. Watts performs the show tunes in a strict, note-by-note fashion, as scrupulous in its way as his approach to Liszt, Schubert, or any of the other composers with whom he is on intimate terms. And in this scrupulousness lie both the charm and the shortcomings of the venture. On the one hand, it is terribly engaging to encounter the Gershwin songs (which have been bent, often quite gratifyingly, this way or that over the years by this or that jazz pianist) in their pure forms—that is, in the forms created by the composer himself in the course of playing them at countless parties and elsewhere. On the other hand, this scholarly approach to Gershwin's music, with which Watts is apparently not completely familiar, lends the performances an impersonal quality. As Gershwin himself points out in his introduction to the songbook, "most pianists with a classical training fail lamentably in the playing of our ragtime or jazz because they use the pedaling of Chopin when interpreting the blues of Handy. The romantic touch is very good in a sentimental ballad, but in a tune of strict rhythm it is somewhat out of place." And in the preceding paragraph he writes, "The rhythms of American popular music are more or less brittle; they should be made to snap, and at times to cackle. The more sharply the music is played, the more effective it sounds." At issue here, of course, is the performer's instinctive understanding of musical idiom, as vital to an accurate rendition of Gershwin as an appreciation of ritards (and nineteenth-century Viennese style in general) is to a true account of Johann Strauss. Watts advances on Gershwin with his usual easy technical mastery, but his precision makes him sound a bit like a polite stranger.

Nevertheless, hearing these numbers in hands as skilled as Watts's gives special pleasure, and such sentimental ballads as "Do It Again," which Gershwin marked "plaintively," according to the songbook, and "Who Cares?" ("rather slow") come off affectingly. Also, "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise" ("vigorously") and "I Got Rhythm" ("very marked") are reasonably persuasive. But Watts's lilt is decidedly weak in "'S Wonderful" ("liltingly"), as is his ardor in the quintessential Gershwin piece "That Certain Feeling" ("ardently"). And the pianist articulates the sixteenths and dotted eighths of "The Man I Love" so exactly that the "singing style" Gershwin called for is replaced by monotony. This song recital, then, is Gershwin on tiptoe, which is unlikely

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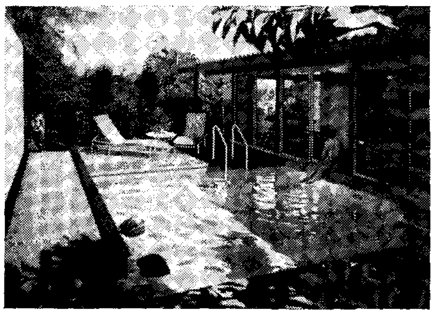

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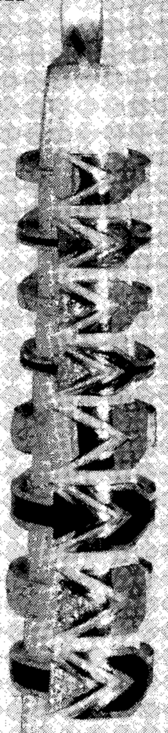

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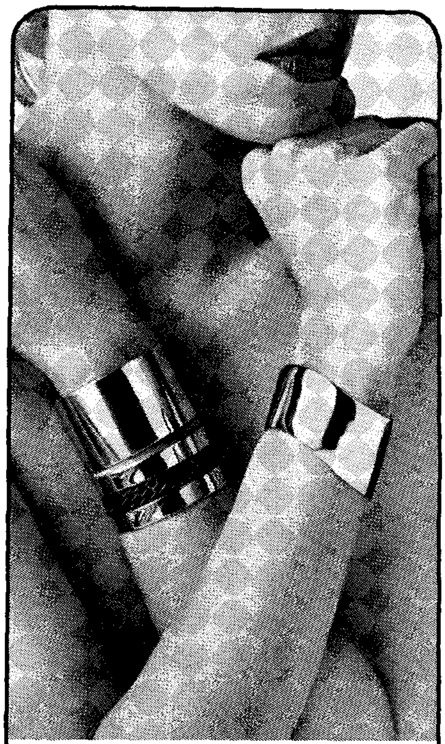

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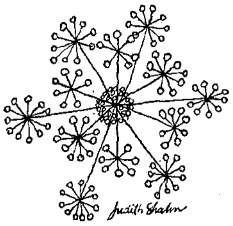
Gershwin. (The same exactitude and lack of personality characterize Watts's impeccable accounts of "Rhapsody in Blue" and the preludes, though the intrinsic beauty of the second—and most popular—of the preludes is tellingly conveyed.) Yet it is also so flattering on its own terms that it is, ultimately, appealing.

On the back cover of the album, Larry Morton, who produced it, tries to explain why only thirteen of the eighteen tunes in the songbook were recorded: "Regarding the choice of songs, Watts expressed concern: 'I can only play those songs that speak to me. It would be of no use to anyone to sit down and record all 18 songs.' " I think that space limitations of the album would have been a more felicitous excuse. Incidentally, in the songbook there is an elementary piano-and-vocal score of both verse and chorus, with lyrics, for each tune, constituting the original sheet-music version. This is followed by Gershwin's much more complex treatment of the chorus, and in two instances—"Liza" and "I Got Rhythm"—a second, even more complex Gershwin chorus is included.



SPEAKING of Gershwin, London has recently issued what it calls "the world première complete recording" of "Porgy and Bess" (OSA-13116). This means that in addition to "The Buzzard Song," which has often been dropped in stage presentations (though it was included in Columbia's "Porgy and Bess" recording of several years back), the sung recitatives and other material—most notably the effectively layered solos of the spiritual opening the storm scene in Serena's room and the complete scene between Porgy and Bess following Bess's recovery—have been restored.

The performance is, again, rather impersonal but nonetheless impressive. It boasts several excellent soloists, accompanied by the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus and the Cleveland Orchestra under Lorin Maazel, and it seems to me to tip the balance toward those who have called "Porgy and Bess" an opera (as against those who have considered it a musical) in the controversy that has surrounded the work ever since it first appeared, more than forty years ago. As if the distinction really mattered! Like "Show Boat" before it and "Carousel" after it, "Porgy and Bess" is an example—the prime one to date—of the way the show tune, itself an enrichment of Tin Pan Alley style, can expand to embrace larger concerns and stronger emotions than the standard pop song is capable of accommodating. "Porgy and Bess" is a collection of magnificent songs (the Broadway equivalent of, say, Italian arias) arising from a wealth of characterization and plot. Their music is of an occasionally obvious but more often inspired and wonderfully evocative and incisive nature. And while the pull of the story itself—with its drama and romance, comedy and tragedy, all swept through with elemental passion—is undeniable, it is in Gershwin's mastery, especially in the brilliant and powerful wake scene in Serena's room, with that most haunting of airs "My Man's Gone Now," that the work achieves awesomeness.

The language of "Porgy and Bess," DuBose Heyward's approximation of Charleston black-ghetto dialect, has always posed problems of accuracy in presenting the work on the stage, and it does so again in this recorded rendition. Although Ira Gershwin, who wrote some of the lyrics, tried to cast aside this difficulty by remarking, "It didn't matter too much if dialect was exact or not, considering the stylized and characteristic music," it still bothers me, for there is a richness about Heyward's libretto that is often lost in performance because it is so hard to find trained black singers willing to immerse themselves, with what must amount to almost atavistic abandon, in a white man's version of black folkways and characterizations from which their race has so painfully fought to escape. As far back as 1952, Robert Breen, who functioned as both co-producer and director of a revival of "Porgy and Bess," complained of the difficulty of getting his educated cast to use Heyward's idiom. In this new album, then, it is not surprising to hear a slurred "nuthin' " substituted for "nuttin' "—though, admittedly, there has always been some confusion over the proper usage in this case—or a "the" for a "de," and so on.

The only role that seems to have real vitality is Sportin' Life, sung with irresistible sinuosity and pure vocal skill by François Clemmons. In general, the women—Leona Mitchell as Bess, Florence Quivar as Serena, and Barbara Hendricks as Clara (the perennially popular "Summertime" is hers, though Bess picks it up toward the end), to name the most important

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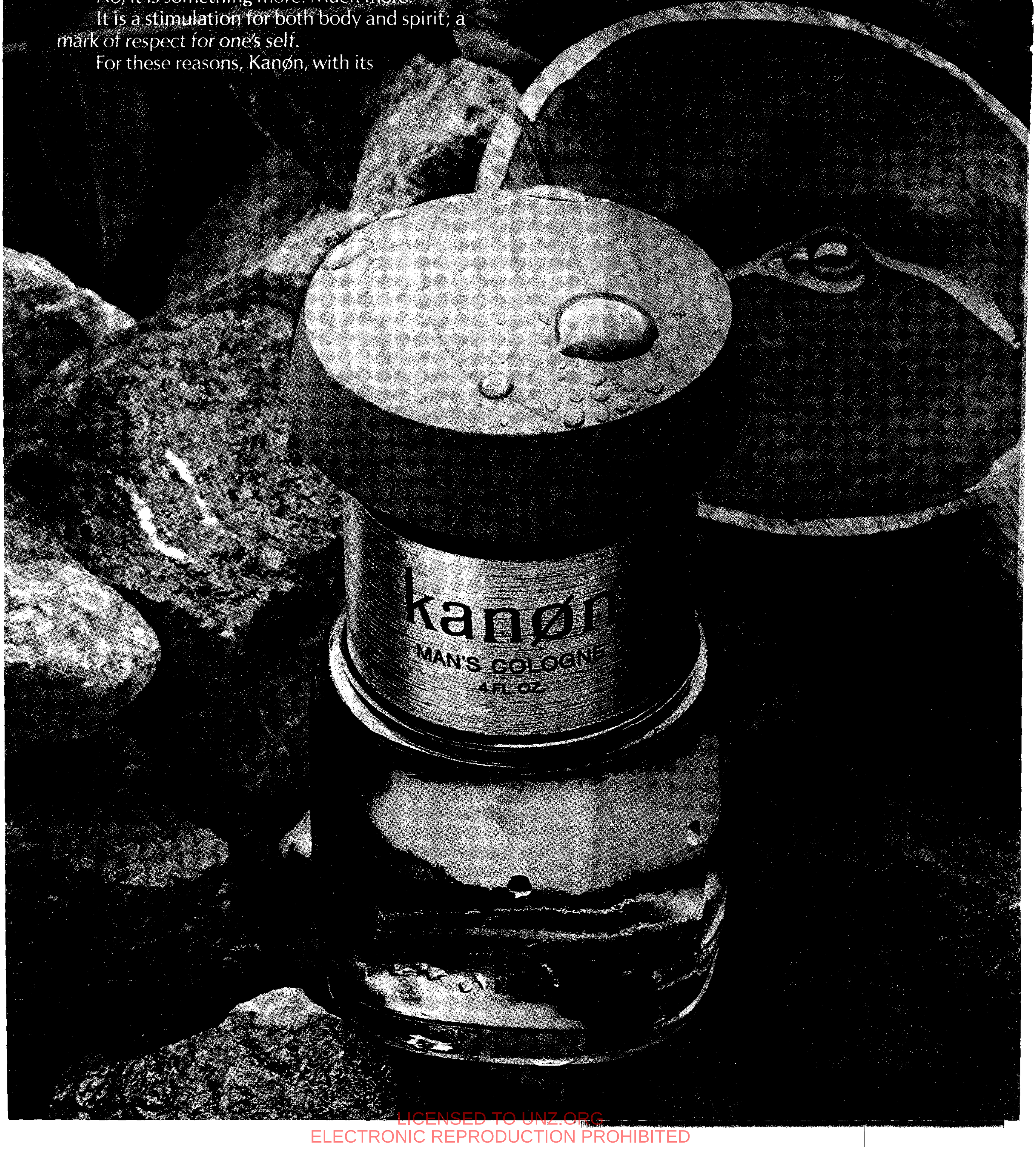

of them—sound better than the men in the set pieces. Willard White's Porgy, McHenry Boatwright's Crown, and Arthur Thompson's Jake are all well sung but not transporting. Similarly, the work of the Cleveland Orchestra is more competent than invigorating. Much of the chorus work is impressive, however.

In a sense, "Porgy and Bess" comes full circle with this recording, because it is more complete than even the original Broadway production was. And it restores all the music that was subsequently dropped by various producers and directors who were under the impression that the show's operatic nature was responsible for its disappointing début in 1935. What now seems more likely is that for some reason it simply took seven years for such songs as "Summertime," "Oh, I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," and "Bess, You Is My Woman Now" to penetrate deep into the national consciousness and thus make the 1942 revival both a revelation and a repository of familiar treasures. (As almost everybody knows, the virtually complete "Porgy and Bess" is now on view and thriving on Broadway, and RCA promises that we will soon have a recording of this happy event.)

MEANWHILE, RCA has released a run-through of the principal "Porgy and Bess" numbers as sung by Ray Charles and Cleo Laine (CPL 2-1831)—a pairing that brings to mind a much earlier pop-treatment recording featuring Mel Tormé and Frances Faye. Also in the pop idiom is the 1957 two-record Verve set, just reissued, presenting Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong in big-band arrangements of a wide selection of pieces from the folk opera (VE-2-2507). And Columbia has just released a Gershwin album (XM 34205) one side of which is very odd indeed, containing, as it does, a performance of the orchestral part of "Rhapsody in Blue," by the Columbia Jazz Band under Michael Tilson Thomas, that is synchronized with a Gershwin piano-roll treatment of the solo part. The other side is given over to a wholly new and stimulating performance, by the New York Philharmonic under Thomas, of "An American in Paris." But, to get back to that "Rhapsody in Blue," the curious pairing of soloist and band is compounded by a few other oddities. For one thing, the relatively unfamiliar jazz-band arrangement—whose separate parts Columbia obtained from the National Symphony Orchestra, which had had them copied from the score filed away at the Library of Congress—was the first one that Ferde Grofé did. Grofé's subsequent orchestration for a full symphonic group is the one usually employed. For another, though Andrew Kazdin's background notes on the record sleeve state that Gershwin made the piano rolls in 1925, the company he made them for (Duo-Art) issued only the second half of the performance that year, and did not release the first part until two years later. And, finally, Gershwin included piano renderings of bits of the orchestral accompaniment in his performance, partly through a process that has come to be called "overdubbing" in the recording industry, and these bits had to be blotted out or filled in before this new performance could be attempted. It is, of course, tremendously interesting to think that one is hearing Gershwin himself while listening to this recording. But how accurate are piano rolls, I have often wondered, in conveying the precise touch and dynamics of a performance on an instrument that has always been notoriously difficult to record satisfactorily? Nevertheless, the composer's performance here does seem brisk, decisive, and—yes—instilled with a youthful vigor that makes it irresistible.

The spate of recent Gershwin recordings includes two reissues that are part of a new RCA series called "Victrola America." On one record, "A Collector's 'Porgy and Bess,'" there are ten excerpts from interpretations by the white Metropolitan Opera luminaries Lawrence Tibbett and Helen Jepson, along with Robert Merrill, Risë Stevens, Cab Calloway, and the Robert Shaw Chorale (AVM1-1742; mono). Some of these performances were taken down almost immediately after the show's New York opening, in October, 1935, and they represent the first "Porgy and Bess" recordings. The ones with Anne Brown and Todd Duncan, the original Broadway leads, came along later.

Finally, there is "Gershwin Plays Gershwin," the other Victrola America reissue, which offers piquant performances of "Rhapsody in Blue," "An American in Paris," the preludes, and selections from the musical comedies "Oh, Kay!" and "Tip-Toes," all made in the nineteen-twenties (AVM1-1740; mono). The "Rhapsody,"

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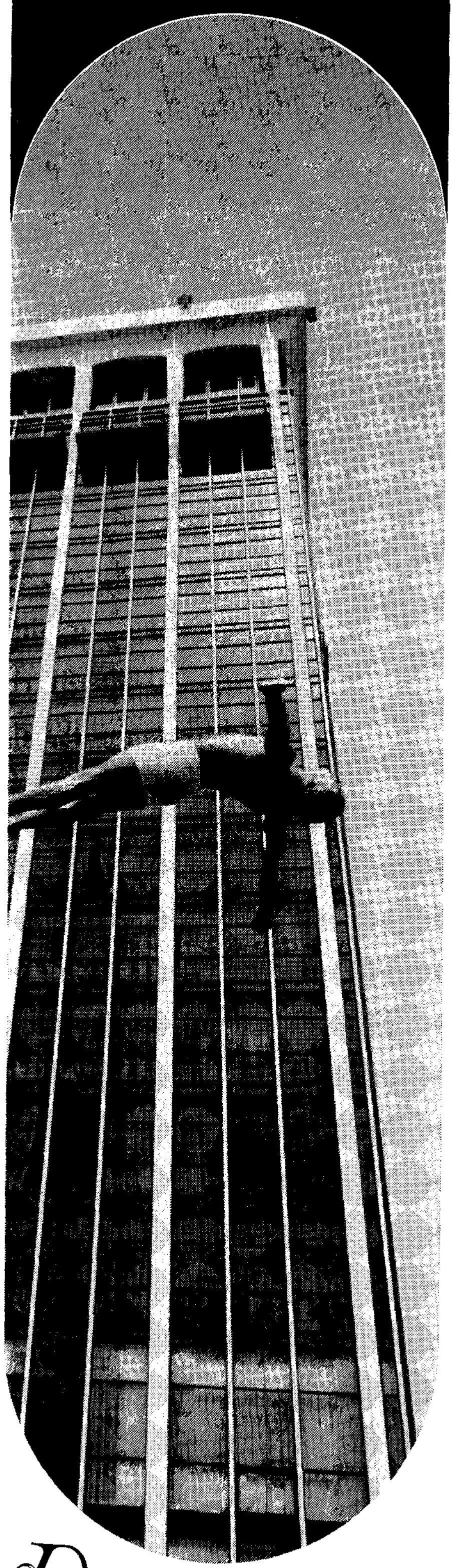

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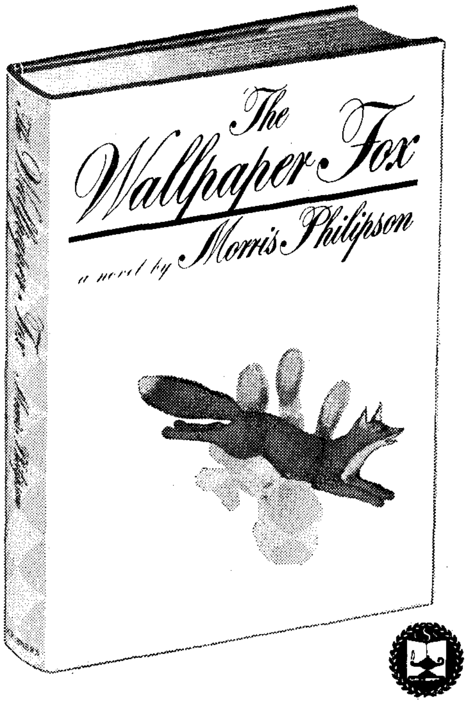
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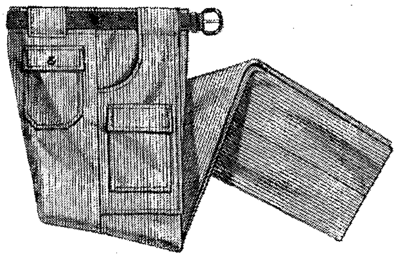

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slightly trimmed by the composer to fit onto a twelve-inch 78-r.p.m. single, was recorded in 1924—the year of its première—with Gershwin on piano, assisted by Paul Whiteman and his concert orchestra. "An American in Paris," recorded in 1929, finds Gershwin in a celesta passage during a performance by the RCA house symphonic group under Nathaniel Shilkret. The second side of the record brings us Gershwin alone, in the preludes and in four songs from each of the two musicals. (Four of the eight show tunes—"Do-Do-Do," "Clap Yo' Hands," "Sweet and Low Down," and "That Certain Feeling"—later made their way into the songbook.) The "Tip-Toes" items were recorded in the spring of 1926 in London, and those from "Oh, Kay!" were done the following November in New York. In each case, Gershwin plays both the verse and a few choruses, all different but all in strict foxtrot time, since the records were made for dancing.

—Douglas Watt

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§5

Fetching Over

1. You have to fetch over on the left.
2. You may only fetch over, if you can see that the street is free, and you are only allowed to fetch over if your speed is higher than the speed of the vehicle that you want to fetch over.
3. Fetching over is not allowed:
    1. if the intentions of the others are not clear;
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4. All persons who want to fetch over, have to take care of the traffic behind them.
   They have to announce their intention for fetching over in time.
   The person fetching over has to integrate into the right side as soon as possible.
   He is not allowed to endanger the man who is fetched over.
5. Out of villages fetching over may be announced by hooting or flash signal.
   If you warn with flash signal, you may pay attention that the others are not blinded.
6. Who is fetched over, is not allowed to raise his speed. The conductor of a vehicle driving slowly has to slow down his speed to enable the others to fetch over.
7. A vehicle who announces his intention to fetch over and integrates into the left part of the roadway, can be fetched over by the right. All tracks are to be fetched over by the right. Only if the rails are on the right side, the tracks are to be fetched over on the left. In one-way-roads the tracks are to be fetched over on the left.

—*English translation of the West German Traffic Code.*

If you have a Labrador retriever, leave the whole thing to him.

THE RACE TRACK

Long Shot

IT'S not quite true that all things come to him who waits. Sometimes, though, he does get a break. One came at Aqueduct last Saturday for a gray gelding named Wise Philip, who had been running all season in what are loosely called allowance races. He finally won a stakes—the Discovery Handicap, for three-year-olds, at nine furlongs. It was also the first stakes that Bill Boland, a former top race rider, who handles him for Ruth E. Streit, has won in seven years. Wise Philip paid a $45.20 mutuel. The finish, in which he beat Harbor View Farm's Teddy's Courage by three-quarters of a length, was enlivened by a claim of foul by Cordero, who charged that Wise Philip had impeded him twice in the running. The stewards didn't think so, and Wise Philip's backers in the thoroughly chilled crowd of some twenty-one thousand went home happy. Patriot's Dream, who finished third, made the early running, and outfinished Quiet Little Table, who went off favorite.

Of course, the obvious reason Cordero lodged his objection is the race between him and Hawley for the season's jockey honors, and it is still undecided; if Cordero had been moved up to first place he would have added another win to his total and an additional $32,460 in prize money. Instead, at about the same time that afternoon, Hawley was booting in his three-thousandth winner, a filly named Glad To Be, at Greenwood, in Toronto, bringing his total of winning mounts so far this year to three hundred and ninety-eight. (Cordero's is two hundred and sixty-three.) In the eight years that the Canadian-bred, twenty-seven-year-old Hawley has been riding, he has led the list three times—in 1970, 1972, and 1973—and it's a good bet he will do it again this year.

It was expected that Jack Van Berg, the season's leading trainer (the last time I looked, he had saddled four hundred and sixty-nine winners) would run Joachim—hero of the Secretariat Stakes at Arlington Park and the Omaha Gold Cup at Ak-Sar-Ben—in the Discovery, but after coming up from New Orleans to have a look at him Van Berg didn't put his name in the entry box. By the way, Johnny Nerud, who saddled the Tartan Stable's Capulet's Song for the Discovery, and probably wishes he hadn't wasted the time, says he will not race in Florida this winter; he'll leave a few horses in New York with his son Jan and take the rest back to the farm at Ocala.

It was fine to see the colors of the King Ranch carried down in front by Distant Land in the Stuyvesant Handicap, which was the most interesting race on the midweek card. Nine ran the mile and a furlong, and Festive Mood, the winner last year, was quickest out of the gate. He led, pressed by Logical, the favorite, to the halfway mark, where both faded. Distant Land took command in the stretch, but he was all out to beat Blue Times at the end. It's Freezing, who beat Distant Land by a head in the Queens County Handicap, was third. Old-timers remember that in 1920, when Man o' War won the Stuyvesant by eight lengths at odds of one to a hundred, only one horse, named Knobbie, ran against him. It was said that Chicago O'Brien, a former bricklayer who ran a five-dollar bill into a fortune betting on short-priced horses, won more than supper money on the race.

Word comes from Kentucky that Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Groves, of Minneapolis, the most liberal buyers at the recent Keeneland sales (they gave a million dollars for Queen Sucree, the dam of Cannonade), are going to breed thoroughbreds for the market and to race. They have formed a partnership with Mrs. Ann Trimble, their representative at the sales, who owns Ponjola Farm, near Lexington. The horses she bought for them will be stabled there. Mrs. Trimble has just returned from the Newmarket sales in England.

FOR a Christmas stocking: "The Shoe," by Willie Shoemaker and Dan Smith (Rand McNally; $14.95), tells of the life and rides of the forty-five-year-old jockey, darling of California horseplayers, who has ridden more winners than any other race rider. It is interestingly written, and bountifully illustrated with photographs in black and white, and some in color, of horses, men, and finishes.

—AUDAX MINOR

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They call their company VIOP Inc. That's an anachronism for Vocational Informational and Occupational Planning.—*Kalamazoo Gazette.*

Not anachronism, silly—euphemism.

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BOOKS

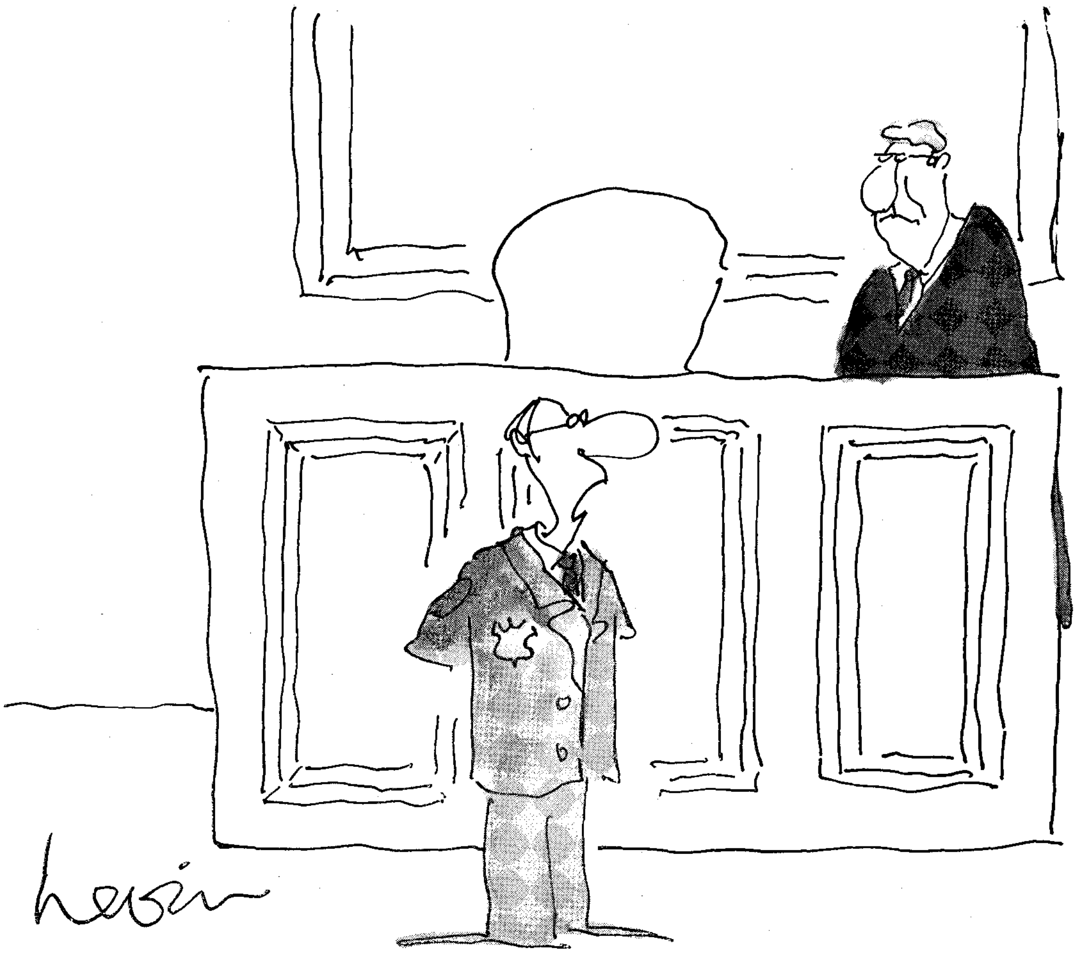
Protestants, Patriots, Philosophers

“The Enlightenment in America,” by Henry F. May (Oxford), is a dazzling success in a difficult field: the history of ideas. The ideas that May discusses are those on which this country was founded. He sets them exactly against their historical background, and—since ideas do, after all, outlive times and places—he also explicates them, so we can recognize that modern American conservatives, liberals, and radicals are all grandchildren of the Enlightenment. The subject is complex; Professor May clarifies it without oversimplifying. He writes well. His wit relies on compression rather than derision, for he is wonderfully humane and always remembers that the beliefs he examines—whatever we think of them—once meant something to intelligent, earnest human beings. His breadth of sympathy is not uncritical; his is the best kind of criticism because it is the most accurate.

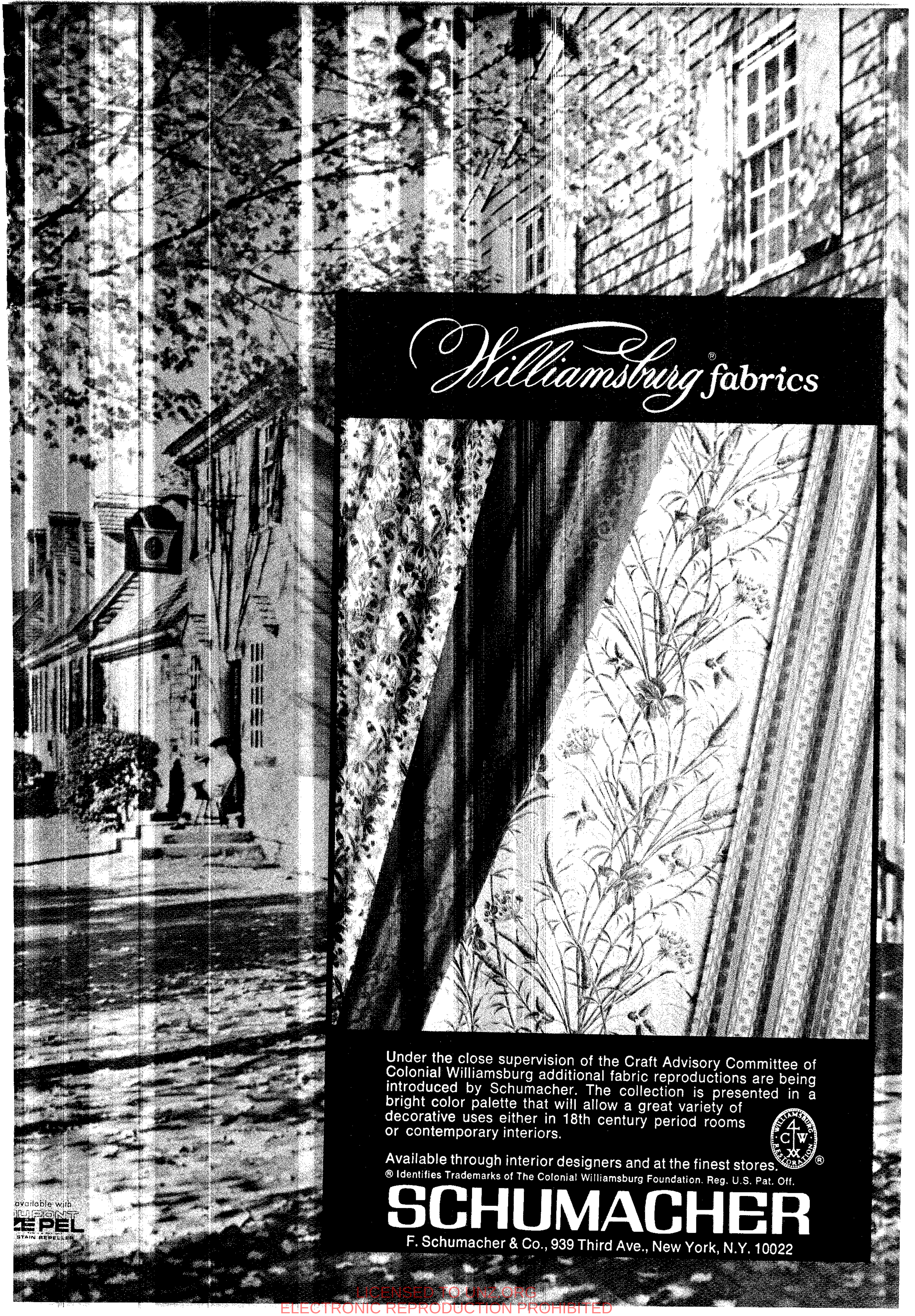
May divides his subject into four parts: the Moderate Enlightenment (1688-1787); the Skeptical Enlightenment (1750-89); the Revolutionary Enlightenment (1776-1800); and the Didactic Enlightenment (1800-15). All had European sources, but May describes the last as an American resolution of the intellectual and spiritual conflicts between the first three, and an adjustment to the political and religious realities of the United States.

The Moderate Enlightenment (Locke, Newton) arose in Great Britain after some fifty years of acute—often violent—religious, philosophical, and political turmoil, and it stressed balance, order, and reason in the hope of ending physical and verbal combat about the government and the religion of British subjects. The movement did not succeed in creating a single, comprehensive English church. Although the Church of England tried to stretch its theological formulations, it could not persuade Calvinists to accept them; nor would Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, or Quakers accept Anglican church organization. (Professor May never asserts his own theological preferences. He is primarily concerned with the connection between different concepts of God and different concepts of man, and, while he does not slight belief for its own sake, he is more interested in its political, or public, consequences.) Nonetheless, May finds, the Moderate Enlightenment affected almost all British Protestants, who in their separate churches heard similar sermons about the rationality of the universe and the reasonableness of Christian morality. The truce did not endure; Western religions are stimulants, not opiates, and it is very difficult to make Christianity sedate or sedative. As early as the seventeen-forties, May points out, some American Protestants were participating in religious revivals, and displaying the “enthusiasm” that the Moderate Enlightenment feared as fanatical and disdained as unseemly; soon after, others began reasserting the sternest tenets of Calvin, often to the great distress of their fellow-Christians, while still other Americans were reasoning themselves out of anything resembling Trinitarian Christianity. The Moderate Enlightenment lasted longer in politics—long enough to produce our Constitution. By 1787, the Moderate Enlightenment was a conservative influence in this country, and May thinks of the Constitution as a conservative—a consolidating and stabilizing—document. Like the English settlement of 1689, it was the aftermath of revolution rather than its forerunner. The ideas and the mood of the Revolutionary Enlightenment, which created the French Revolution in Europe and challenged the Moderates here, resemble the millennialisms that thrived at the start of the first English revolution—before Cromwell, like Napoleon a hundred and fifty years later, set limits to discussions and to expectations.

Professor May regards the Skeptical Enlightenment as an interlude between the Moderate and the Revolutionary. Though it boasts a number of excellent writers (Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, Franklin), he thinks it was not very influential in America, except among a few well-off



“Oyez, oyez, hey bop a rebop, oo bop shebam.”



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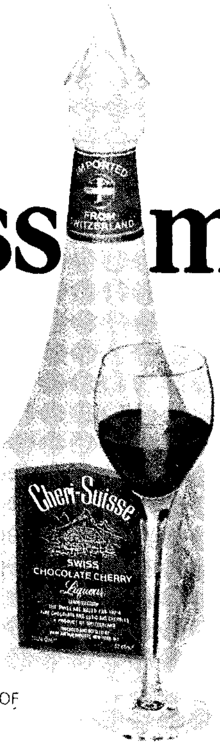
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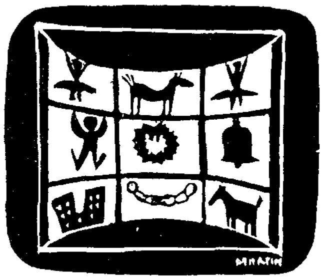
IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, N. Y. C., 52 PROOF groups—Virginia planters, for example. And, while some skepticism has survived, it is a difficult position philosophically, and, May believes, uncongenial to most people, here or anywhere else, because of a human need to feel more deeply and hope more keenly than skepticism allows. The lot of most of mankind is suffering, and the correlation between sorrow and faith is proverbial, as is the association of riches and irreligion. In France, Voltaire's skepticism was succeeded by Rousseau's ardor; in England, skeptics tended to be conservative, for they had considerable doubts about human potentialities and preferred to restrain men rather than encourage them. May ascribes Alexander Hamilton's well-known distrust of popular government to his extensive reading of Hume.

The Revolutionary Enlightenment, both in America and in Europe, was filled with confidence about God, man, and society. May thinks that ours was a native faith: revolutionary optimism and high radical hopes had always existed in this country, albeit almost always in a Christian form. His careful dating of who thought what when persuades the reader that the American Revolutionary Enlightenment was neither the work of Jacobin propagandists nor part of a worldwide conspiracy, as alarmed Federalists came to believe. (They panicked themselves to the point of considering Jefferson's election to the Presidency to be the beginning of the end of this republic.) Though May writes, for the most part, of ideas, this country did produce a remarkable generation of men who were doers as well as thinkers, and he greatly enhances our appreciation of Jefferson's genius as a practical, practicing politician—a talent that resembles Franklin Roosevelt's. Both Jefferson and Roosevelt entertained ideas more daring than the policies they pursued, and both disappointed their more radical supporters while creating great popular majorities. May studies Jefferson along with John Adams, another brilliant thinker-doer; this author's commentary on their correspondence is the best I know.



May's blend of intellect and empathy is as useful as it is rare. He is never on the attack, whether he is discussing infant damnation or manhood suffrage, so he does not put the reader—who may believe in either, or, as many eighteenth-century Americans did, in both—on the defensive. Because he does not scoff at the Moderate Enlightenment and does not regard its profoundly conciliatory aims as contemptible, we are ready to see its deficiencies when, for example, he writes, "The Constitution reflects all the virtues of the Moderate Enlightenment, and also one of its faults: the belief that *everything* can be settled by compromise." May points out that men cannot or will not compromise on moral issues. The moral issue on which the Founding Fathers attempted to compromise was, of course, slavery. More recently, some opponents of the war in Vietnam, like some opponents of abortion on demand, have been unwilling to compromise; both sets of dissenters have felt that acquiescing in public policy would mean becoming accomplices to murder—precisely as the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850 required opponents of slavery to become the accomplices of slaveholders. Our generation, like others before us, is finding that moral disagreements are politically intractable. This may be a reason that we have sometimes tried to avoid acknowledging their existence, and that the politics of the Moderate Enlightenment have returned in later times in different language. In the nineteen-fifties, for example, American political theory tended to stress "consensus," and to describe American politics as, in essence, negotiation among groups with divergent material interests but shared values. Perhaps that was true for a time. Moral issues become more or less acute at different periods, both in response to events and as moral sensibilities change: moral people once thought child labor—especially steady, year-round employment in factories—a blessing to the poor. May suggests that "periods of consensus and compromise produce periods of intense controversy, and vice-versa, in a cycle that reflects the basic ambivalence of human wishes." No doubt about it: too much Moderate Enlightenment seems smug, and we grow restless; too much Revolutionary Enlightenment seems nutty or noisy, and we yearn for peace and quiet.

The Moderate and the Revolutionary Enlightenments appear naïve in their assumption that all men reason identically and therefore all men will agree. The Moderates of the Constitutional Convention who compromised

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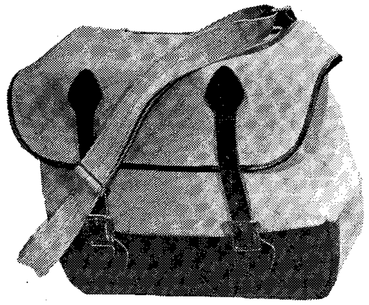

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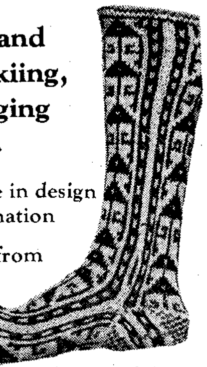

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on slavery took it for granted that slavery's partisans, in time, would agree to abolition because reasonable men would see slavery's immorality; May remarks that Thomas Paine, of the Revolutionary Enlightenment, "simply assumed that both deism and democracy were the primary beliefs of all rational men." I suspect that what now appears to have been too confident an approach to human reason had its roots in Newton's physics and cosmology. Their grand simplicities underpin the Enlightenment, and Newton's portrait of the universe is indeed accessible to any normally intelligent high-school student. It may be that our contemporary incomprehensible—or not easily interpretable—physics and cosmology are creating some of our uncertainties, and that we badly need another Newton to give us an understandable picture of the world. All political theories seem old hat nowadays. I have a hunch *that a new political theory awaits a new* metaphysics that can explain the new physics.

Professor May tells us that the American Didactic Enlightenment followed the European Enlightenment in preferring anything practical to anything abstract—like the French Encyclopedists, who "found the greatest excitement in the useful arts, engineering, agriculture, and technology," and who often contrasted these "with useless speculation in metaphysics and theology." After 1800, the most widely taught philosophy here was Scottish Common Sense, the work of Thomas Reid (1710-96), who decided, to put it roughly, that what most men perceive as real *is* real. Though Americans did not share the centralizing drive of the European Revolutionary Enlightenment (the most revolutionary Americans were usually, like Jefferson, strongly devoted to state and local government), they did assimilate the intensity of the Revolutionary Enlightenment in a return to Trinitarian Protestantism as an "egalitarian and emotional religion of the heart." This often meant rejecting what had been considered essential in some Protestant denominations—a learned clergy. Such a rejection, to be sure, echoes the English revolutionaries of the sixteen-forties who believed that all men, learned or not, have equal access to God. One result, May thinks, is that American democracy has been particularly disturbing to intellectuals. The Enlightenment, which began among an intellectual élite, was transformed here into a distrust of all élites, and a philosophy that started by questioning the authority

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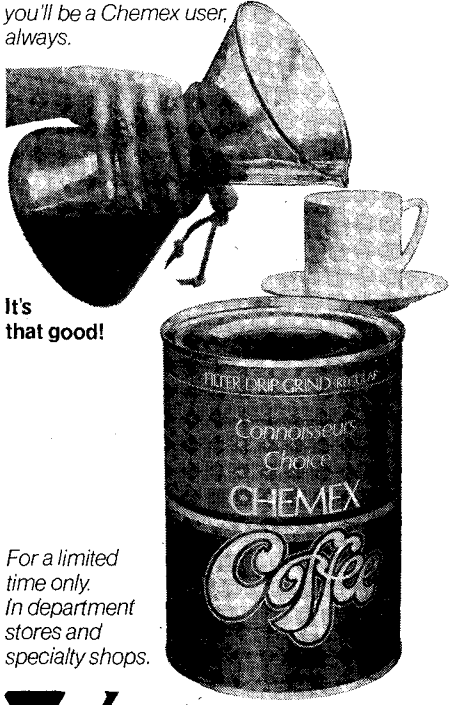

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of kings and priests created a society that questions all authority, including that of philosophers.—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

The Medieval Machine: The Industrial Revolution of the Middle Ages, by Jean Gimpel (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The author, a French medievalist and social historian, here continues the current reappraisal of the European Middle Ages, and presents that period as one of enormous technological advance. It was, he proposes, not an era of mysticism but of rationality, not of handicraft but of mechanics—a time that saw the introduction of the water mill, the tidal mill, and the windmill, the invention of iron horseshoes and an efficient horse harness, the iron ploughshare, the water-powered bellows, cast iron and the mechanical clock, the flying buttress and the cannon. He discusses these and other revolutionary innovations with a verve that captures something of the dynamic of the medieval centuries. He also draws some interesting, if grimly neo-Spenglerian, conclusions that suggest a parallel between the medieval period and the present. Much as the medieval technology reached a plateau and gave way to the humanism of the Renaissance, he suggests, the English Industrial Revolution and its development in the United States have now levelled off, with civil engineering giving way to military engineering—a traditional sign of decadence. And he lists the events today that had their counterparts in the closing years of the Middle Ages: "Decline of civic virtues and of the crusading spirit, increased interest in aesthetic values, limited growth of the G.N.P., interdependence of the economy, decline in energy resources, devaluation, increasing inflation, resistance to new technology." Illustrated with drawings, diagrams, and charts.

Victorian Novelists and Publishers, by J. A. Sutherland (University of Chicago Press). Informative literary history. People who have only a faint idea of the practical arrangements that produced the classic nineteenth-century English novels will find here a clear description of the novel-publishing industry—with its features the three-decker, the monthly serial, and the

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A Mark Twain Bestiary
Edited by Maxwell Geismar
Drawings by Jean-Claude Suarès

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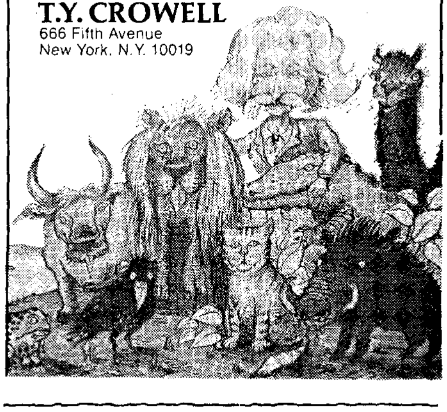

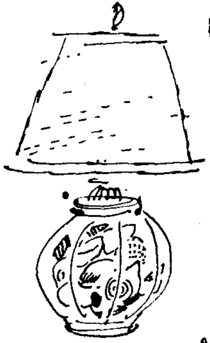

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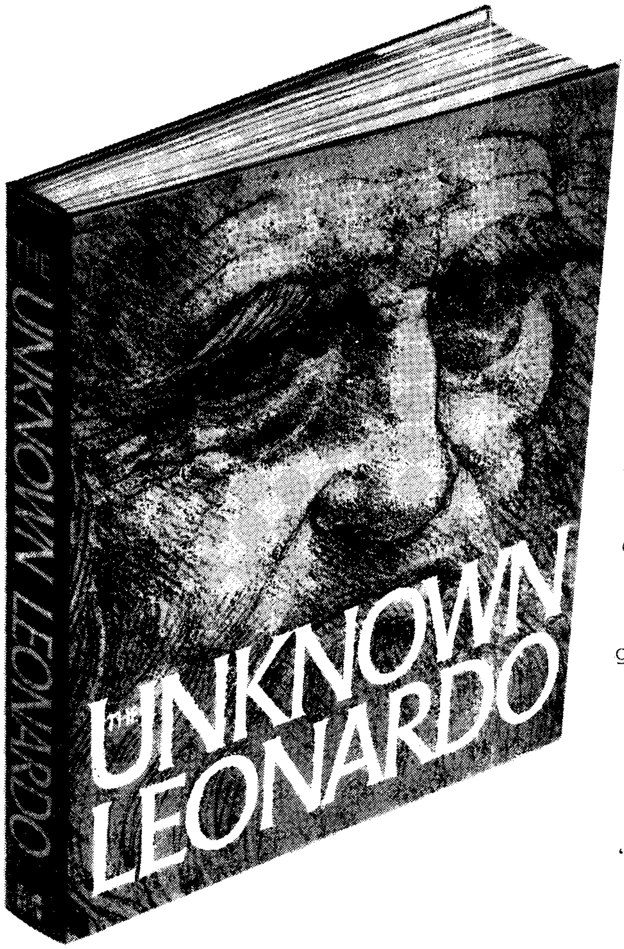

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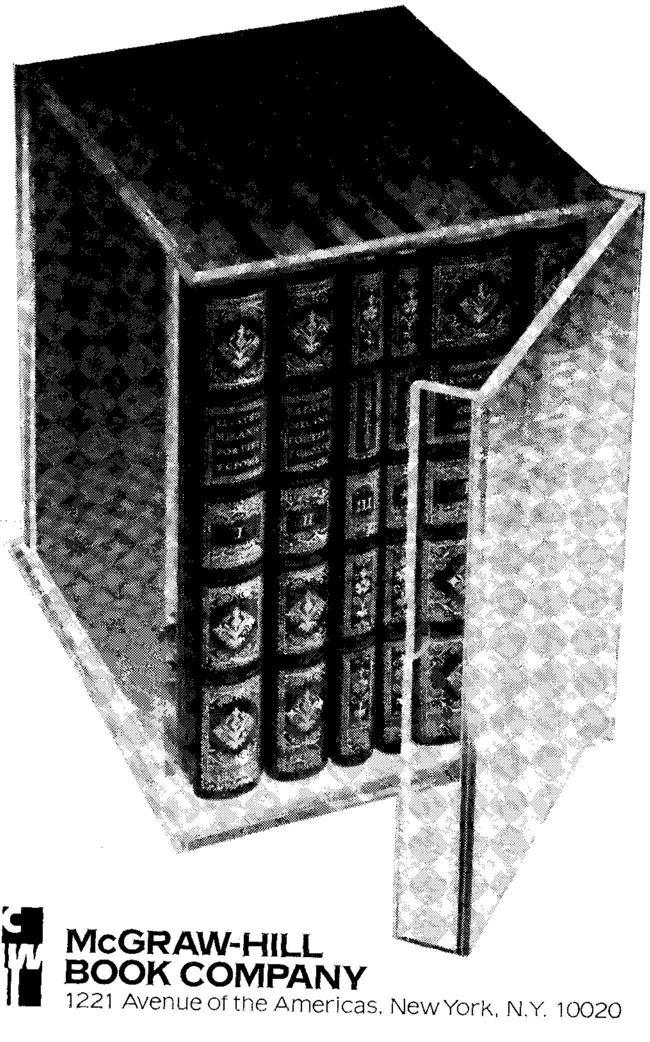

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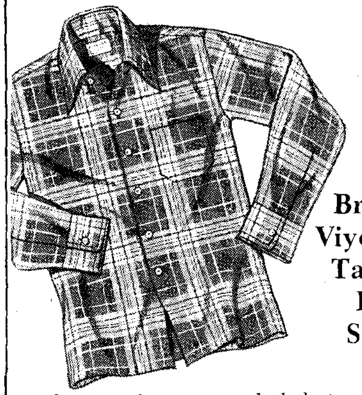

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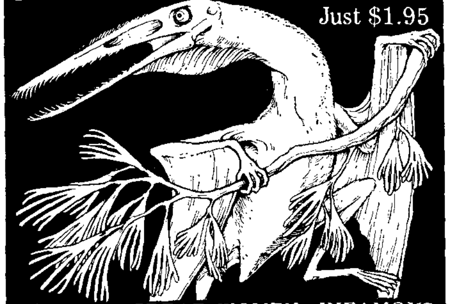

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half-profits agreement—followed by seven chapters that present specific cases of the system at work. Showing us letters, contracts, financial sheets, and—the most entertaining items—readers' reports, Dr. Sutherland says that the majority of novelists never achieved artistic autonomy. The geniuses (Dickens, George Eliot) and the enterprising, disciplined talents (Thackeray, Trollope) could more or less write as they wished, but for the mass of souls who were rash enough to think they might have a career in fiction, early success too often evaporated into dependency and neglect. One can't help drawing a moral on the importance of money to literary quality. The three-decker, by its high price and its ample dimensions, encouraged not only padded construction but a certain degree of aesthetic ambition. But where sales and payments fell, the pressures of earning a living led to exhaustion, hackwork, and sad, sad careers.

Solar Energy: The Awakening Science, by Daniel Behrman (Little, Brown). Everything about this book is a delight: the subject (present and future prospects of solar energy), the style (light, informed, and very readable), and the photographs (taken by the author's wife, Madeleine de Sinéty). Mr. Behrman, a science writer living in Paris, spent a year travelling to all parts of the world in which active research into the uses of solar energy is taking place. New ideas are everywhere, but the practical problems are enormous. At the moment, all the applications are too expensive, but it is encouraging to learn that both government and industry are aware that this is a subject that must be taken very seriously—something that was not done only a few years ago. Considering all the controversy over nuclear power, it is ironic to note that the sun itself is a gigantic nuclear-power reactor, so what is called solar energy is really nuclear energy. "The dear Lord," as Albert Einstein once remarked in another context, "integrates empirically."

My Mind on Trial, by Eugen Loebl (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). In 1952, the Czechoslovak government held a show trial in which fourteen high officials confessed to a fantastic plot to wreck the nation and restore capitalism. How were they made to put on this performance? Eugen Loebl, one of three defendants to escape the death

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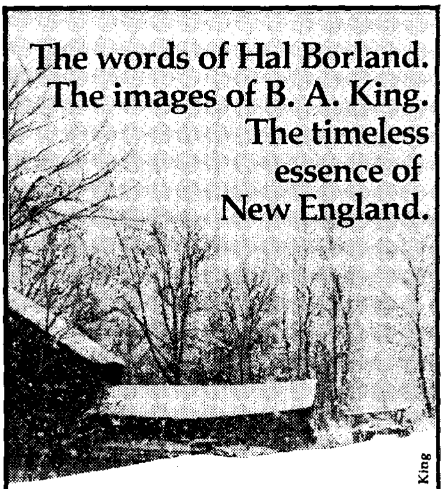

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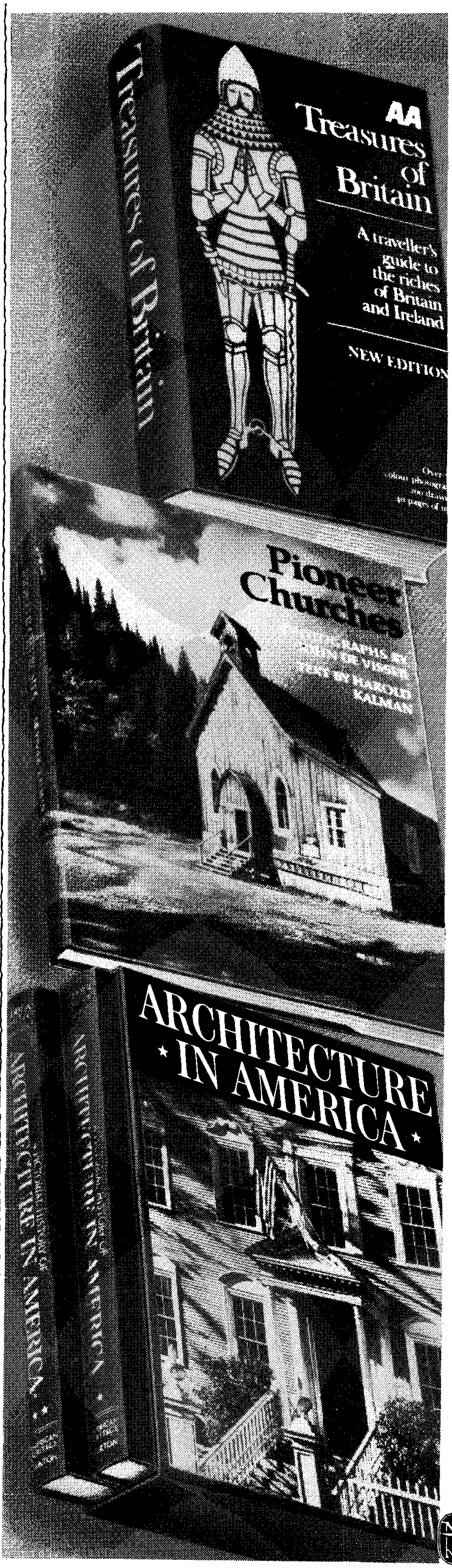
penalty, recalls the prolonged torture that broke his will and led him to admit to crimes he had not committed. For two years he was isolated, confined to a tiny cell, forced always to stay on his feet and keep walking, interrogated daily, subjected to vicious anti-Semitic abuse, and told over and over that his guilt was already established and that his only hope of better conditions was to give in. He held out as well as he could, and even came to see that he had a kind of power over his interrogators, since their careers depended on his coöperation. He tried to commit suicide and failed; one of the attractions of giving in was that it might bring conditions that would make suicide possible. He was not brainwashed or subjected to Nazi-style brutality; he says that such brutality can be relatively benign in that the pain goes beyond the point where it can be consciously felt. He says also that the stronger one's resistance is the more nearly complete will be one's capitulation; when his confidence finally gave out, when demoralization and schizophrenia took over, he became willing to confess to anything. He told himself, mistakenly, that by making up impossible crimes he would expose the process for the charade it was. Asked to incriminate another official, he deceived himself into thinking that he could concoct a charge that would satisfy his "teachers" while letting the other man off. (The other man was hanged.) When, in his third year of isolation, the time came to prepare him for the trial, he was fattened like a goose (he had lost sixty pounds) and rehearsed like a parrot. Wanting to tell the truth, he spouted his lies perfectly. He served eight years of a life sentence, was rehabilitated under Dubcek, and left the country after the Soviet-led invasion of 1968. He is now a professor of economics and political science at Vassar.

ISE, AND FIGHT AGAIN: PERILOUS TIMES ALONG THE ROAD TO INDEPENDENCE, by Charles Bracelen Flood (Dodd, Mead). A well-written study of some resounding American defeats in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Flood has mined memoirs for firsthand reports by survivors of such disasters as the attack on Quebec (1775) and the Battle of Camden (1780), with the purpose of showing that the Revolution was unstoppable. No matter how many victories the British Army



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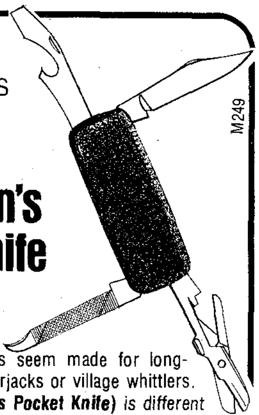

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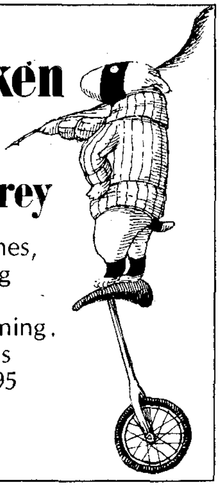

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won, it still had to fight another battle, and then another, because some Americans went on fighting. Flood's cast of heroes ranges from frontiersmen to city slickers and from farm boys to fops—men who were dissimilar in every respect except courage.

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FLAMEOUT, by Basil Jackson (Norton). An aeronautical detective thriller. A commercial airliner carrying four hundred and six people crashes in a Kansas cornfield and all aboard are killed. A team of federal air-accident investigators is rushed to the scene. It is soon determined that the immediate cause of the crash was the simultaneous failure (flameout) of all three engines. The problem then is to determine the cause of the flameout. Mr. Jackson, a writer with long experience in the aircraft industry, leads us easily and clearly through the detailed steps that eventually indicate a possible resolution, and then into a windup chapter of flight reënactment that is a real heart-stopper.

A PURPLE PLACE FOR DYING, by John D. MacDonald (Lippincott). We have here the first appearance in hardcover of the third of the sixteen hazardous criminal investigations to which Mr. MacDonald has so far assigned his brainy, brawny, and generally upstanding Travis McGee, and although it was originally published back in 1964, it seems undated by even a day. The reason for this is that Mr. MacDonald was a pioneer interpreter of the manners and morals of the geographical and cultural immensity now known as the Sun Belt. The setting here is a precariously flourishing state that could easily be mistaken for Arizona, and the story has to do with the rich young wife of a rambunctious good-old-boy, who has reason to suspect that her husband is systematically robbing her of her estate. First-rate entertainment, and perhaps a little bit more.

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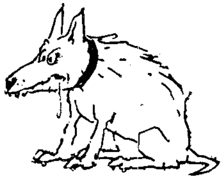

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